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MEMOIRS

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR THOMAS PICTON,

G.C.B. &c.

INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE,

FROM ORIGINALS IN POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY.

BY H. B. ROBINSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

LIFE

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR THOMAS PICTON,

G.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

The route of the enemy followed.—Colonel Napier's History and General Picton's Letter.—Affair of Sabugal.—Picton's projected attack.—Retreat of the French army.—Battle of Fuentes de Onoro.—General Picton's letter relative to this engagement.—Unsuccessful attempt to relieve Almeida.—Battle of Albuera.—Siege of Badajoz.

THE allied army followed the route of the enemy by easy marches until the 29th; General Picton having still to lead his troops over almost inaccessible paths amidst the mountains. The striking similarity of statements between

Colonel Napier's history and General Picton's letter is here well worthy of remark. The historian observes: — "Early on the 29th, the third, sixth, and light divisions, and two regiments of light cavalry, disposed in five columns of attack on a half-circle round the foot of the Guarda mountain, ascended by as many paths, all leading upon the town of Guarda, and outflanking both the right and left of the enemy. They were supported on one wing by the militia, on the other by the fifth division, and in the centre by the first and seventh divisions. A battle was expected, but the absence of Ney* was at once felt by both armies: the appearance of the allied columns for the first time threw the French into the greatest confusion; and, without firing a shot, this great and nearly impregnable position was abandoned."

* According to Colonel Napier's history, Massena had deprived Ney of the command of the sixth corps, and given it to Loison. Whether General Picton was aware of this is uncertain; but as he pays a high compliment to Ney for the manner in which he conducted the retreat, it may be necessary to remark that the change was only made about one day previous to the date of General Picton's letter; consequently it is only reasonable to suppose that it was yet unknown in the allied army.

The colonel then adds, that "had the pursuit been as vigorous as the attack, it is not easy to see how the second corps could have rejoined Massena. Regnier, however, quitted Belmonte in the night, and recovered his communication with a loss of only three hundred prisoners, although the horse artillery and cavalry had been launched against him at daylight on the 30th; and much more could have been done if General Slade had pressed his cavalry forward with the celerity and vigour the occasion required."

A reference to the passage in General Picton's letter relating to this movement will evince the correspondence of facts; but it should be particularly remarked, that the date of General Picton's letter is the very same as that upon which this operation took place, and it must actually have been written while the tramp of the retreating foe was almost sounding in his ears. Colonel Napier's observation respecting the pursuit of the enemy not being so vigorous as the attack, is certainly not borne out by General Picton's statement, wherein he says:

"Massena himself, with full twenty thousand

men, was on the heights and in the city of Guarda when I made my appearance at nine o'clock in the morning with three British and two Portuguese regiments." This would imply that the advance, at least, of the third division was sufficiently bold and rapid to produce any advantages which pursuit could obtain; but whether it was from any delay in bringing forward the other divisions, or that the enemy's reserve was in too great force for the allies to hazard any attack, a judgment may be formed by the succeeding passage of General Picton's letter:

"This famous general (Massena)," he continues, "certainly showed little determination or talent on the occasion. With his great superiority of force, he should immediately have attacked me, notwithstanding the excellence of my position, which, independent of its strength, had a most commanding appearance; but he allowed me to remain within four hundred yards of his main body, threatening his rear, for above two hours before the other columns made their appearance. But, of course, their movements alarming him, at the same time decided him not to hazard an attack, the

failure of which would probably have brought on the total discomfiture of his army."

From this it is quite evident, that whatever degree of censure may be attributed to the allies for not following up the pursuit with the necessary vigour, still General Picton and his division are exempt; for it is shown that he had to wait two hours until the other columns made their appearance.* General Picton at the same time agrees with Colonel Napier, that much more might have been done had the cavalry been pressed on; but the general, it will be perceived, attributes the neglect of this important movement to the difficulties of the

* As these columns came up, the different staff officers were making constant use of their glasses, in endeavours to discover the movements of the enemy. One of these, whilst looking at an unfinished fort on the left of the position, remarked to Sir Edward Pakenham, who was near, "We shall have some sharp work there; that place is full of men." The gallant Sir Edward immediately fixed his glass on the fort, and, after observing for a short time, said, "Full of men!—yes, it is full of men; but, by G—d, they 've all red jackets!" A further reconnoissance was quickly made, when it was soon discovered that this was Picton's division, which had thus early got possession of the fort, after driving the enemy out with such precipitation that they actually left their kettles on the fires, containing their meat, which thus became a most acceptable prize to Picton's soldiers.

country and the badness of the roads, which, in his opinion, rendered it impracticable. Apparently unwilling to quit Portugal entirely, Massena lost no opportunity of arresting the progress of the allies; and on the 3rd of April he attempted to make another stand on the Coa, which brought on the affair of Sabugal. Colonel Beckwith's brigade of the light division, four companies of the Ninety-fifth, with two squadrons of cavalry, and three companies of Colonel Elder's Caçadores, supported by the Forty-third regiment, for a long time bore the whole brunt of the fight. This was occasioned by the attack being made somewhat prematurely. Colonel Napier, in speaking of this affair, observes:

"The troops could not gain their respective posts of attack with that simultaneous regularity which is so essential to success; and in the light division no measures were taken by Sir William Erskine to put the columns in a right direction; the brigades were not even held together: he carried off the cavalry without even communicating with Colonel Beckwith; and this officer, who commanded the first brigade, being without instructions, halted at a ford

in expectation of further orders. While thus waiting, a staff officer rode up, and somewhat hastily asked, why he did not attack? The thing appeared rash, but, with an enemy in his front, he could make no reply; wherefore, passing the river, which was deep and rapid, he mounted a very steep wooded hill on the other side."

The rain and mist for a time concealed their approach; but, as they drew nearer, they found that they were close to the left of the enemy's main body, and opposed to a large column in front. None of the other divisions had yet reached their destination, and this small force was consequently in a very perilous situation. A most severe struggle ensued: attacked on all sides, and occasionally compelled to give way to the overwhelming pressure of the column to which they were opposed, still they recovered their ground the next moment at the point of the bayonet. Three successive charges were made by the Forty-third regiment with a resolution and courage which could not be resisted; thrice they beat back the solid masses of the French, and repulsed the attacks of their cavalry: but all would have been in

vain; the whole force of the enemy had been called up, and were about to close in upon this heroic little band, when firing was heard on their left. This was from the leading brigade of the "fighting division," under Major-general Colville, and led by Picton.

An individual who belonged to one of the regiments forming this brigade, alluding to its progress to the point of attack, observes, "As we advanced up the hill we formed line. General Picton rode up in front of us, with his stick over his shoulder,* exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy, as composed as if he had been in perfect safety. 'Steady! my lads, steady!' said he; 'don't throw away your fire until I give you the word of command.'" And not a shot was fired until within a few yards of the enemy's right; but then a volley was

* General Picton was in the constant habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing commenced, he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse, at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity; as it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick would be increased both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive. But this seldom drew Picton's attention off, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall.

poured in close and true. A cheer at the same moment was caught up by Beckwith's almost exhausted soldiers, and the attack was renewed with fresh energy. The head of Major-general Dunlop's column also was now seen crossing the bridge of the Coa, and ascending the heights on the enemy's right flank, while the cavalry appeared on the high ground in the rear of their left. These movements compelled Regnier to desist from his attack upon the apparently devoted band against which he was about to lead his reserves, and Colonel Beckwith and his brigade were rescued from the perilous situation in which they had been thus rashly placed.

It is, however, only justice to the memory of this brave officer and the soldiers under his command to conclude our account of this affair with the observations contained in Lord Wellington's despatch. "Although," says his lordship, "the operations of this day were, by unavoidable accidents, not performed in the manner in which I intended they should be, I consider the action that was fought by the light division, by Colonel Beckwith's bri-

gade principally, with the whole of the second corps, to be one of the most glorious that British troops were ever engaged in."

The allies bivouacked on the field of battle, and consequently the victory, although dearly bought, was theirs.

General Picton was not, however, contented with merely driving the enemy from the field; upon reconnoitring their position, he perceived what he considered to be a most favourable opportunity for attacking a hill in his front. A considerable force occupied this post with some artillery; but General Picton felt confident that he could drive back the French and seize their guns. The other divisions had already halted; but Picton was so convinced of the advantages to be gained by securing this post, that he was on the point of leading his men forward upon his own responsibility, observing to an aid-de-camp, "We must drive the enemy from that hill, or we shall have done no good." But at this moment an aid-de-camp came up from the commander of the forces, directing him to halt his division for the night. General Picton was always anxious to fulfil his instructions, although he

sometimes ventured to give them a rather free interpretation; consequently, with much disappointment, he immediately halted his division. The advantages of his projected attack were, however, apparent on the following morning; for the enemy, upon the advance of the allies, hurried off, and with some difficulty were enabled to save nine guns, which were attached to this corps, and which, had the attack been briskly made on the previous evening, would in all probability have been captured.

The retreat was continued; and on the 5th of April the whole of Portugal, excepting Almeida, was freed from French troops at the point of the bayonet. This invasion was calculated to have cost Massena above thirty thousand of his best soldiers.

To reduce Almeida was the next important measure. The opportunity was favourable, and the army was in consequence placed in cantonment around this fortress, so as to effect its total investment. Having thus disposed of the allied army, Lord Wellington, leaving the command to General Sir Brent Spencer, the senior officer, next proceeded to inspect the Army of the South, which still kept the field,

with Marshal Beresford at its head. Massena had not, however, given up all hope of succouring Almeida: the allies were much pressed for provisions, but the fortress was quite destitute; and Massena knew that, unless he could succeed in throwing in some supplies, General Brennier (who was in command) would be compelled to surrender. Urging forward his reinforcements, the French general resolved to attempt to raise the siege; and on the 2nd of May he crossed the Agueda near Ciudad Rodrigo, and marched upon Almeida, with the hope of supplying the garrison with provisions. Lord Wellington returned to the army on the 28th of April, just in time to meet the plans of Massena, who, on the 3rd of May, put his whole force in motion, with the apparent intention of risking a battle for the defence of the fortress.

The battle of Fuentes de Onoro ensued. The third division upon this memorable occasion occupied, in conjunction with the first, a position in the rear of the village of Fuentes de Onoro, the light troops being in the houses and defensible posts in front. Towards evening a most furious attack was made upon this part

of the position by the whole of the sixth and part of the ninth corps of the enemy. A heavy cannonade was opened upon the village, which, being partly situated in a ravine, was necessarily much exposed. The enemy's light troops attacked the third and first divisions of the allied army with great bravery and perseverance. The cannonade from the neighbouring heights, together with the numbers of the enemy, made them for a moment waver; but at this critical juncture a gallant charge made by the Seventy-first regiment, with Lieutenant-colonel Cadogan at their head, determined at once the question of occupation for the night; the Twenty-fourth and Seventy-ninth regiments being at the same time ordered to take, and keep possession of the village.* The approach of evening put an end to the conflict; but with the morning it was expected that it would be renewed: Massena had, however,

* The spirited conduct of Lieutenant-colonel Williams of the Sixtieth, who commanded the light troops of Picton's division upon this occasion, and who in the most gallant manner defended the village against the repeated attacks of the enemy, called forth the warmest eulogiums from General Picton and the whole army. He was badly wounded during the action; but it was not until after this event that the light troops were arrested in their successful opposition.

found greater difficulty than he had anticipated in forcing this post; and when the British line with the first dawn of day got under arms, no appearance of attack was perceptible. Still it was evident, as the day advanced, that preparations were being made for a more combined and general movement: additional troops, especially cavalry, were seen coming in from all parts; staff-officers were galloping about in all directions reconnoitring the British position. The 4th, however, passed without a shot being fired. Lord Wellington and his whole army had not a doubt but that the attack would be made on the ensuing day; neither were they disappointed, as will be seen by the following letter from General Picton to his uncle, General W. Picton.

"Nava d'Aver, May 12th, 1811.

"My dear Uncle,

"I received the letter with which you favoured me when near Pombal, and take the first opportunity to acknowledge it. I know there is no subject so interesting to you as our movements; and while so near the enemy, I can think of no other to write upon. You of

course know by this time that we have at length succeeded in driving Massena quite out of Portugal. Lord Wellington's plans throughout the pursuit appear to have been to avoid as much as possible a general engagement; for, although retreating, the enemy is still too strong for us to meet him on open ground. He is, in fact, more frightened than hurt, and more alarmed by what might have happened if he had stayed any longer in Portugal than by any real injury. In consequence, our movements have all been to keep up this alarm, by giving him no time for reflection, and, by constantly outflanking his position, compelling him either to continue his retreat, or give us battle at a disadvantage. Fortunately he has preferred the former; for the result of the latter would have depended a good deal upon the behaviour of our allies. Hitherto they have behaved very well, and will perhaps stand when it comes to a matter of importance; but they do not seem to handle the bayonet so well as our soldiers.

"Massena having crossed the frontier into Spain, we commenced the blockade of Almeida early in April; but, after lying in this state of inactivity for about three weeks, we were arous-

ed by the sudden advance of Massena to succour the garrison. He crossed the Agueda on the 2nd of May with his whole army, and without much delay attempted to force a passage to Almeida; but we took up a strong position between him and that place, having rather an extensive line, the left resting on Fort Conception, and the right near Fuentes de Onoro. A good deal of skirmishing took place in this village on the evening of the 3rd May, during which the light troops of the division, under Lieutenant-colonel Williams of the Sixtieth, behaved in a very gallant manner, repulsing the French at every point, until Colonel Williams being badly wounded, the enemy's efforts were attended with some success; but he was repulsed by the Seventy-first regiment, which made a spirited charge and drove the enemy from the village for the night.

"We fully expected an attack upon the following day, but it was passed by the enemy in reconnoitring and making fresh dispositions, apparently for a more general attack: these dispositions were met by a corresponding change in our position. At daylight on the 5th we were again attacked by the French in great

force, and we were soon engaged in rather a serious affair; when, as usual, the principal share of the fighting fell to the third division, which was supported on its right by the first, under Sir Brent Spencer; the light division under General Crawfurd, supported by the cavalry, occupying the ground on the extreme right of our position.

"The village of Fuentes de Onoro was still the principal object of attack; but it was defended in the most determined manner by the Seventy-first, Twenty-fourth, and Seventy-ninth regiments. The firing was kept up with great spirit by these troops, and they succeeded in keeping possession of the place for some hours against the repeated attacks of the French, supported by a tremendous cannonade. About two o'clock, however, these regiments began to give way, and fall back upon some more defensible ground in the rear of the village; when at this moment the Eighty-eighth regiment, under Colonel Wallace, and led by Major-general Mackinnon, was ordered to move up and support them. This was done in admirable order; and they made so overwhelming a charge through the streets, that they drove

the enemy from the village with immense loss.* Neither did he make any fresh efforts to regain it, but contented himself by keeping up a heavy but not very destructive cannonade upon the village.

"During these operations the light division, under General Crawfurd, was rather roughly handled by the enemy's cavalry; and had this arm of the French army been as daring and active upon this occasion as they were when following us to the lines of Torres Vedras, they would doubtless have cut off the light division to a man, and probably have destroyed our cavalry; but they let the golden moment pass, and I hope they will never have another. Our loss has been very severe, more especially

* "General Picton had had occasion to check this regiment (the Eighty-eighth) for some plundering affair they had been guilty of; when he was so offended at their conduct, that, in addressing them, he told them they were 'the greatest blackguards in the army.' But as he was always as ready to bestow praise as censure where it was due, when they were returning from this gallant and effective charge he exclaimed, 'Well done the brave Eighty-eighth!' Some of them, who had been stung by his former reproaches, cried out, 'Are we the greatest blackguards in the army now?' Picton smiled, as he replied, 'No, no; you are brave and gallant soldiers: this day has redeemed your character.'"—*Eventful Life of a Soldier.*

in the third division. We have got possession of the ruins of Almeida; for the commandant, General Brennier, after blowing up several of the fortifications, on the night of the 10th, contrived to pass through our blockading regiments without being observed until too late to do him any serious injury; and, in consequence, he was enabled to form a junction with Massena, having sustained but little loss.

"We have been inactive for a few days; but affairs are assuming a threatening aspect in the south, and perhaps you will next hear from me near Badajoz.

* * * * * *

"Always, my dear uncle, very sincerely and truly yours,

"TH. PICTON."

The firing continued for some time after the French had been driven from the village of Fuentes de Onoro, but without doing any serious injury to those who held it; although much blood was spilled upon this occasion, with but little advantage to either party.

Lord Wellington still maintained his position between Almeida and the supplies which Mas-

sena was desirous of throwing into that garrison. The French general did not make a second attempt upon the following day, although a continuation of the battle was fully anticipated by the allies. It has been a subject of much discussion amongst military men, what could induce Massena so readily to abandon his object; as his loss was not sufficiently great, and his position remained the same; in fact, the French as well as the allies claimed the victory; although, as the British succeeded in their object of preventing supplies being thrown in to Almeida, while the enemy failed in effecting that for which they fought the battle, the decision of this mere point of honour is obvious. Massena was so little satisfied with the result of the attack, that on the 8th and 9th his army was in motion to the rear; but whether to attempt to force the British line at another point, or recross the frontier, was at first doubtful. On the 10th, however, he drew his whole force over the Agueda, and thus left Almeida to its fate. The conduct of the governor of this fortress was both skilful and daring. As we have already seen from General Picton's letter, he contrived to

elude the vigilance of the blockading regiments, and, after blowing up the fortifications, effected a junction with the second corps of the French army, under Regnier. This was a source of much disappointment to the British army; and the regiments whose duty it was to have prevented this manœuvre were for some time exposed to the jeers of their companions.

Upon the return of the French army to Spain after this unsuccessful attempt to relieve Almeida, the command was conferred on Marmont, who had been created Duke of Ragusa; Massena being recalled to answer for the reverses which he had sustained, and to quiet the discontent of his subordinate generals.

A brief respite of a few days followed this second retreat, during which General Picton was ordered to rest his division at Nava d'Aver. But he was not long inactive, for some rather important events were now taking place in the south. Marshal Beresford had laid siege to Badajoz; and about the period of Massena's defeat at Fuentes de Onoro and subsequent retreat it was fully invested, and the besiegers' batteries had been erected. Soult, however, who was in command of the Army of

the South, and was aware of the smallness of the force under Beresford and the inefficiency of his means, determined, if possible, to raise the siege before any assistance could arrive from Lord Wellington. But that general, as if anticipating the plans of his opponents, immediately he had made the necessary arrangements to guard against any further attack in front, and was convinced that no renewal of active hostilities was to be apprehended in that direction, placed the army in cantonments between Almeida and the Spanish frontier, and then set off with the utmost expedition to superintend the siege of Badajoz.

The third and seventh divisions were ordered to follow him without loss of time; and accordingly General Picton broke up the cantonments of his division, and with the seventh, under General Houston, commenced his march by the route of Castello Branco, Niza, Portalegre, and Campo Mayor. The very day, however, upon which these divisions were put in motion to reinforce Marshal Beresford, that general was compelled to give battle to Soult near the village of Albuera. Lord Wellington was proceeding at a rapid pace to the scene of threatened hostili-

ties, while Soult was moving with equal rapidity to relieve the besieged garrison; and Beresford found himself under the necessity of either advancing to meet him, or of fighting under the walls of Badajoz. With much judgment he determined on the former alternative; and having carried off the whole of his stores, he put his army in motion, consisting of the fourth division, commanded by General Cole, and the second division, under General Stewart; which were the only British troops under his command, with the exception of the Thirteenth Dragoons and some artillery: the whole of the remainder, amounting to about twenty-five thousand men, being composed of Spaniards and Portuguese, with one brigade of Germans, under General Alten. The force under Soult was not so numerous, but far superior in every other respect, consisting entirely of French, and having above three thousand excellent cavalry and between forty and fifty pieces of cannon. It would be out of place to give a detailed account of this sanguinary day, as General Picton was not in the field; but we refer to the admirable description of this battle given by Colonel Napier. It was one of the most desperately

fought general actions during this war; and, as Colonel Napier well observes at the conclusion of his relation, "the laurel is nobly won when the exhausted victor reels as he places it on his bleeding front."

Lord Wellington heard numerous and differing reports while on his road to Badajoz; some that the French had been victorious, others that the allies had retreated without a battle: but as he got nearer to the scene, he was met at Elvas by an officer sent by Marshal Beresford, who brought him all the particulars of the conflict. The result, as may be imagined, gave him great satisfaction; it was a satisfaction, however, not unmingled with regret, for the loss sustained by the English was immense.

On the 24th of May, General Picton arrived at Campo Mayor with his division, where it was halted for a few days until the military stores and implements for the approaching siege could come up. The apprehensions of Soult being enabled again to raise the siege were not entirely removed by the partial success which had attended the allies at Albuera. The enemy had there yielded with a stubborn front, which did not offer to the victors much security

against a renewal of the attack when he should obtain a sufficient reinforcement; but as that could not be had immediately, Lord Wellington determined, with his very slender means, to secure Badajoz before Soult should be enabled to make a second effort for its relief. While, therefore, Marshal Beresford was instructed slowly to follow and observe Soult, Generals Houston and Picton were ordered to bring up their divisions and immediately invest the place.

On the 25th, the seventh took up a position on the right of the Guadiana. Two days afterwards General Picton crossed the river by a ford and established his division on the left bank, where the troops built themselves huts, and prepared to carry on the operations immediately. In modern warfare a hurried siege is, however, seldom a successful one if the defenders have a hope of relief.

On the 2nd of June, the batteries were completed, and opened upon the castle and Fort Christoval. The poverty of the means at Lord Wellington's disposal for carrying on this siege was a subject of much merriment to the soldiers employed. General Picton remarked that

"Lord Wellington sued Badajoz *in formâ pauperis*;" and he was answered, that, "instead of *breaching*, the operations appeared more like *beseeching* Badajoz." In fact, everything was wanting to bring this siege to a rapid termination. The means were deficient for the reduction of the place in *any* time; but to do so with expedition appeared, with such a force, to be impossible. On the 6th, the breach in Fort Christoval was reported practicable by Lieutenant Foster, who had minutely examined it, and in consequence an assault was ordered at midnight; but, after a brave, though totally unsuccessful effort, the assailants were compelled to retire with considerable loss. A second attempt was made on the night of the 9th, which, although better planned and conducted, was equally unsatisfactory in its result. The batteries again opened on the following morning, as the walls were supposed not to be sufficiently breached to render the assault successful; but towards noon orders were received at all the batteries to cease firing. Lord Wellington had received information of the enemy's movements, which at once determined him for a time to forego the reduction of Badajoz. Accordingly,

after being engaged in unceasing efforts for nearly five weeks, the siege was raised, a blockading detachment being left to prevent the garrison from receiving any reinforcements or supplies. In concluding his account of this siege, Lord Wellington, in his despatch, observes,—"Major-general Picton directed the operations on the left of the Guadiana, and Major-general Houston on the right, and I am much indebted to these officers."

CHAPTER II.

French forces on the frontier of Portugal.—Interval of inactivity.—Position of the Allied army.—Lord Wellington's intention to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo.—Sudden advance of the French.—Horsemen charged by Infantry.—General Picton's critical situation.—Trying manœuvres.—Retreat of the Allies.—Interval of repose.—Omen of success.—Death of General Picton's uncle.

MARMONT, Drouet, and Soult were collecting their forces on the frontiers of Portugal, to co-operate against the allies in one more effort to drive them from that kingdom. The main body of the British army was still behind the Agueda, under the orders of General Sir Brent Spencer; and as the army of Portugal continued to move by its left to form a junction with the corps under Drouet and Soult, the British army was manœuvred so as to keep on its front, and still protect Portugal, until it effected a junction with the force around Bada-

joz. By the 26th of June, Lord Wellington had concentrated the whole of his troops to give battle to Marmont if he attempted the invasion of Portugal.

The French in Badajoz were gratified by the sight of their own army on the 19th, when the united corps of Soult and Marmont came to their relief. General Picton had been ordered to take up his old position at Campo Mayor, and accordingly he marched his own and the seventh division to that place, which now formed the extreme left of the British line, the right resting on Elvas; and in this position the army remained for some weeks: that of the French, amounting to about seventy thousand men, under the united marshals, being in cantonments along the course of the Guadiana, between Badajoz and Merida.

It was natural to expect that, while the two armies were within so short a distance of each other, something decisive would take place. The enemy, at all events, came to fight; and as their force was considerably greater than that of the allies, they were expected to commence the attack. This expectation prevailed for some time in the allied army; but

it soon became evident that the French marshals had learned to respect their opponents, and having succeeded in raising the siege of Badajoz, they appeared contented with their success. On the other hand, Lord Wellington was not anxious to risk a battle: he had lately received some reinforcements from England; the success of his plans had given confidence to the Government, and they were now making efforts to assist him. He determined, therefore, to fight if he could not defend Portugal without; but if not compelled to do so, to remain in his present situation.

The position occupied by the allied army was one of considerable strength, and enabled Lord Wellington to concentrate his whole force with facility upon any one point which the enemy might think proper to select for attack. But the plans of the French generals seemed rather uncertain, and some weeks were passed in inactivity. A few cavalry skirmishes alone diversified the monotony, in most of which the enemy were successful; and upon one of these occasions they succeeded in cutting off and making prisoners about one hundred and twenty men belonging to the Eleventh

Light Dragoons. The "fighting division," while in these quarters, was quite out of its element; and General Picton, in a letter written at this period to his brother, observes, "We are here undergoing all the disagreeable and inactive routine of garrison duty, although with an enemy's force more than one-fourth larger than our own immediately in our front; but this cannot last long," &c.

For nearly a month the allied army remained in this position. About the end of July, however, Lord Wellington resolved to occupy a new line, and General Picton was ordered to march his division in the direction of Ciudad Rodrigo, which, Lord Wellington had been informed, was almost destitute of supplies. Picton accordingly recrossed the Tagus at Vilha Vilha; Sir Rowland Hill being again left with his corps to protect Alentejo. The position of the allies was therefore very similar to that which they had occupied the preceding year; but their prospects were widely different. Then the English general was making every preparation to retreat with his small and inexperienced army, to seek protection behind the fortified lines which he had prepared for

its reception, while the French were advancing full of confidence to drive Wellington and his soldiers into the sea. Now the state of affairs was much changed: Lord Wellington's army was augmented in numbers, and had driven the enemy before them out of Portugal; they had obtained confidence both in themselves and their leaders;—while the French, although better organized than they had been for some time, and greatly superior in numbers, were evidently afraid to bring on a battle. This was most satisfactorily demonstrated by an intercepted letter from General Tresion, chief of Marmont's staff, wherein he observed in most positive terms, that "the French troops were not able to cope with the English, and that their best chance of success lay in manœuvring;" an acknowledgment highly flattering to the courage and discipline of the British soldiers. On the 10th of August Lord Wellington established his head-quarters at Fuente Guinaldo; it being his intention to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo, in consequence of his deficiency in all the necessary implements for a siege. It was known that a want of provisions was beginning to be felt in the fortress, and it was

hoped that the garrison might be compelled to surrender before any movement could be made by Marmont for their relief. Lord Wellington immediately occupied the country between the rivers Coa and Agueda. The third division was in a position of considerable extent, and even danger, on the heights of El Bodon. This was soon evinced upon a trying occasion. The intention of Lord Wellington in moving his army from the Guadiana was apparently not discovered by Marmont, and the allies had completed the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo long before that general put his columns in motion. At length, however, having formed a junction with the corps of Dorsenne, and collected a considerable quantity of provisions, he prepared to attempt raising the blockade, and, if possible, drive the allies from the vicinity of the fortresses in the possession of the French on the Spanish frontier.

On the 22nd of September, Dorsenne and Marmont met at Tamames, a few leagues in front of Ciudad Rodrigo; their united forces amounting to about sixty thousand men, including six thousand cavalry, together with nearly one hundred pieces of artillery. The

force under Lord Wellington at this moment was not above fifty thousand, some portion of which was necessarily occupied in the close investment of Ciudad Rodrigo. According to Colonel Napier's statement, "Lord Wellington's position was very extensive, and therefore very weak." Certain it is, the third division, which formed the centre, had to occupy ground which, to have been defended effectually, should have been held by double the number of men. At daybreak on the 25th the enemy were in motion to attack the position occupied by General Picton. Montbrun, with his cavalry, shook the ground in their approach with a noise as of thunder, and swept the height in the centre of his position: it was occupied by the Fifth and Seventy-seventh, with the Eleventh Light Dragoons, and some squadrons of German hussars. Fortunately the impetuosity of the French cavalry led them so much in advance of their infantry, that they had for some time to contend alone against the British.

The action was begun by the sudden advance of the French, who, first traversing an open plain, and then crossing a ravine, commenced

ascending a steep rocky causeway, exposed the whole while to a shower of grape and canister from a brigade of Portuguese artillery. Men and horses were struck down in frightful numbers by this storm of shot; but still they persevered; and so determined and rapid was their charge, that the gunners were sabred and the guns seized before the smoke had cleared sufficiently to show them that the enemy had gained the summit. At this critical moment the Fifth regiment, under Major Ridge, from square quickly deployed into line, poured in a volley of balls, and then dashed at the cavalry with the bayonet. Novel as was the expedient of charging horsemen with infantry, still it was in this instance successful: they drove the enemy before them, and being joined by the Seventy-seventh regiment, were enabled to recapture and bring off the guns. Montbrun, however, came up with fresh troops, and putting himself at their head, he attempted to ride through these two regiments; but they were rapidly formed into square, and received the attack in so cool and resolute a manner, that no impression could be made upon them.

General Picton, it should be observed, was

during this part of the contest in the village of El Bodon, where it was supposed that the French would have made their attack. He had with him the Forty-fifth, Seventy-fourth, and Eighty-eighth regiments. An officer was instantly despatched from the scene of hostilities to El Bodon, when Picton prepared to concentrate his division by moving on his left to the support of the centre. The ground occupied by the three regiments with Picton in the neighbourhood of El Bodon consisted principally of vineyard enclosures and rocky ravines, difficult to be traversed; consequently it took some time to extricate the troops and push them forward to the point of attack. But before this could be accomplished, the French cavalry having been totally repulsed in their repeated attempts to break the square of the Seventy-seventh and Fifth regiments, for a while desisted, and awaited the coming up of the infantry. During this interval these two regiments were enabled to manœuvre into line, and form a junction with the Eighty-third British, and the Ninth and Twenty-first Portuguese regiments, being the left brigade, under Major-

general Colville; and almost at the same time Picton came up with his three regiments, and put himself at the head of his division. But the following extract from the pen of a writer,* one who had his share in this combat, will be read with interest. It is, we believe, a faithful account of this affair.

"Montbrun, at the head of fifteen squadrons of light horse, pressed closely on our right flank, and made every demonstration of attacking us, with the view of engaging our attention until the arrival of his infantry and artillery, of which latter only one battery was in the field; but General Picton saw the critical situation in which he was placed, and that nothing but the most rapid and at the same time most regular movement upon Guinaldo could save his division from being cut off to a man. For six miles across a perfect flat, without the slightest protection from any incident of ground, without artillery, and I might say without cavalry, (for what were four or five squadrons to twenty or thirty?) did the third division continue its march, during the whole of

which the enemy's cavalry never quitted them. A park of six guns advanced with the cavalry, and taking the third division in flank and rear, poured in a frightful fire of round-shot, grape, and canister. Many men fell in this way; and those whose wounds rendered them unable to march were obliged to be abandoned to the enemy.

* * * * * *

"General Picton conducted himself with his accustomed coolness: he remained on the left flank of the column, and repeatedly cautioned the different battalions to mind the quarter distance and the 'telling off.' 'Your safety,' added he, 'my credit, and the honour of the army are at stake; all rests with you at this moment.' We had reached to within a mile of our entrenched camp, when Montbrun, impatient lest we should escape from his grasp, ordered his troopers to bring up their right shoulders, and incline towards our column. The movement was not exactly bringing his squadrons into line, but it was the next thing to it, and at this time they were within half pistol-shot of us. Picton took off his hat, and holding it over his eyes as a shade from the sun,

looked sternly but anxiously at the French. The clatter of the horses and the clanking of the scabbards were so great when the right half squadron moved up, that many thought it the forerunner of a general charge. Some mounted officer called out, 'Had we not better form square?' 'No,' replied Picton; 'it is but a *ruse* to frighten us; but it *won't do*.'"

This was a most critical and trying manœuvre, and its success was not more honourable to General Picton than to the men under his command. The greatest order and coolness could alone save them from being annihilated by the furious charges of the enemy's cavalry; each battalion had in its turn to form the rear-guard to repulse their advance, and then, having given a volley to stop their approach, to fall back at double time behind that which had formed in its rear. There is hardly any situation so difficult or so trying to the troops as performing this movement without cavalry. Upon the soldiers, indeed, everything depends; the least unsteadiness in forming or irregularity in retreat may lead to the instant destruction of the whole force. The only security, in fact, then is the discipline of the troops,

and the ability and firmness of their officers. General Picton in this instance saved his division, and under such circumstances that was more than could have been expected.

The day following this affair it was expected that the French would make an attack in force upon Lord Wellington's position, and every preparation was made to receive them; but again the allies were disappointed, and it passed without a shot. The demonstrations made by Marmont were, however, formidable, and Lord Wellington had not sufficient confidence in his present ground to wish to fight him. Accordingly, during the night of the 26th, the British army was ordered to fall back upon a new position, between the Coa and Agueda; the fourth division, under General Cole, being left at Aldea de Ponte. To this place Marmont pressed his advance the following day, when a short but desperate conflict took place for the possession of the village, which, after a good deal of hard fighting, was left in the possession of the British.

The same night the allies again retreated, and the following morning took up a strong and very defensible line behind Soita, where

both flanks were protected by the river Coa. A rather singular circumstance attended this retreat; for it was discovered in the course of the next day that the enemy were actually retreating at the same time. Instead of pursuing the allies, Marmont suddenly resolved to retrace his march, contenting himself with having relieved Ciudad Rodrigo and driven the British from beneath its walls. He now, therefore, returned to Spain, occupying cantonments in the valley of the Tagus, while Dorsenne resumed possession of Salamanca. A strong garrison and plenty of provisions were thrown into Ciudad Rodrigo; but what further advantage was gained by this forward movement it is difficult to determine.

Lord Wellington was therefore once more left to his own plans; the enemy had relinquished all intention of interrupting his operations, and he could now direct his arms against Ciudad Rodrigo with almost the same prospect of success as before. If Marmont came to its relief, he would have again to retreat until the French general was tired of the pursuit. But it was quite evident that the report of Massena respecting the lines of

Torres Vedras was operating strongly upon Marmont: Portugal was still more exhausted than formerly, and he found that every step he took towards Lisbon the difficulty of obtaining sustenance was increased.

With the example of Massena before him, there was little chance that Marmont would follow Lord Wellington in order to risk starvation and defeat before these impregnable lines; but, to avoid all probability of being led into this error, he made a timely retreat, and at once put an end to the campaign of 1811.

The allied army went into cantonments, and it was anticipated that the winter would be passed in comparative inactivity. General Picton's division was ordered to occupy Aldea de Ponte, the remainder of the army being placed in quarters on the Coa; the right resting on Penamacor, and the left on Celerico. During this interval of repose the losses in the army were extremely severe, from a malignant fever, which spread with so much rapidity and violence, that at one period there were twelve thousand British in hospital, besides a considerable number of Portuguese. This frightful return of invalids was in some degree at-

tributable to the want of occupation and excitement; in addition to which, provisions were scarce and bad, while the weather, being cold and wet, made the huts occupied by the troops both comfortless and unhealthy. Lord Wellington took this opportunity to collect such *matériel* for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo as would enable him to carry the place by a more rapid method than that of blockade. He had resolved, that while Sir Rowland Hill was diverting and even threatening the enemy in the south, he would make another attempt upon that fortress; but he determined to try to obtain possession by a *coup de main*. This was, in fact, the only course open at the present moment; for the garrison was now so well supplied, and the place in so complete a state of defence, that a blockade, unless protected by a much greater force than the English general could bring into the field, would certainly be disturbed before it could be successful. Marmont knew this; and Lord Wellington knew that Marmont depended upon it. It was, in fact, one of the calculations which the French marshal ventured to make with certainty: he knew the want of means possess-

ed by the English for carrying on an active siege, and he in consequence ventured to think this fortress perfectly secure.

A singular and rather fortunate event took place in the month of October, which was considered by the allies as an omen of success. On the 15th, Don Julian de Sanchos, one of the guerilla chiefs, celebrated alike for his activity and daring enterprise, whilst lying in ambuscade near the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, fell in with the cattle belonging to the garrison. He and his band immediately dashed forward to secure them; when, having despatched or put to flight the drovers, they commenced driving off their prey. At this critical moment General Regnaud, the governor of the fortress, happening to be in the neighbourhood with a small escort of dragoons, came up, and seeing the position of affairs, put himself at the head of his troopers, and charged the guerillas. They, however, bravely defended what they had won, and, after rather a severe conflict, were enabled not only to keep their prize, but defeated the escort and succeeded in making the governor a prisoner. He was immediately conveyed to the British head-quarters, where

he was treated by Lord Wellington with every respect. The cattle, which were driven into the English quarters, were hailed as a valuable reinforcement by the soldiers.

During the interval preceding the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, General Picton received a letter from his brother, written on the 16th of October, informing him that his uncle, the veteran soldier under whose almost parental command he had commenced his career, had, two days previous to the date of this letter, breathed his last. This venerable officer had attained the advanced age of eighty-four years, with the rank of general in the army and colonel of the Twelfth Foot, in which regiment he had been for nearly thirty-six years. He left General Picton his sole executor and residuary legatee; but this was a very inadequate recompense for the loss of so true and valuable a friend.

In his youth Picton had learned to esteem him as a parent, and these feelings only gained strength as he grew older; but when that host of persecution came upon him which seemed for a time to overwhelm him, then it was that the sincerity of his uncle's regard became

apparent: when almost every one had deserted him, he came forward, and was willing to spend his whole fortune in the defence of his nephew's honour.

An officer who had an opportunity of observing Sir Thomas Picton, and was constantly with him in all his campaigns, says, in a letter to the writer of this memoir:

"The effect produced upon General Picton by the letter announcing his uncle's decease was such as would hardly have been expected from a man who was accused of having set all the finer feelings of humanity at defiance. It is true, there were no external appearances of grief; his countenance was unchanged, but even I, who esteem his memory for every virtue, cannot say that his eyes were even moistened by a tear: a slight exclamation of 'Good God!' burst from him when he came to the announcement of his uncle's death; and as he closed the letter which had brought him the sad tidings, he in a low and melancholy tone murmured, 'My poor uncle!' I saw little of him for the remainder of that day, but a great alteration was perceptible in his manner for a long time afterwards; every feature kept

rigidly its place, while the fire of his eyes was unchanged; but I, who knew him well, took this opportunity to try and discover if he really was as cold and hard as he had been represented: the conclusion at which I arrived was, that never man felt more the loss of a friend or relative than General Picton the death of his uncle. I say he felt it more than other men, because there was no outlet, no confidence; but, locked up within the very centre of his heart, it preyed there with a strength which in any other person would have burst forth with uncontrollable, unutterable grief: to him it produced want of repose, and even ill health, but nothing would have offended him more than even hinting that it was caused by regret. He hardly ever mentioned his uncle's name; but when he did, it was with a slight falter in the voice, which could not deceive one who observed him so closely as myself."

In a letter dated Zamarra, January 25th, 1812, and which we shall again have to notice, General Picton observes: "The circumstance which you mention respecting my worthy uncle so shortly before his death is of that considerate nature, and so characteristic of him, that

it convinces me he was as capable as at any former period of his life to dispose of his whole property; and I trust you will believe that I am more disposed to enlarge than diminish his benevolence."

This passage relates to an annuity which was left by General William Picton to an old and deserving officer, who had been obliged to sell his commission, and was living in humble and almost indigent circumstances. The general and this officer had in early life been for some years in the same regiment; and when the latter became reduced in circumstances, the general, with that kindly feeling which so distinguished him, assisted him in his necessity, and at his death made that provision for his old companion in arms which he thought would make the remaining years of his life free from care.

His nephew, as executor, of course paid this annuity; but as Picton thought it likely that his uncle had not indulged in the full extent of his inclination towards the object of his solicitude, under the apprehension of reducing too much the amount to be inherited by himself, he immediately made an addition to this annuity of fifty pounds a year.

CHAPTER III.

Operations to reduce the Garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo.—Commencement of the Siege. — Preparations for carrying the place by assault.— General Picton's Addresses to his soldiers. — His Letter descriptive of the Assault of Ciudad Rodrigo.— The town taken.— Sanguinary excesses.— Conflagrations.— Characteristic anecdote of General Picton.—Marmont and Lord Wellington. — Daring design.— Badajoz invested. — Siege commenced. — Death of Captain Cuthbert.—Fort of Picurina taken.

OPERATIONS had for some time been carried on, both by the guerillas and allies, to reduce as much as possible the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo. This was effected by means of detached parties, who constantly intercepted the supplies which the enemy attempted to throw in; but although many were captured, still a sufficient quantity reached their destination to prevent any alarm on the part of the garrison lest they should be straitened for provisions.

On the 4th of January 1812, the third divi-

sion was in motion towards Ciudad Rodrigo. Snow, rain, cold, and wind combined to render this wintry march harassing in the extreme; but the example of their leader inspired the troops with fortitude and resolution to overcome every difficulty. Several, however, fell on the way; when, unless fortunately discovered in time, their destruction was inevitable, — a drowsy stupor soon crept over their senses, from which they never awoke. The carts, of which there were many, were entirely engaged in the transport of gabions and fascines, which the troops had been employed in constructing during the time they had passed in cantonments; consequently even an opportunity of placing an expiring soldier on one of these conveyances but seldom occurred. The best security against the inclemency of the weather was the exertion of the march; for those who had fallen from fatigue and cold were as likely to die upon an exposed cart as upon the ground. A long march brought the division into Robleda about eight o'clock in the evening. The following morning it was again in motion; and by the 8th the fortress was completely invested.

So rapid had been this movement on the

part of Lord Wellington, and so suddenly did the enemy find himself closely shut in, that he had not time to make any extraordinary preparations for defence. The battering train attached to the allied army was now in a respectable condition both in point of numbers and efficiency; Lord Wellington having by his strong representations induced the British Government to send out a considerable augmentation to this part of his force.

About forty thousand troops, including those engaged in the attack, were now in the immediate vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo, and it was Lord Wellington's intention to lose no time in carrying the place by assault. It was ordered that the duties of the siege should be performed by four divisions,—the light, first, third, and fourth, which were to relieve each other every twenty-four hours. The trenches were immediately dug; the garrison the whole time keeping up a terrific fire of shot and shells, which did considerable execution amongst the workmen; still the works were carried on with alacrity and spirit. Colonel Jones, in his admirable "Journal of Sieges," observes in reference to the fire of the French,—

"At this period (the third day) the garrison distinguished the batteries from the other parts of the work, and attained their range so precisely, that two-thirds of their shells fell into them, and their round-shot caused many casualties." The first battery was completed and opened on the 14th, being the sixth day of the siege, from which period until the 19th the firing was kept up without intermission.

Lord Wellington then made a close reconnoissance of the two breaches, which, together with the report of Major Sturgeon of the Royal Engineers that they were both practicable, decided him upon directing the assault to take place the same evening. Accordingly General Picton received orders to hold his division in readiness to make the attack, in conjunction with the light division and General Pack's Portuguese brigade. The arrangements made by Lord Wellington were, that General Picton with his division should attack the great or right breach, while General Crawfurd, with the light division, should make a simultaneous assault on the left and smaller breach: General Pack with his Portuguese being ordered to make a feint on the opposite side of the town;

but with further instructions, that if he did not find the resistance too great, and could succeed in forcing an entrance, he was immediately to lead his troops to the assistance of those at the breaches.

General Picton marched the left brigade of his division to the convent of Santa Cruz, situated on the right of the batteries, where the officers and men were made acquainted with the duties which they had to perform; the remainder of the division being formed in the first parallel. The night was calm, and the heavens studded with stars; and a young moon shed a faint light upon the earth, which seemed to mock by its tranquillity the wild and sanguinary scene which was about to ensue.

The assault was ordered for seven o'clock; but Colonel O'Toole, with the light company of the Eighty-third regiment and the Second Caçadores, was directed to cross the Agueda by the bridge, and make an attack upon the outwork in front of the castle ten minutes before the time appointed for the general assault; his instructions being to destroy two guns planted in this outwork which might be the means of annoying the assailants by flanking the en-

trance to the ditch. At half-past six the division was ready, when General Picton and his staff rode up to the ground: silence immediately prevailed amongst the troops. Major-general Mackinnon's right brigade, consisting of the Forty-fifth, Seventy-fourth, and Eighty-eighth regiment, and five companies of the Sixtieth regiment, was to take the lead, and to be supported by Lieutenant-colonel Campbell (who upon this occasion commanded the left brigade of the division, during the absence of the Honourable Major-general Colville,) with the Fifth, Seventy-seventh, Ninety-fourth, and Eighty-third; the whole of this force being directed against the principal breach.

The animated detail given by a writer before quoted,* when speaking of General Picton's address to his soldiers previous to their advance to the breach, is worthy of perusal.

"Long harangues are not necessary to British soldiers, and on this occasion but few were made use of. General Picton said something animating to the different regiments as he passed them; and those of my readers who recollect his deliberate and strong utterance will say with me,

* Reminiscences of a Subaltern.

that his mode of speaking was indeed very impressive. The address to each was nearly the same; but that delivered by him to the Eighty-eighth (the Connaught Rangers) was so characteristic of the general, and so applicable to the men he spoke to, that I shall give it word for word. It was this: 'Rangers of Connaught! it is not my intention to expend any *powder* this evening; we 'll do the business with the *cold iron!*'

"I before said the soldiers were silent, so they were; but the man who *could* be silent after such an address, made in such a way, and in such a place, had better have stayed at home. It may be asked, what did they do? Why, what *would* they do, or would any one do, but give the loudest hurrah he was able?"

A few such pithy remarks were made to all the regiments, and, as the above-quoted writer justly observes, in a tone which went home to the heart and feelings of every man in the line. A writer, who was in the Seventy-seventh regiment upon this occasion, observes, that while talking to some officers just previous to the attack, "suddenly a horseman galloped heavily but hastily towards us—it was Picton. He

made a brief and inspiriting appeal to us; said he knew the Fifth were men whom a severe fire would not daunt, and that he reposed equal confidence in the Seventy-seventh; a few kind words to our commander (Lieutenant-colonel Dunkin), and he bade us 'God speed!' pounding the sides of his hog-maned cob as he trotted off in a contrary direction."*—No man knew the nature of soldiers better than Sir Thomas Picton: it was not by words alone that he urged them on; his example was never wanting where they failed, and with such a leader none would have dared to pause.

After having thus raised the spirits of his men, General Picton and his staff dismounted, and the advance commenced. The following letter from the general to his friend, six days after the assault, contains an accurate and animated account of it.

"Zamarra, 25th January 1812.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I had the pleasure of receiving your letter by the last mail, and am most truly concerned to learn that your general health, as well as your complaint in the eyes, has been so troublesome:

* The United Service Journal.

these afflictions, which we cannot hope wholly to get the better of, are only to be softened by patience. The circumstance which you mention respecting my worthy uncle, so shortly before his death, is of that considerate nature, and so characteristic of him, that it convinces me he was as capable as at any former period of his life to dispose of his whole property; and I trust you will believe that I am more disposed to enlarge than diminish his benevolence.

"Since I had last the pleasure of writing to you, we have had a winter siege. The third division moved forward from its old cantonments of Alvazavia on the 4th instant, for the purpose of approaching Ciudad Rodrigo. It was the most miserable day I ever witnessed: a continued snow-storm, the severity of which was so intense that several men of the division perished of cold and fatigue. In consequence of this weather, we were not able to invest the place completely until the morning of the 8th; and the advanced work, which covered the point of attack, was very gallantly carried by storm (by Lieutenant-colonel Colbourne and the Fifty-second regiment) early

on the same evening; an event which allowed us to open our first parallel within five hundred and thirty yards of the bastion intended to be breached.

"The siege was carried on by four divisions alternately twenty-four hours each, and we had to march about twelve miles every morning to the trenches. The enemy kept up a tremendous fire of shot and shells during the whole of the operations; we however paid no attention to this, but proceeded rapidly to erect our breaching batteries, and thereby curtail our operations; there being a probability that Marmont might be able to interrupt our progress had we prosecuted our attack in a regular manner.

"To make short of the business; on the eleventh day, when the third division had the trenches, two breaches were declared practicable, and the light division was brought up to cooperate in the assault, which was determined to take place immediately after dark, and to commence at seven o'clock. The town is surrounded with an old wall, flanked with square bastions, generally about twenty-five feet high, covered by a modern *fausse-braye* and deep ditch;

and the point to be attacked by the third division was elevated and commanding.

"The third division made five separate attacks at the same moment; four in different parts of the *fausse-braye*, and the fifth on the main breach. The enemy kept up a tremendous fire of shot, shells, and musketry, and made a show of an obstinate resistance; but on the forlorn-hope of the division reaching the foot of the breach, they prematurely sprung their mine, set fire to a great number of shells which they had arranged for the purpose, and retired to the entrenchments which they had thrown up on each side and in front of the breach. The troops immediately took advantage of the explosion, rushed forward, and possessed themselves of the breach, where they were for some minutes exposed to a most destructive fire of grape and musketry, until, by scrambling over the parapets, they turned the entrenchments on both sides, and overcame all further resistance. About this time the light division, which was rather late in the attack, also succeeded in getting possession of the breach they were ordered to attack, and a miserable scene took place, which, notwith-

standing every exertion, continued during the greatest part of the night. Our loss has been very severe, particularly in officers, having forty-one killed and wounded on the occasion.

"My poor friend Major-general Mackinnon, a most gallant, intelligent officer and estimable man, was killed by an explosion on the breach.

"Nothing could exceed the gallantry of the division, and it has most deservedly obtained the highest reputation of any division in this army.

"Accept, my dear colonel, my best wishes, and believe me to be very sincerely and faithfully yours,

"TH. PICTON."

So studiously does General Picton abstain from making any allusion to his own actions in his letters, that we are compelled to seek from those who fought by his side such details as are necessary to illustrate his personal heroism, and that character for cool and undaunted courage for which he was so justly famed.

General Mackinnon, whose fall he so warmly and feelingly laments, led the regiments

which headed the attack. Whilst his soldiers were marching to the breach, Picton moved with them; when, immediately the leading columns had cleared the trenches, the moon showed the advancing troops to the defenders of the fortress. A tremendous fire of every description of shot was immediately opened from the walls; but no check, no wavering was apparent, as with a steady and determined step they obeyed their general's command of "Forward!" When near the *fausse-braye*, Picton stopped, and cheering on the storming parties, they rushed forward to the attack.

Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, with the Ninety-fourth, Fifth, and Seventy-eighth regiments, had been formed near the convent of Santa Cruz, and ordered to enter the ditch on the right of the breach, and then turning to the left, join the attacking column. This force had commenced its advance ten minutes before seven; and when the soldiers of Mackinnon's brigade reached the ditch, they found Colonel Campbell and his men already there. Together, therefore, they rushed up the great breach, where all were striving to be first. The race was short; the "fighting division" had now another oppor-

tunity of demonstrating that they deserved that name, and the shout of defiance which burst from them at this moment gave assurance to Picton, who was anxiously watching their progress, that all was well. But in another moment every other sound was lost in one terrific explosion, which shook the earth, causing even those who were struggling on the breach to pause.

A magazine at the foot of the rampart had, as General Picton observes, "prematurely" exploded. The bastion was shaken to its base, while death was spread alike amongst friend and foe. Many a brave soldier fell upon this occasion, and amongst them Picton's lamented friend, Major-general Mackinnon,* who, after a long life of distinguished services, was thus shattered to death while leading his men in the assault. A fearful pause followed this explosion, but it was brief; the breach was much widened by the accident, and rendered more easy of access. Again the men rushed forward over dead and dying: the summit was soon won, but the

* This officer was uncle to the present Colonel Mackinnon of the Coldstream Guards, whose History of that distinguished Regiment forms so interesting an addition to our military literature.

entrenchments behind which the enemy had ensconced themselves, with a deep ditch in their front, were yet to be gained; in addition to which, two guns on each side of the breach, and cut off from the assailants by a wide gap in the wall, commenced pouring in a most destructive fire of grape and canister on each flank. These were difficult to get at, being entirely isolated from the breach, while the entrenchments stopped the advance in front. But the defenders, being thus compelled to bring a great force to repel this attack of Picton's division, had weakened their other points of defence; and the small breach, after the first struggle, was quickly won;—but that struggle was wild and deadly.

Crawfurd led the van, and was almost the first up the breach cheering his men; but he fell, just as the shout of victory burst upon his ear. A ball had passed through his arm and penetrated his body, producing a hopeless wound in his lungs: he lived to hear the place was won, but died immediately afterwards. His soldiers were not, however, long without a leader; another instantly stepped forth. But they knew their work, and it was soon done.

They drove the enemy before them in every direction, and moving by their right, joined the troops of Picton's division, which had by this time also been successful. They had with a daring almost unparalleled seized the two guns before alluded to, which the enemy had hoped were unassailable, and then contrived to turn the entrenchments by scaling the ditch which the defenders had formed in front. Almost at the same moment the brigade under General Pack was in the town, having met with but little resistance in its attack upon the castle.

The French were therefore taken in rear and surrounded on all sides. Still, however, they fought: they could not conquer, but they could kill, and for some time the fighting was continued in the streets. A conviction that little mercy would be shown by troops thus heated and excited protracted the sanguinary conflict: all was now blood; and men who at other times would have wept at the relation of their own acts, now buried their steel in the breasts of those who sued for mercy. The flash and roar of musketry, the glare of the reeking steel, the wild shouts of triumph, the

sullen cry for quarter, and then the moan of anguish which told the reply, — these were amongst the terrors of that night.

General Picton was soon in the town, and, according to the statement of one who was by his side, the efforts which he made to put a stop to this fearful tragedy were beyond description. He flew in all directions, calling in a voice of thunder on the frantic soldiers to remember that they were "men, and Englishmen—not savages!" and by exhortations and threats he contrived to bring back some to their senses; but the majority were before long intoxicated, and then every passion was let loose. But wherever the voice of distress was heard, thither would Picton hasten, when his commanding and resolute tone was sure to make the offenders desist and fly.

In addition to the accumulated horrors to which the wretched inhabitants were subjected, frequent fires burst forth in various parts of the town, throwing a red glare over every object, and making the havoc of the night more frightfully conspicuous. Here again Picton was to be found, surrounded by his officers, directing

and even assisting to subdue the flames, and giving protection to the affrighted sufferers.—But the mind willingly turns from the contemplation of scenes like these, and we would rather try to forget that our soldiers could ever have been guilty of such wild and inhuman excesses.*

Captain Kincaid, of the Rifle Brigade, who upon this occasion led one of the storming parties against the small breach, remarks:†—"Finding the current of soldiers setting towards the centre of the town, I followed the stream, which conducted me into the great square; on one side of which the late gar-

Lieutenant-colonel Macpherson, who has contributed many interesting particulars to these memoirs, had upon this occasion been exerting himself to restrain some of the least disorderly of the soldiers, but without much success; for so soon as they were ordered to "*fall in*," others fell out, until *he* was left almost alone. Picton seeing him in the square thus occupied, encouraged him in his laudable efforts; but Macpherson, tired of the endless task, observed to the general, "If you will keep them together, sir, I will collect them." The duty of each, however, was equally unsatisfactory; for, impelled by the hope of plunder and intoxication, even Picton was soon deserted.

† In his "Adventures of the Rifle Brigade."

rison were drawn up as prisoners, and the rest of it was filled with British and Portuguese intermixed, without any order or regularity. I had been there but a very short time, when they all commenced firing, without any ostensible cause; some fired at the doors and windows, some at the roofs of houses, and others at the clouds; and, at last, some heads began to be blown from their shoulders in the general hurricane, when the voice of Sir Thomas Picton with the power of twenty trumpets began to threaten with his usual energy; while Colonel Bernard, Colonel Cameron, and some other active officers, were carrying his orders into effect with a strong hand; for, seizing the broken barrels of muskets which were lying about in great abundance, they belaboured every fellow most unmercifully about the head who attempted either to load or fire, and finally succeeded in reducing them to order."

Lord Wellington, in concluding his despatch containing the report of this important success, observes:

"The conduct of all parts of the third division, in the operations which they performed

with so much gallantry and exactness on the evening of the 19th, in the dark, afford the strongest proof of the abilities of Lieutenant-general Picton and Major-general Mackinnon, by whom they were directed and led."*

The morning following this night of blood the troops were again reduced to order, and it was remarkable to witness how quickly the wildest passions of man were subdued by discipline. The same man who but a few hours previously had broken through every bond of moral and physical restraint, was now the orderly and obedient soldier. An officer who

* Major-general Mackinnon had been an intimate and esteemed friend of Picton's, and his death caused him much concern. After the tumult was over and discipline again restored, his remains were found; when Picton, after having taken a last look at them, calling to some pioneers, bade them prepare a grave in the breach. This breach had been won by the gallant deceased, and a better or a nobler tomb could not have been selected; and Picton appeared to take a melancholy pleasure in thus paying a last tribute to the remains of his friend. It was a soldier's fitting resting-place, and many a brave heart was buried there; but the body was afterwards removed to Espija, where it was again interred with military honours. By Lord Wellington's orders General Crawfurd was also buried in the breach which *he* had won, and no false notions or mistaken regard disturbed the remains of that intrepid soldier.

served in the third division; in his agreeable Reminiscences, relates a characteristic anecdote of General Picton, in allusion to the Eighty-eighth regiment getting under arms on the morning after the capture of this fortress.

"We were about to resume our arms," he observes, "when General Picton approached us. Some of the soldiers, who were more than usually elevated in spirits, on his passing them, called out, 'Well, general, we gave *you* a cheer last night; it is *your* turn *now*.' The general, smiling, took off his hat, and said, 'Here, then, you drunken set of brave rascals, *Hurrah, we'll soon be at Badajoz!*' A shout of confidence followed; we slung our firelocks, the bands played, and we commenced our march for the village of Atalaya in the highest spirits."

So soon as undisturbed possession of the town was obtained, the fortress was ordered to be repaired, and every addition made to the defences which skill could dictate. Marmont was at this very period advancing towards Ciudad Rodrigo; and it has since appeared that the French general was not acquainted with the investment of that fortress by the allies until the 15th of January,

when immediate and hasty preparations were made a second time to relieve it. But the same want of correct intelligence still embarrassed him; all communication with the garrison was of course cut off, and not until eight days after the English had carried the place did Marmont know that fact. How much may be done in a short time by an active body of engineers is demonstrated by the circumstance that by the time Marmont was apprised of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, it was placed in almost as formidable a state of defence as before the breaches had been made.

The French general did not therefore think it prudent to make any immediate attempt for its recovery, but, as the weather was inclement and wet, he allowed the allies to retain, unmolested, this valuable fortress; probably in the expectation that Lord Wellington would be satisfied with his success and continue no further operations until the severity of winter was over.

If these were his views, however, he little knew the active mind of his opponent, and he did not reflect upon the difference of their

relative situations. Marmont was at the head of an army which belonged to a victorious nation; his force was already large, and his hopes of being reinforced almost amounted to a certainty. Spain was at this moment virtually a French province: Joseph Bonaparte was still king, although he had more than once rebelled against the imperious power which had made him so.

Marmont thought therefore that he had little to dread; he fancied he was not in an enemy's country, and consequently remained for a short but fatal period inactive.

The views and expectations of Lord Wellington were widely different: his army was composed of half foreigners, while the British troops were principally raw recruits, wanting confidence in themselves, and receiving little encouragement from the inhabitants, who, now tired and exhausted by war, made little distinction between friend and foe; as each of them consumed the produce of their soil, and made their dwellings the scene of their contest. Lord Wellington had learned not to expect too much from the promises of the British government,

and the levies now sent out were so few that they were little more than sufficient to fill up the heavy losses which the army sustained. The supplies of provision were equally scanty, and plunder was frequently resorted to by the soldiers in order to supply the mere wants of nature, although this was in defiance of the general orders issued by the commander of the forces. The physical disabilities under which Lord Wellington laboured compelled him to keep his army in the field in the depth of winter, and to subject his troops to every hardship and privation, in order to take advantage of the inactivity of his opponent, who did not give him or his soldiers credit for such daring and unexpected measures.

Apparently satisfied with the brilliant termination of his attack on the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, Lord Wellington kept the army perfectly quiet in its neighbourhood; but it was a deceptive calm, for he was at this moment preparing to accomplish an undertaking of a singularly daring and decisive character. This movement, together with its preliminaries, was precisely one of those sudden but masked man-

œuvres, which so greatly distinguished the plans of Napoleon. A whisper spread through the army that Badajoz was to be the next object of attack; but by the following extract from a letter by General Picton to a friend in London, with whom he was in the habit of occasionally corresponding, it would appear that *he* at least was fully aware of the intentions of the commander of the forces. He observes in this letter, which is principally relating to the affairs of his late uncle, "I think your reply will meet me at Badajoz; for we are making active although silent preparations to invest that place," &c.

This letter is dated February the 9th.

The army remained in cantonments on the Coa until March, when Lord Wellington established his head-quarters at Elvas; in the neighbourhood of which place the troops destined for the siege were collected. On the 15th, pontoon bridges were thrown over the Guadiana; and the following day the third, fourth, and light divisions crossed the river, and with little opposition invested the fortress of Badajoz on the south and east sides, the north being

protected by the river; and as the only bridge was in the possession of the allies, but a small force was requisite to confine the garrison in that direction. The troops were under the command of Marshal Beresford and General Picton, the latter being appointed by Lord Wellington to conduct the siege; and arduous were the duties which he had to perform, — even the weather seemed to conspire against the besiegers, as it rained for several days together with so much violence that the river was swollen so as greatly to endanger the safety of the bridge: still no obstacle could overcome the energy of the troops, or the perseverance of their officers.

The first point of attack was an outwork called Fort Picurina, of which it was absolutely necessary to obtain possession before the batteries could be erected; and accordingly, on the night of the 17th, the first parallel was drawn out, and the approaches were then continued without intermission, although a tremendous fire was kept up both from the fort and town. On the 19th, the garrison (taking advantage of a thick vapour produced by the continued

rains) made a sortie upon the trenches, both with cavalry and infantry. The attack on the workmen was sudden and unexpected; they were for a moment driven from the trenches in disorder; but some fresh troops being brought up, they quickly formed, and became in their turn the assailants, when they succeeded in driving the enemy back, although not before considerable damage had been done and some loss sustained.

General Picton, with one of his aides-de-camp, Captain Cuthbert of the Fusileers, was soon upon the spot, and assisted in rallying the flying workmen, who at his well-known voice regained confidence. The general was on foot, but Captain Cuthbert was mounted: Picton had just entrusted him with some orders, and he had scarcely left his side, when a shot from the fort struck him on the hip, killed his horse, and mangled the lower part of his body in a most frightful and fatal manner.

General Picton had a sincere regard for this aid-de-camp, and felt his loss doubly, not only for his services as a valuable officer, but also

as an estimable young man. His death appears to have been much regretted throughout the division, as his manners whilst in the fulfilment of his duty were devoid of that arrogance which was assumed by many of those holding similar confidential situations.

The trenches during the greater part of this siege were half full of water, and the progress of the working parties was in consequence much retarded by the earth giving way, and filling up in a few minutes the labour of as many hours. In spite, however, of the weather, the fire of the enemy, and the circumstance of having to devote as much time to the repair of their work as the execution, the besiegers were enabled to open six batteries, mounting in all twenty-eight guns, on the ninth day after the investment. The scene now became one of awful grandeur; every element of destruction and noise seemed concentrated upon this spot: but the result of a modern siege is always certain, unless some diversion is made from without; and the only calculation to be made before its commencement is the manner in which it can be effected with the greatest expedition and

the smallest sacrifice of life. The Fort of Picurina, against which the principal fire had been hitherto directed, presented on the 25th a most dilapidated appearance; nearly all the guns being dismounted and the walls in ruins; still, however, it was strong as a place of defence. But as the more important operations against the town could not be pursued until this fort was in possession of the besiegers, it was resolved that on the night of the 25th it should be carried at the point of the bayonet.

For this important and hazardous undertaking five hundred men of the "fighting division" were selected, and placed under the command of Major-general Kempt. About ten o'clock, every arrangement having been made for the attack, the little band commenced its march in three different detachments to advance at the same moment, the right under Major Shaw, the centre under Captain Powis, and the left under Major Rudd. The fire which met the assailants was most destructive; but nothing could subdue their courage and perseverance. Three rows of strong palisades, protected by showers of musketry, offered a vain

resistance to their intrepidity; for when they failed at one point they directed their efforts to another. The garrison showed a degree of resolution in their defence honourable to the French arms, but with resistance the assailants seemed only to gain determination, until, after as brave a contest as ever distinguished the troops of both nations, the British troops succeeded in driving the enemy from the walls, and compelling them to abandon the fort.

CHAPTER IV.

Siege of Badajoz.—Skill of French governor in the art of defence. — Memorandum issued by Lord Wellington.— The attack made. — General Kempt badly wounded. — Desperate efforts of the besieged. — Anecdote of Lieutenant Macpherson.—General Picton wounded.—Anecdotes of Picton.—Dreadful havoc among the British.

THE siege of Badajoz is an event as honourable to our army as it was individually glorious to Sir Thomas Picton; for, regardless of the illiberal attempts which were made to take from him the glory which he there won, the veteran never mentions the taking of Badajoz without a just eulogium upon him who, when every prospect of success seemed to have fled, sent his aid-de-camp to the commander of the forces with the gratifying announcement that the place was captured. It is necessary to give a brief outline of this siege in order

properly to appreciate the services of General Picton, and to understand the critical moment in which those services were rendered.

Picurina being taken, the guns of that fortress were immediately turned against the town, while the batteries were all concentrated upon the ramparts, with the intention of effecting two breaches; the one in the south-east angle of the fort called La Trinidad, and the other in the flank of the bastion called St. Maria. Soult was now in motion, using strenuous arguments to persuade Marmont to effect a junction with him for the relief of Badajoz; but that general preferred making a diversion against Ciudad Rodrigo, in the expectation of inducing Lord Wellington to abandon the siege of Badajoz and hasten to its relief. But the English general knew too well the local obstacles against which Marmont would have to contend; he had received information that the rivers in the north were swollen, so as to render the passage of an army a long and tedious operation; and the only cause of apprehension which Lord Wellington experienced at this period was, that the waters might subside, or that Marmont, tired of wait-

ing, would by forced marches endeavour to unite with Soult in sufficient time to prevent his obtaining possession of Badajoz.

Soult made a movement towards the besieged fortress, but did not dare risk a battle with the force under his command. Preparations were, however, made by the English general to fight him without stopping the progress of the siege; for unless Marmont used extraordinary exertions, he would be too late to save Badajoz, as, without him, it was not supposed that Soult would make any further efforts for its relief. It was, therefore, a subject of much moment that the proceedings against the town should be carried on with the utmost activity.

Phillipon, the French general who commanded in Badajoz with a garrison of about five thousand men, possessed great skill in the art of defence, and every obstacle which modern warfare could devise was thrown in the way of the assailants; no opportunity was lost; and when the outworks were destroyed by the fire of the batteries, the besiegers found others of nearly corresponding strength prepared behind them; while the following morning frequently showed the vigilance of

the defenders in the repair of the injury effected on the defences during the preceding day. But the plan of Lord Wellington was simply to make a practicable breach, and then trust to the known and often-tried courage of his soldiers to find their way through it into the town.

The operations of the besieged were, however, so daring, and their efforts to protract the siege so constant and judicious, that the firing in the breaches was ordered to be kept up during the night, in order to check in some degree the hardihood of their proceedings. But by some neglect this order was not obeyed to the extent desired, and on the morning of the 1st of April the garrison had succeeded in raising several additional defences behind the breaches; in consequence of which General Picton issued the following order on the morning of that day:—

"RESERVE ORDERS.

"Camp before Badajoz, 1st April.

"It having been reported to the commanding officer by the commanding engineer, that the batteries, with the exception of that commanded by Lieutenant De Goeben, did not fire at the breach last night according to orders

given, he is determined to report every officer to Lord Wellington who shall neglect this duty."

On the 5th of April expectation was at its height; the general impression amongst the soldiers was that the attack would be made that night. Lord Wellington made a close reconnoissance of the breaches, attended by several of his generals, when he came to a determination that no longer time should be lost, and directions were accordingly given to the different officers to make the necessary preparations. The principal engineer was in the meanwhile desired to make his own observations upon the state of the breaches, and the defences which the enemy had erected on the inside. Having with some difficulty been enabled to effect this to his satisfaction, he reported to the commander of the forces, that although the great breach appeared sufficiently easy of access, the works which the besieged had thrown up in its rear would assist them in making a formidable resistance, which could not be overcome without a considerable sacrifice of men. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to delay the attack until the following day, while in the mean time the whole

of the batteries should direct their fire against the curtain of La Trinidad, "in hopes that, by effecting a third breach, the troops would be enabled to turn the enemy's works for the defence of the other two."* The morning of the 6th opened with the same heavy cannonade which had for twelve successive days been continued almost without cessation, and by four o'clock in the afternoon a third breach was reported practicable. Once more Lord Wellington made a reconnoissance; and upon this occasion being satisfied with the appearance of the breaches, he gave directions for the assault to be made at ten o'clock that night. But in order that a correct idea may be formed of the intended operations, the memorandum issued by the commander of the forces is here inserted.

"MEMORANDUM.

"1. The fort of Badajoz is to be attacked at ten o'clock this night.

"2. The attack must be made on three points; the castle, the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria.

"3. The attack of the castle to be by esca-

* Despatch.

lade; that of the two bastions, by the storm of the breaches.

4. The troops for the storm of the castle, consisting of the third division of infantry, should move out from the right of the first parallel at a little before ten o'clock, but not to attack till ten o'clock.

" 5. They should cross the river Rivillas, below the broken bridge over that river, and attack that part of the castle which is on the right, looking from the trenches, and in the rear of the great battery constructed by the enemy to fire on the bastion of La Trinidad.

" 6. Having arrived within the castle, and being secured the possession of it, parties must be sent to the left along the rampart, to fall on the rear of those defending the great breach in the bastion of La Trinidad, and to communicate with the right of the attack on that bastion.

" 7. The troops for this attack must have all the long ladders in the engineers' park, and six of the lengths of the engineers' ladders. They must be attended by twelve carpenters with axes, and by six miners with crow-bars, &c.

" 8. The fourth division, with the exception

of the covering party in the trenches, must make the attack on the face of the bastion of La Trinidad, and the light division on the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria.

"9. These two divisions must parade in close columns of divisions at nine o'clock. The light division with the left in front; the fourth division, with its advanced guard, with the left in front; the remainder with the right in front. The fourth division must be on the right of the little stream, near the picquet of the fourth division; and the light division must have the river on their right.

"10. The light division must throw one hundred men into the quarries, close to the covered way of the bastion of Santa Maria; who, as soon as the garrison are disturbed, must keep down by their fire the fire from the face of the bastion of Santa Maria, and that from the covered way.

"11. The advance of both divisions must consist of five hundred men from each, attended by twelve ladders; and the men of the storming party should carry sacks filled with light materials, to be thrown into the ditch,

to enable the troops to descend into it. Care must be taken that these bags are not thrown into the covered way.

"12. The advance of the light division must precede that of the fourth division, and both must keep as near the inundation as they possibly can.

"13. The advance of both divisions must be formed into firing parties and storming parties. The firing parties must be spread along the crest of the glacis, to keep down the fire of the enemy; while the men of the storming party, who carry bags, will enter the covered way at the place d'armes, under the breached face of the bastion of La Trinidad; those attached to the fourth division on its right, those to the light division on its left, looking from the trenches or the camp.

"14. The storming party of the advance of the light division will then descend into the ditch, and, turning to its left, storm the breach in the flank of the bastion of Santa Maria; while the storming party of the fourth division will likewise descend into the ditch and storm the breach in the face of the bastion of La

Trinidad. The firing parties are to follow immediately in the rear of their respective storming parties.

"15. The heads of the two divisions will follow their advanced guards, keeping nearly together; but they will not advance beyond the shelter afforded by the quarries on the left of the road till they will have seen the heads of the advanced guards ascend the breaches: they will then move forward to the storm in double-quick time.

"16. If the light division should find the bastion of Santa Maria entrenched, they will turn the right of the entrenchment, by moving along the parapet of the bastion. The fourth division will do the same by an entrenchment which appears on the left face looking from the trenches of the bastion of La Trinidad.

"17. The light division, as soon as they are in possession of the rampart of Santa Maria, are to turn to their left, and to proceed along the rampart to their left, keeping always a reserve at the breach.

"18. The advanced guard of the fourth division are to turn to their left, and to keep up the communication with the light division:

the fourth division are to turn to their right, and to communicate with the third division by the bastion of San Pedro and the demi-bastion of San Antonio, taking care to keep a reserve at the bastion of La Trinidad.

"19. Each (the fourth and light) division must leave one thousand men in reserve in the quarries.

"20. The fourth division must endeavour to get open the gate of La Trinidad: the light division must do the same by the gate called Puerto del Pillar.

"21. The soldiers must leave their knapsacks in camp.

"22. In order to aid these operations, the howitzers, in number twelve, are to open a fire upon the batteries constructed by the enemy to fire upon the breach, as soon as the officers will observe that the enemy are aware of the attack, which they must continue till they see that the third division are in possession of the castle.

"23. The commanding officer in the trenches is to attack the ravelin of Saint Roque with two hundred of the covering party, moving from the right of the second parallel, and

round the right of the ravelin looking from the trenches, and attacking the barriers and gates of communication between the ravelin and bridge; while two hundred men, likewise of the covering party, will rush from the right of the sap into the salient angle of the covered way of the ravelin, and keep up a fire on its faces. These last should not advance from the sap till the party to attack the gorge of the ravelin will have turned it. That which will move into the covered way on the right of the ravelin looking from the trenches ought not to proceed further down than the angle formed by the face and the flank.

"24. The remainder of the covering party to be a reserve in the trenches. The working parties in the trenches are to join their regiments at half-past seven o'clock. Twelve carpenters with axes, and ten miners with crowbars, must be with each (fourth and light) division. A party of one officer and twenty artillery-men must be with each division.

"25. The fifth division must be formed, one brigade on the ground occupied by the Forty-eighth regiment, one brigade on the Sierra del Viento, and one brigade on the low grounds

extending to the Guadiana, now occupied by the picquets of the light division.

"26. The picquets of the brigades on the Sierra del Viento, and that in the low grounds towards the Guadiana, should endeavour to alarm the enemy during the attack by firing at the Pardeleras, and at the men in the covered way of the works towards the Guadiana.

"27. The commander of the forces particularly requests the general officers commanding divisions and brigades, and the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers commanding companies, to impress upon their men the necessity of keeping together and formed as a military body, after the storm and during the night. Not only the success of the operation and the honour of the army, but their own individual safety, depend upon their being in a situation to repel any attack by the enemy, and to overcome all resistance which they may be inclined to make, till the garrison have been completely subdued."

We have been informed from many sources, that, according to the original plan of attack, the third division was only to have made a

feint against the castle; as, in consequence of Lord Wellington doubting the practicability of a successful escalade, he had abandoned the idea of any serious attempt in that quarter: but upon the representation and arguments of General Picton, it was afterwards determined that *his* division should make the attempt. This determination decided the fate of Badajoz.

The original time appointed for making the assault was seven; but so many arrangements were necessary, that it was afterwards postponed until ten o'clock: a delay that enabled the enemy to construct defences which, it will be shown, offered such unexpected obstacles to the progress of the assailants, that even the undaunted resolution of our soldiers must have been shaken, had not an unexpected event paralysed the efforts of the defenders. It will be seen by the arrangements, that the attack was to be made simultaneously at all points. Picton and his division were to move from the trenches a short while before the others; but they were to appear beneath the walls of the castle at the moment when the assault was to commence on the breaches, and the diversion was to be made by the fifth

division on the opposite side of the town, near San Vincente.

The number of troops directed to storm Badajoz amounted to about nineteen thousand men; and never were troops in better heart or condition,—but one spirit seemed to pervade them. Some had before tried the strength of the defences against which they were now about to be led, in the unsuccessful attempt upon Fort Christoval during the former siege; but any one who had seen the bearing of the men when drawn up in preparation for the attack could scarcely have doubted the result. It was not alone the hope of conquest that now led them on; for another, but not a better feeling, was stirring in their breasts: they burned to remove the stigma of former failures, and also to satisfy their hatred of the inhabitants, who had ever been unfriendly to the British troops. These motives had raised a combination of feelings which rendered this service a more than ordinary cause of excitement. The French in their turn were anxiously awaiting the contest, relying on the activity and skill of their distinguished commandant; and, assured by the success of their previous efforts, they

anticipated the attack with confidence. Prepared moreover on all hands and in every way to destroy, they hoped to drive the assailants back to their trenches, and compel them to raise the siege. As the hour approached, the men made each his preparation in silence; for on such occasions it would be ill-timed and unkind to oppose the wishes of the brave and devoted men upon whose exertions all must depend.

The night was dark and damp; a cold vapour hung around the town, partly composed of the dense smoke which had been left by the day's firing hanging heavily in the still air. But this stillness was not to last long. Near the appointed time, while the men were waiting with increased anxiety, Picton with his staff came up. The troops fell in; all were in a moment silent, until the general, in his calm and impressive manner, addressed a few words to each regiment.

The signal was not yet given; but the enemy, by means of lighted carcases, discovered the position of Picton's soldiers: to delay longer would only have been to expose his men unnecessarily; he therefore gave the word to

"advance." The regiments composing the third division upon this occasion deserve particular mention. The Forty-fifth took the lead; and the Seventy-fourth, Eighty-eighth, Fifth, Seventy-seventh, Eighty-third, and Ninety-fourth, closely followed. But it would be injustice to pass over the two regiments of Portuguese, the Ninth and Twenty-first, under Colonel de Champlemond, who nobly bore their part in the struggle of the night. Advancing at a steady pace, they crossed a small mill-stream called the Rivillas, but not unobserved: some fire-balls sent forth by the garrison burning brilliantly in the air over their heads, showed the silent march of the column. The enemy's fire immediately opened, and every available gun was brought to bear upon their ranks. Still there was no pause; not a shot was returned; but quickly filling up the intervals caused by this destructive fire, they moved on. The illuminated air now showed them their path, but the storm of shot grew closer and hotter at every step as the enemy saw more clearly their assailants, until, having crossed the stream, Picton's soldiers set up a loud shout, and rushed forward up the

steep, to the ditch at the foot of the castle walls.

General Kempt, who had thus far been with Picton at the head of the division, was here badly wounded and carried to the rear. Picton was therefore left alone to conduct the assault: and the desperate nature of the service called for all his energies.

Arrived in the ditch, the leading engineer, Lieutenant Mac Carthy, of the Fiftieth regiment, who had volunteered for this service, found that the ladders had been laid upon the paling of the ditch. This brave officer, finding that these palings had not yet been removed, and that they formed a considerable barrier to the advance of the men, cried out, "Down with the paling!" and immediately applying his own hands to effect this, with the assistance of a few others, he succeeded in forcing them down. Through this gap rushed Picton, followed by his men; but so thick was the fire upon this point, that death seemed inevitable. For a moment the soldiers were paralysed, and wavered; but the voice of their general was heard above the din, and they again moved over dead and dying, bearing the ponderous

ladders on their shoulders, crowding to raise them against the walls; but the fire was so tremendous, that this forlorn-hope was all but exterminated.

It is said that each soldier on the walls had six muskets, which he fired in turn as they were loaded by others; at the same time vast fragments of stone like rocks, which had been kept poised upon the walls, were pitched down upon the assailants, crushing them in a frightful manner; whilst hand-grenades, shells, and guns loaded to the muzzle with grape and case-shot, all burst forth at once. The incessant flashes threw a terrible glare over the scene; and the men could be seen running to and fro in the ditch, some pressing forward with the ladders, others endeavouring to raise them, and many falling in the act: quickly, however, was their place again filled up. They then strove to rest them against the ramparts; but the defenders, prepared for every attempt, had long poles shod with iron, with which they forced them back, while those on the wall, pointing their muskets down on each side, swept off all who endeavoured to mount.

At length, however, the assailants succeeded in erecting three ladders;* but the rush of men and the fire of the enemy made each one break, when those who had succeeded in mounting them were thrown upon the bayonets

One of the first to make the daring ascent was Lieutenant Macpherson of the Forty-fifth, (whose name has been before mentioned in this memoir,) closely followed by Sir Edward Pakenham. He arrived unharmed to within a few rounds of the top, when he discovered that the ladder was about three feet too short. Still undaunted, he called loudly to those below to raise it more perpendicularly; and while he with great exertion pushed it from the wall at the top, the men with a loud cheer brought it nearer at the base: but this was done so suddenly, that Macpherson was even with the rampart before he could prepare for defence, and he saw a French soldier deliberately point his musket against his body; and, without having the least power to strike it aside, the man fired. The ball struck one of the Spanish silver buttons on his waistcoat, which it broke in half: this changed its deadly direction, and made it glance off; not, however, before it had broken two ribs, the fractured part of one being pressed in upon his lungs so as almost to stop respiration. Still he did not fall, but contrived to hold on by the upper round of the ladder, conscious that he was wounded, but ignorant to what extent. He could not, however, advance. Pakenham strove to pass him, but in the effort was also severely wounded. Almost at the same moment, the ladder broke: destruction seemed inevitable, for a *chevaux de frise* of bayonets was beneath. But even at such a moment as this their presence of mind was unshaken: Pakenham, taking the hand of the wounded Macpherson, said, "God bless you, my dear fellow! we shall

of their friends below, where they met with a horrid and lingering death. Hundreds had fallen, and every moment added to the carnage. Still there was no pause, not a soldier thought of retreat; for a wild feeling of re-

meet again!" And they did meet again, but not where Pakenham meant, for they both still live.

Macpherson contrived, by getting to the back of the ladder, to descend to the ditch in safety, where he lay for a short time insensible. When reason returned, he found himself attended by two of his men, one supporting his head upon his knees, and the other holding a cup of chocolate to his lips: the shots were ploughing up the ground in every direction around them; but, unmoved and unhurt, they continued their friendly occupation. Macpherson made a violent effort to rise, during which the bone which had been pressing on his lungs was forced from its place, and he obtained instant relief. He arose and again mounted a ladder; but the walls were now gained: he therefore directed his steps towards the tower, on which he had in the morning seen the French flag waving in proud defiance; his object was to gain it. But all was now confusion and slaughter; the enemy continued to defend every tenable post, and they were being bayonetted by the infuriated soldiers without mercy. "I at length," (to use his own words,) "found my way to the tower, where I perceived the sentry still at his post. With my sword drawn, I seized him, and desired him in French to show me the way to the colours. He replied, '*Je ne sais pas.*' I upon this gave him a slight cut across the face, saying at the same time, '*Vous le savez à présent;*' on which he dashed his arms upon the ground, and, striking his breast, said, as he raised his head and pointed to his heart, '*Frappez,*

venge now led them on with sanguinary fury; every shot that struck a comrade to the earth filled the survivors with deadlier rage.

A ball had struck Picton on the groin a little above his watch, whilst leading his soldiers to the foot of the ramparts. A distinguished officer who was by his side at the time, and to whom we are indebted for much interesting information respecting the events of this night, conceives that this ball had first struck the earth; still the blow was severe. He did not fall or bleed, but being assisted to the glacis, in a short time

je suis Français!' his manner at the same time indicating that the colour was there. I could not wait to provide for the safety of this brave fellow; so I called out loudly for a non-commissioned officer to take charge of him, so that he should not be hurt. One stepped forward; when, giving him instructions to protect the gallant soldier, I ascended the tower; but my precaution was vain, for I afterwards discovered that this noble fellow was amongst the slain."

Macpherson was rewarded upon reaching the top of the tower by finding the French colour still floating in the breeze. He instantly tore it down; when, for lack of anything else, he took off his red jacket, and hoisted it on the staff as an honourable substitute for the British flag.

became extremely faint and almost insensible. He remained in this state for nearly twenty minutes; when, the pain having in some degree subsided, refusing medical aid, he again proceeded to direct the attack. He now saw his men moving amidst the dying and dead, while the incessant fire was still mowing them down; he could also perceive that they had not yet struck a blow in return, for during this period the defenders had scarcely lost a man. Picton's soldiers were amazed at the overwhelming fire that was poured upon them; but they heard their general calling upon them in a calm energetic tone, not to desert him, but to make one effort more. "If we cannot win the castle," he cried, "let us die upon the walls!"* This was sufficient; fresh ladders were raised against another part of the bat-

* "Picton, seeing the frightful situation in which he was placed, became uneasy: but the good-will with which his brave companions exposed and laid down their lives reassured him; he called out to his men, told them they had never been defeated, and that now was the moment to conquer or die. Picton, although not loved by his soldiers, was respected by them; and his appeal, as well as his unshaken front, did wonders in changing the desperate state of the division."—*Reminiscences of a Subaltern.*

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tlements, and hundreds rushed forward to scale them, when the struggle again commenced: this part of the wall was not quite so high.

Colonel Ridge, of the Forty-fifth, who had so greatly distinguished himself at Ciudad Rodrigo, was again foremost: a ladder was dashed against the battlement, when, springing forward, he rushed up, followed on every round by his fearless and devoted soldiers. He had ascended so quickly, that, before those on the top could force the ladder back, the weight was too great, and it pressed firmly against the wall. But who could hope to gain the summit and live? The enemy were now concentrated round the top to pour their fire on each man as he advanced; pikes, bayonets, and the unceasing stream of musketry must be passed before the wall was reached. Ridge still, however, pressed on, his sword guarding his head; and the bayonets of those on the next rounds thrust upwards to protect him. Other ladders were now erected, and with better success; the enemy in their turn were paralyzed at the unconquerable resolution of the assailants. Despair of being able to repulse them seemed now to have seized the defenders; it

might even be supposed that they were tired of killing: certain, however, it is, that their efforts were becoming more feeble, for Ridge, Canch, and several more gained a footing on the battlements. Then (for the first time during the night) did the tide turn in favour of the assailants. A continued rush of troops now followed up the ladders. The enemy made but a slight resistance when the wall was gained. This conquest had cost the victors much, but the defenders paid a dear and bloody price for the injury which they had done. From men so infuriated with the disappointment of repeated failure little mercy could be expected; few, very few of those who had assisted in raising the pile of dead that now nearly filled the ditch, were left to boast of their deeds.

The wound which Picton had received prevented his ascending the ladders to enter the castle, and he was in consequence compelled to remain in the ditch, but not inactive; for, calling up the whole of the straggling parties, he ordered them all to ascend the walls, and thus poured in a powerful assistance to cooperate with those already in possession to

resist any efforts on the part of the enemy for recovering the castle.

But we must now take a slight retrospect of the assault on the breaches, and the operations of the fifth division against the Pardaleras and San Vincente, in order to form an opinion of the importance of Picton's success. It is not, however, necessary to dwell upon the details of these attacks.

The fourth and light divisions were ordered on this fearful duty. They advanced a short time after Picton's division had moved against the castle. Their united numbers amounted to about ten thousand men, commanded by Major-general Colville and Lieutenant-colonel Barnard. The attack made by these troops is perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of daring in history: as an appalling proof of the wildness and even madness of men when stimulated to desperation by resistance and impelled by revenge, it stands unparalleled. But these were not the only feelings which pervaded this gallant band; it would be injustice to them to deny that in the breasts of many there lived a nobler and better motive.

They moved from the trenches and reached

the glacis in silence: there the enemy discovered them, and the work of death commenced. The ditch was to be crossed: some few availed themselves of the ladders; but, soon impatient of this slow mode of descent, the men rushed to the brink, and the column poured down like a falling cataract. The enemy had waited for this moment to set at work all their instruments of destruction.

"Never, probably, since the discovery of gunpowder," says Colonel Jones, "were men more exposed to its action than those assembled in the ditch to assault the breaches. Many thousand shells and hand-grenades, numerous bags filled with powder, every kind of burning composition and destructive missile, had been prepared and placed along the parapet of the whole front: these, under an incessant roll of musketry, were hurled into the ditch without intermission for upwards of two hours, giving to its surface an appearance of vomiting fire, and producing sudden flashes of light more vivid than the day. Description, however, conveys but a faint idea of the imposing nature of such a mode of defence. The doors of success were

certainly thrown open; but they were so vigilantly guarded, the approach to them was so strewn with difficulties, and the scene altogether so appalling, that instead of its being a disparagement to the troops to have failed in forcing through them, is it not rather a subject for pride and exultation that they had firmness to persevere in the attempt until recalled?"

Yet they did persevere in defiance of all these horrors, and the pile of dead and dying which was soon accumulated: the living still rushed on to gain the breach or fill it with their bodies. Closely packed in the narrow ditch, every explosion and every shot found a victim, until the ditch was like a grave where the living were interred with the dead. It would have been a hopeless effort to escape or even to avoid the destruction; and the shell was frequently seen to be about to explode, without the power to move from its vicinity. But the hope of gaining the breach made them submit without a murmur to the havoc made in their ranks. Much confusion existed for a short time by the circumstance of an unfinished ravelin being mistaken for the breach; it was, how-

ever, too easily gained; no enemy was on the summit. But it was not a position to be maintained: a murderous fire from the ramparts in the rear, on each side, and from the breach, swept the crown of this elevation, and many fell rolling back upon their advancing friends. Still, however, others pressed forward and jumped into the ditch which separated it from the ramparts; while some, moving to the right of the ravelin, joined them; when, forming in one close but irregular mass, they rushed up the crumbling ruins of the breach.

It would be vain to attempt an adequate description of this wild and sanguinary scene: to trace all its features is impossible. When the troops had arrived on the crown of the breach, an unexpected obstacle was found to exist; one that seemed at once to defy every effort of desperation to overcome. This was a *chevaux de frise,* of sword-blades, fixed in beams of wood the ends of which were buried deeply in the ruins, and chained to each other both inside and out; between these were rows of muskets, which poured forth a deadly and incessant fire upon the almost frantic assailants, as, goaded to desperation by this unlooked-for

check, they dashed the butts of their muskets with wild fury against the firmly-rooted blades. While thus vainly endeavouring to overcome this barrier, the enemy, who lined the ramparts on each side, continued to send forth every missile of destruction, and at the same time kept up an incessant fire of musketry; so that the troops, unable to advance and unwilling to return, stood with reckless daring to be massacred by the enemy, who mowed them down with impunity. The sloping ruins were quickly covered with their bodies, some only disabled, others sadly mutilated; but all were soon alike, as their crushed and mangled remains were trampled into shapeless masses by their intrepid comrades. Unappalled by the havoc which strewed their path, fresh men still pressed up the breach: beneath that fire no man could live, but they could die; and hopeless but desperate, they crowded forward, unshrinking, unsubdued. The loud shouts of triumph sent forth by the defenders were answered by wild cries of defiance from the devoted English; and that was again echoed by the hollow moans and piercing cries of the

trampled fallen. Many feats of daring gallantry were performed upon this memorable night by individuals, which, could they be recorded, would hand to posterity a list of names worthy of fame.

CHAPTER V.

Capture of the Castle of Badajoz.—Lord Wellington directs it to be retained at all hazards.—Successful attack on the breaches at the bastion of San Vincente.—The Governor retires to Fort Christoval.—Attempt to retake the Castle.—Death of Colonel Ridge.—Surrender of the Garrison.—Anecdotes of Picton and his Division.—Picton's Letters on the Siege destroyed; inference to be drawn therefrom.—Lord Liverpool's eulogium on Picton.—Character of the Third Division.

It would have been difficult to determine whether the soldiers or the officers were most conspicuous in this struggle for death; leaders were never for one moment wanting, nor hundreds to follow them: but it was still the same hopeless strife—no single step was gained, the same impenetrable barrier stood uninjured; while the garrison, exulting in the success of their stratagem, plied their muskets with increasing and frightful rapidity. To continue this unavailing sacrifice of life would have been inhuman. Lord Wellington received repeated

communications from the officers commanding the attack; but no one brought him any change, or held out any prospect of success. The red glare upon the dark clouds, and the incessant din of arms, told him clearly that the contest was still being carried on with unabated fury. He knew well the slaughter attendant upon the assault of a breach; a *brief* struggle is there surely a bloody one, but the long continuance of this promised a frightful return. He knew that his soldiers would not desist while an entire company remained to die; but justice to these brave men demanded that he should put a stop to the work of destruction, and he ordered the retreat to be sounded.

At this moment, directed by the burning flambeaux to the post occupied by the commander of the forces and his staff, an officer rode up at speed—it was Picton's confidential aid-de-camp. "Who 's that?" said the chief, in his usual sharp but firm tone. "Lieutenant Tyler," was the reply. "Ah, Tyler,—well?" observed his lordship. "General Picton has taken the castle, my lord," said Tyler. "Then the place is ours," remarked Wellington; and Tyler was immediately ordered to return to

Picton, with directions to keep possession of the castle at all hazards. Tyler hastened back; but Picton, never for one moment forgetting or misunderstanding the spirit of his instructions, had already ordered parties to proceed along the ramparts to the breaches. But the enemy, upon their retreat from the castle, had closed and strongly barricaded the gates communicating with the ramparts. To force these ponderous iron-bound barriers was a work of some difficulty, with the means at their disposal.

Again the enemy, having received some reinforcements from San Vincente, were making demonstrations to retake the castle; when Picton sent in some fresh troops to repel the threatened attack, while others were employed in battering the gates. The success of Picton's escalade had, however, destroyed the security and confidence of the garrison. The castle commanded the whole town; and unless it could be retaken, the further efforts of the French in defending the breaches must be ultimately defeated. Other operations were, moreover, being carried on against the fort of Pandaleras and the bastion of San Vincente.

General Walker's brigade of the fifth division had made a successful assault on the latter; for the enemy's troops destined to defend this post had been called upon to aid in the attempt to recapture the castle, and in consequence those that were left made at first but a feeble resistance, and the British troops quickly succeeded in establishing themselves upon the walls. As soon, however, as the French had recovered from their first panic, they were rallied by their officers, and a desperate conflict ensued, when the English were again partially driven back; but fresh troops were pouring up the ladders, and these being formed by Colonel Nugent as they reached the rampart, received the French with so steady and close a volley, that they were almost annihilated: the bayonet finished the work, and the British troops advanced into the town, hurrying through the main street to attack the breaches and retrenchments of the enemy in the rear. Every exertion had been made during this period by Picton's soldiers to force the communications from the castle to the ramparts; but some of the gateways were filled up with solid masonry, while others were of such massy workmanship

and so firmly secured, that all their efforts were vain.

General Picton, upon being made acquainted with this, sent the same aid-de-camp to inform the commander of the forces of the difficulty which his soldiers found in effecting a passage to the breach. Upon receiving this information, Lord Wellington, having ordered the light and fourth divisions to cease the attack, sent word to Picton to blow down the gates, but remain in the castle until daylight, when, with about two thousand soldiers, he was to sally out upon the ramparts, while the attack in front of the breaches was to be resumed by the two divisions which had already suffered so much and fought so well.

Picton accordingly prepared to obey the instructions of his chief; but the British bugles were now sounding in the rear of the enemy's entrenchments, and the English soldiers were rushing forward to clear the breaches. The light and fourth divisions were again ordered to advance against the breach of La Trinidad. But there was now no enemy: for, alarmed by the surrounding attack, and convinced that longer resistance would be unavailing, Phillipon con-

trived to cross the bridge, and throw himself and part of his garrison into Fort Christoval, leaving to the allies the prize for which they had so nobly fought. The two divisions mounted the breach, passed over the hill of dead, and reached the *chevaux de frise;* but the resistance had ceased; instead of the atmosphere of destruction which had before met them at that fatal spot, they now stood uninjured. Still with difficulty they forced the unguarded barrier; but so soon as an entrance was effected, they rushed like a torrent into the devoted city.

The last effort of the enemy to recover Badajoz was an attack upon the castle; but Picton's invincible and victorious soldiers beat back the French with frightful slaughter,—not, however, until as brave an officer as ever fought had fallen by almost the last shot. This was Ridge, who was the first upon the walls, and whose daring example, both at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, had rendered him an object of emulation throughout the army.

A writer to whom we have before alluded, in concluding his account of the siege of Badajoz,*

* In "The United Service Journal."

observes: "An attempt to retake the castle was made in vain. But the brave Colonel Ridge of the Fifth, who had so distinguished himself, lost his life by almost one of the last shots that were fired in this fruitless effort to recover a place which had cost the army the heart's-blood of the third division: and the army saw like a speck in the horizon the scattered remnant of Picton's invincible soldiers, as they stood in a lone group upon the ramparts of a spot that, by its isolated situation, towering height, and vast strength, seemed not to appertain to the rest of the fortifications, and which the enemy, with their entirely disposable force, were unable to retake from the few brave men that now stood triumphant upon its lofty battlements. Nevertheless, triumphant and stern as was their attitude, it was not without its alloy, for more than five-sixths of their officers and comrades either lay dead at their feet, or badly wounded in the ditch below them. All their generals, Picton amongst the number, and almost all their colonels, were either killed or wounded; and as they stood to receive the praises of their commander, and the cheers of their equally brave but unfor-

tunate companions in arms, their diminished front and haggard appearance told with terrible truth the nature of the conflict in which they had been engaged."

Thus terminated this important siege, dearly purchased, it is true, but never did soldiers cover themselves with so much glory as those who conquered Badajoz. France heard of it with wonder and ill-concealed dismay; for the details which were given to the French nation, by exaggerating the amount of resistance in the defenders, only added to the degree of skill and courage demanded for its subjection. This was the first perfect lesson which the enemy had learned of the invincible nature of British soldiers, and it produced its effect. Napoleon is said to have observed in the memorable field of Waterloo, "These English never know when they are beaten."

As may be imagined from the details here given, the loss sustained by the allies was very great; nearly five thousand men had fallen from the commencement of the siege until the moment when the flag of England was seen floating over the city.

Colonel Napier remarks, that when the ex-

tent of the night's havoc was made known, to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.*

Phillipon and the remainder of the garrison

* We have met with several anecdotes relating to this siege in the accounts of those who witnessed the events of this night, and who shared in its dangers, but whose better fortune spared them to relate the deeds of those who fell. From that excellent periodical the United Service Journal the following anecdotes are extracted, which refer in particular to General Picton and his division.

A medical officer, whose more humane duties debarred him from entering into the sanguinary struggle at Badajoz, and who was necessarily better enabled to observe and note the passing events, after having remarked upon the repeated arrivals of aides-de-camp from the breaches, announcing the total failure of the attack, and that unless some reinforcements were sent the troops would be compelled to retreat, adds:

"Another staff-officer soon arrived, bringing information that General Picton had obtained possession of the castle.

"'Who brings that intelligence?' exclaimed Lord Wellington.

"The officer gave his name.†

"'Are you certain, sir?'

† Lieutenant Tyler, the officer before alluded to as sent by General Picton with this information.

surrendered early on the following morning. Would that the pen could stop here, and close the account of this brilliant achievement! But it cannot be—the degrading tale is already told, and those who have thus far admired the brave and enduring soldiers for the devo-

"'I entered the castle with the troops—have just left it, and General Picton in possession.'

"'With how many men?'

"'His division.'

"It is impossible to imagine the change this produced in the feelings of all around.

"'Return sir, and desire General Picton to maintain his position at all hazards.'

"Having despatched this messenger, Lord Wellington directed a second officer to proceed to the castle to repeat his orders to General Picton."

Alluding to the failure of the soldiers to force the gates and attack the breaches in rear, the enemy at the same time threatening the recapture of the castle, and to defeat which the troops were kept in order on the ramparts, another writer observes: "Having continued formed as above until morning, we received orders to advance into the town, and were cheered by the generous admission of our brave comrades, 'that Picton and the third division had taken Badajoz.'" And the Editor in a note to this remark, adds: "We have now before us a letter from an officer, written the day after the storm, eulogizing the magnanimity of Lord Wellington on this occasion; his lordship having, it was asserted, told Sir Thomas Picton that the 'third division had saved his honour and gained him Badajoz.'"

tion with which they fought, must look with disgust upon the lawless plunderer and the violater of every human tie. When further apprehensions of resistance had subsided, the troops were allowed to leave their ranks, military discipline ceased, and the doomed city was made the sport of wantonness and crime. Colonel Napier in his History says,

"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All, indeed, were not alike; for hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence: but the madness generally prevailed; and as the worst men were the leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own

excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled."*

* Lieutenant Macpherson, the officer whose gallant efforts to ascend the ladder have already been mentioned, waited upon General Picton the day after the assault, and presented to him *the flag* which he had taken in the castle the previous night. Macpherson's distinguished behaviour had been already reported to the general, and he received him in the most kind and friendly manner; even the words which he made use of to the young lieutenant are deeply impressed upon his memory. "Sir," he observed in a tone of deep interest, "I congratulate you on your gallantry, and thank you: this night you have allied your fate to mine," putting out his hand and warmly shaking that of Macpherson. He then continued: "There is a hand will never forsake you; from henceforth your promotion shall be my look-out." In how far he fulfilled this promise the reader will have a future opportunity of observing. General Picton would not accept the flag from the young officer, from a hope that it might do him more service in a higher quarter. "No," he said, "take it to Lord Wellington, and show him what the third division can do."

Macpherson was suffering much pain from his wound, and felt little inclination to intrude himself at head-quarters; but Picton with friendly warmth insisted upon his going. Macpherson accordingly presented the flag to the commander of the forces. He was thanked, and invited to dinner; his wound, however, prevented him from accepting this invitation.

General Picton applied almost immediately to Lord Wellington to give him a company; but two years after the taking of Badajoz—he was still a lieutenant.

We regret that we are unable to give original letters or documents from the pen of Sir Thomas Picton relative to the capture of Badajoz: those who had in their possession letters written by Sir Thomas Picton within a short period after this siege have, from a friendly but mistaken zeal, consigned them to the flames. In no less than three instances has this been the case, and amongst a consecutive packet of letters from which this memoir has been in a great measure compiled, those that referred in particular to the taking of Badajoz have been in like manner withdrawn or destroyed.

This is the more to be regretted, as the parties to whom these communications were addressed are no longer living, so that even their memories cannot be appealed to. Unfortunately, the inference to be drawn from this act on the part of Sir Thomas Picton's friends is not of a favourable nature; for it will necessarily be presumed that he had in these letters expressed opinions and passed comments upon the conduct of this siege and assault, which were not calculated to advance his professional prospects, and that for this reason they were destroyed.

The candid and unflinching statements of such a mind as that of Sir Thomas Picton would have been highly valuable; and although they might have embraced some unpleasant or rather severe truths, still they would have been esteemed as the sentiments of a man who never disguised his opinions, or shrunk from giving them utterance from any feeling of policy or fear of reproof.

The reader's attention should be directed to the following fact; and then he will be convinced, that when General Picton ventured to express anything like censure upon the manner in which the assault was conducted, he only did that which modern writers have not hesitated to do.

Immediately after the capture of Badajoz, admiration and respect for the commander of the forces, together with the exultation produced by success, made comment mute; and even those whose dearest friends and relatives had fallen on that fatal breach joined in the universal cry of praise to the great mind that had achieved this conquest. But a man of Sir Thomas Picton's stern cast was not to be

carried away by the stream of public opinion; and it is only reasonable to suppose that these letters which his friends so zealously destroyed only contained those very remarks which are now brought forward without hesitation. He then saw *that* to condemn in the conduct of this siege, which none but himself dared to express at the time, but which is now freely commented upon. In Colonel Jones's admirable work upon Sieges appear the following observations: "The hour originally named was half-past seven, being immediately after dusk; but it was subsequently changed to ten, in consequence of the arrangements being found to require that delay. The garrison took advantage of the interval between the breaching batteries ceasing to batter and the commencement of the assault, to cover the front of the breaches with harrows and crows'-feet, and to fix *chevaux de frise* of sword-blades on the summits."

A gentleman who knew General Picton intimately, and to whom he more than once spoke of the siege of Badajoz, still further confirms the supposition that the letters which we so much regret the loss of, only referred to the very point alluded to in the foregoing

extract; for to this gentleman Sir Thomas Picton on one occasion expressed in rather strong terms his opinion with regard to delaying the attack, and the consequent sacrifice of life; and this is the only source from which the writer has been enabled to draw respecting the probable contents of these letters. After this statement, it will naturally be asked by what means any account has been obtained of General Picton's proceedings during the siege of Badajoz. This has not been a difficult task; for many are now living who were by his side nearly the whole time of the assault; and they have given every assistance which their memories could furnish. The only document amongst the gallant general's own papers which refers in any way to the capture of Badajoz is the letter from Lieutenant Mac Carthy to Sir Thomas Picton, which has been before alluded to, and from which an extract has already been given;* but this gives no account of General Picton's individual conduct.

* This letter is inserted at length in the Appendix, as an interesting detail of the progress of an individual during the escalade, and in order to assist in refuting the charge brought against Sir Thomas Picton, of neglecting the interests of the officers who served under his command.

The wound which General Picton had received rendered him for a time unable to follow the same active routine which had so long been his habit. The soldiers of his division had now learned to look up to him as their rallying point—as the chief who was ever ready to share with them every privation, and who had obtained for them the most distinguished name amongst the army. It was not his undaunted courage that alone made his soldiers value him; for his collected and resolute demeanour, together with the calm firmness of his voice in the most trying moments of danger, gave them a confidence in his judgment second only to that which they reposed in the commander of the forces, and which made them follow wherever or whenever he led, depending on his skill and generalship to extricate them from any situation of peril in which they might be unexpectedly placed.

Lord Liverpool, during a debate in the House of Lords on the 27th of April 1812, after having eulogized collectively the services and abilities of the officers under the command of Lord Wellington, observed: "The conduct

of General Picton has inspired a confidence in the army, and exhibited an example of science and bravery, which has been surpassed by no other officer. His exertions in the attack on the 6th (Badajoz) cannot fail to excite the most lively feelings of admiration."

The third division was not so conspicuous for the regularity of its appointments or its parade movements as the more important duties of the field. One regiment in particular, the Eighty-eighth, or Connaught Rangers, as brave and steady a fighting set of fellows as ever handled a musket, were perhaps as determined a band of marauders as ever sacked a city or robbed a poultry-yard: their appearance was at the same time equally irregular, and Picton used familiarly to call them his "*brave ragged rascals.*" But this irregularity in the regiments of the "fighting division" was not confined to the "Eighty-eighth," although the palm certainly rested with the "*Rangers of Connaught*;" and Picton used to remark, that all the light division left in the way of plunder was sure to be found by his "*ragged rascals.*" Another observation of Sir

Thomas Picton's, when speaking of his soldiers, was, "I don't care how they dress, so long as they *mind their fighting*." And this was the only thing his division did mind—one unconquerable feeling seemed to pervade the whole. Picton had taught them to be daring, never to pause, never to retreat; and so well had they learned their lesson, that it is a singular fact, the third division was never repulsed when they attacked!

Success operates strongly on the minds of soldiers in making them respect their leaders; it gives them confidence in themselves and their officers; they fight with a firmer front and think less of a reverse, and the victorious veteran becomes at length equal to a host of untried soldiers. The war waged by the "fighting division" was of that stern and unyielding description which defied opposition; their battle-front was terrible; warmed by their chief, they rushed on, nor ever stopped until the enemy was overcome.

Picton often spoke in terms of the warmest admiration of the noble bearing of his soldiers when exposed upon several occasions to

the most severe fire without returning a shot; every gap in the line would be in an instant filled up; when, close or unbroken, they would move on until bid to pour in their deadly answer, or charge with the bayonet. After the escalade of the castle of Badajoz, he spoke of them with an expression of gratitude for the devoted manner in which they obeyed his orders, regardless of the fearful nature of the attack, and undaunted by the fate of each succeeding comrade who had gained the summit of the ladders. "Still," he observed to an officer who was with him for some time after he was wounded,—"still they rushed to the foot of the ladders, even striving who should be first to mount; but they fell so fast, and the ladders were so insecure, that even the bravest began to waver. I called upon them, however, to make another effort, when they poured on and bore one another up until at length the wall was gained;—nothing could resist them. Yet I could hardly make myself believe that we had taken the castle."

It was not, however, by words only that Picton evinced the sense he entertained of his gallant soldiers; for, a few days after the capture of

Badajoz, Picton desired one of his aides-de-camp to pay to the remainder of the men who composed the storming party of his division, one guinea each, as a testimonial of their general's gratitude.

CHAPTER VI.

Advance of Soult to relieve Badajoz.—His retreat on hearing of its fall.—Marmont threatens Ciudad Rodrigo.—He marches upon Almeida.—Colonel Trant's stratagem.—British move towards Castile.—French retreat upon Salamanca.—Skirmish at the Douro.—Friendly intercourse between the hostile armies.—Marmont, reinforced, assumes the offensive.—Picton's dangerous illness.—General Pakenham assumes his command.—Battle of Salamanca.—Gallant conduct of the Third Division.—Temporary success of the French.—Their complete rout.

Upon the fall of Badajoz, Marshal Soult resolved, after too long a delay, to advance from Seville to the relief of the besieged fortress: but he arrived at Villa Franca, on the 8th of April, only to hear from the flying garrison that the place had been captured two days previously. He halted upon receiving this information, for his force was not sufficiently large to meet the allies without the assistance of the garrison, and immediately afterwards he commenced his retreat to Seville.

As soon as Lord Wellington was made ac-

quainted with the advance of Soult, he made preparations to give him battle. When it was known, however, that he was in full retreat, the cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, was ordered to follow on his rear; and several skirmishes took place highly honourable to the skill and courage of the pursuers. During this period Marmont had threatened Ciudad Rodrigo, with about twenty thousand men; but finding the garrison determined to defend the place stoutly, although ill supplied with provisions, he left one division to establish a blockade, while with the remainder of his army he marched towards Almeida.

Colonel Trant,* whose active and enterprising operations at the head of a few militia had drawn forth the warm praises of Lord Wellington, arrived at this moment in the neighbourhood, and contrived, with great daring and at much personal risk, to establish a short communication with the governor of that fortress, Colonel Le Mesurier, when they agreed upon the plans which they should pursue in co-operation in order to deceive the enemy. "By the simple stratagem of making a great show

* Now Sir Nicholas Trant.

of fires during the night, they led the French to believe that a large force had advanced to the relief of Almeida; and they in consequence abandoned their design of attacking this place, and moved forward to take possession of Castello Branco, which was occupied by their advanced guard on the evening of the 12th of April.

After the trenches of Badajoz had been filled up, the breaches repaired, and the walls heightened, Lord Wellington put his army in motion towards Castile. On the 15th the third division was again on its march. As this division passed beneath the castle of Badajoz, which only a few days before it had so daringly assailed, the recollection of those who had fallen came sadly on the minds of all; and there was not a man among them who did not recognise, in the spots around the burial-place of many friends.

When the allied army was put in motion towards the field of Marmont's operations, that general at once betrayed a distrust either in himself or the force under his command. Even the report of Wellington's success at Badajoz, and his intention to advance to the North,

stopped the excesses which he had been committing on the frontiers of Beira; and as soon as he received information that the English general was upon his march, he commenced a retreat upon Salamanca. The allies again took up a position between the rivers Coa and Agueda, the head-quarters being established at Fuente Guinaldo; and for a while the army remained in cantonments to refresh after the severe services in which it had been engaged through all the inclemency of winter. It was during this period that Napoleon invaded Russia.

How the strength of France was wasted in this vast attempt, her fields left nearly untilled, and her cities deprived of their defenders, need not be repeated here. The affairs of the Peninsula became now a secondary consideration in comparison with this greater enterprise, for the result of which all Europe was looking with painful suspense.

On the 9th of May 1812, Napoleon left Paris to join the immense army with which he undertook this expedition: had he thrown himself into Spain with one-fourth of this army, the English general might probably have been driven to his

ships. It is true, the number of French troops in the Peninsula was already great. According to Colonel Jones, "The French force within the Pyrenees, in May 1812, exceeded one hundred and seventy thousand, chiefly veteran troops, under distinguished officers. Soult commanded fifty-eight thousand in Andalusia; Marmont, fifty-five thousand in Leon; Souham, ten thousand (the Army of the North) in Old Castile; Suchet, forty thousand in Arragon and the eastern provinces; and Jourdan could dispose of fifteen thousand men, called the Army of the Centre, for the security of the intrusive king and the quiet of the capital."

But, large as this force was, it was not during any period of the subsequent war effective: a want of cordiality and co-operation existed amongst the different generals, which, fortunately for the liberties of Europe, enabled Lord Wellington to act against each army separately, and defeat them in detail; while reinforcements could not be expected from a country already exhausted of its population.

But the presence of the Emperor would have produced a great alteration in affairs; he would have been able to concentrate each corps, and

silence at once all dissension among his officers; while his great military genius would have secured every advantage which the preponderance of his force might have entitled him to expect.

The force under Lord Wellington's command, with which he had to oppose that of Marmont, amounted to about forty-five thousand men. General Hill had at the same time about ten thousand infantry and one thousand two hundred cavalry, principally Portuguese; but this corps, after having carried the castle of Miravete by assault, and secured the bridge of Almaraz, was occupied in observing the operations of Soult, and preventing a junction between his army and that of Marmont.

On the 13th of June the allied army once more commenced operations, and on the 16th they came up with the French in front of the town of Salamanca; but the enemy showed no intention of fighting, and the next morning they had passed the river Tormes, upon the right bank of which the city is built. Lord Wellington crossed in pursuit on the following day by two fords, one above and the other below the town. A good stone bridge is thrown over

this river; but the French had erected some formidable works to prevent the passage, which were at the same time so constructed as to command the city, the inhabitants being not well-disposed towards their invaders.

But the English were received with every demonstration of friendliness and gratitude. A battering train had already been ordered from Elvas for the reduction of these forts. This duty was given to the sixth division, under Major-general Clinton; while the remainder of the allied army was posted on the heights of St. Christoval, three miles in advance of the town, in a position which cut off Marmont's communication with the troops defending the besieged works. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the reduction of these forts. On the tenth day after the batteries had opened, two breaches were reported practicable in St. Vincente, the principal, and one in Gaetano, the smaller fort.

"The troops," according to Colonel Jones, "were formed for the assault of the latter, when a white flag announced the intended submission of the garrison; at the same moment the flames in the other work increased rapidly, and the commandant likewise demanded to capitulate.

Each, however, required three hours' preliminary delay; their offers were treated as stratagems to gain time and get the flames under, and Lord Wellington limited them to five minutes to march out, promising them their baggage and effects. This message not being complied with, the batteries resumed their fire, under cover of which the storming parties advanced and carried the lesser fort at the gorge, the enemy offering little resistance: the Portuguese light troops even penetrated into the principal fort, making the number of prisoners above seven hundred."

The reduction of these works destroyed the last hold which Marmont possessed on Salamanca, and it was now quite evident that he must either fight or retreat; and he was not long in forming a determination, the army being at once withdrawn towards the Douro, closely followed by the allies. The British cavalry came up with their rear on the 2nd of July, when a sharp skirmish ensued, which terminated in favour of the English, who compelled the enemy to cross the Douro in much confusion. Both armies took up a position for the night on different sides of the river;

and here they remained until the 16th, the third division being posted at the ford near Pollos. The writer of the "Reminiscences of a Subaltern" observes, that much intercourse existed between the soldiers of the two armies, more especially between the third British and the seventh French divisions, and he adds, that "the French officers said to us on parting, 'We have met and have been for some time friends; we are about to separate, and may meet as enemies. As friends we received each other warmly, as enemies we shall do the same.' In ten days afterwards, the British third and the French seventh divisions were opposed to each other at the battle of Salamanca; and the seventh French was destroyed by the British third."

During this interval of repose, neither general was desirous of becoming the assailant; Lord Wellington on account of the strength of the French position, and Marmont rendered cautious by his late reverses. He was now however joined by General Bonnet, with the Army of the Asturias, amounting to nearly ten thousand men; thus augmenting the troops under his command to forty-seven thousand

veterans. With this addition to his strength, he again prepared to commence offensive operations. To cross the river with the army of Wellington in his front, was an undertaking which must necessarily be attended with considerable sacrifice; he therefore, after a variety of brilliant and rapid movements, contrived to throw his army over the Douro at a place about twenty miles above Toro. By this skilful manœuvre he re-established his communications with the Army of the Centre, at the same time that he threatened to cut off the light and fourth divisions, together with Major-general Anson's brigade of cavalry; but these troops managed to rejoin the main body of the allies, which now occupied a position on the river Guarena. Several days were then passed by both generals in a variety of movements and counter-movements; now marching "in parallel lines, within half-cannon shot distance of each other;" then the allies, falling back, followed by the French, would suddenly halt, as if to fight; upon which the enemy in his turn would decline the proffered contest. Still it was evident to every individual in the army that a battle must ensue.

Picton's division alone seemed disheartened; for their leader, whose appearance at their head they had now learned to consider as an assurance of success, was not with them. He had for some time been inconvenienced by the wound he had received at Badajoz; but, still mounted on his cob, he had been frequently seen among his soldiers. He was now, however, dangerously ill with the fever which is so common in these countries, and from which our troops suffered greatly; although these returns, being confined to the medical department, did not swell the list of loss which appeared in the Gazettes.

General Picton was confined in Salamanca with this malady, which had attacked him in its most virulent form. His life was for a time despaired of; but the same iron constitution which had supported him through the fever at Walcheren enabled him to withstand this disease. His illness and consequent absence were much regretted by his soldiers. Going into battle without "Old Picton" at their head seemed in the language of his men, quite unnatural. At the same time the illness of the general was greatly increased by con-

stant anxiety respecting his soldiers; in fact, when made acquainted with the near approach of the two armies, and the various movements which had been made, he observed that they must lead to a battle; and it was with some difficulty that he was restrained from going to place himself at the head of his division, although so enfeebled that he could not stand without assistance. Lieutenant Tyler, his aide-de-camp, succeeded, however, in dissuading him from this rash design; and when he heard that the honour of the "fighting division" was entrusted to General Pakenham, he observed, "I am glad he has to lead my brave fellows; they will have plenty of their favourite amusement with him at their head."

But although Picton was not present at this battle, the noble spirit which he had infused into his men was conspicuous.

On the 20th of July, the allies were again in the same position on the heights of St. Christoval which they had occupied during the attack on the forts. Marmont was still manœuvring; but both generals had the same object, each trying to draw the other to commence hostilities while his army was in the

strongest position. In every particular these movements resembled a game of chess where the players are nearly equal: both were prepared to advance, but hesitated for some favourable moment; while the slightest oversight being immediately observed on each side, the greatest possible advantage which could be obtained from it was instantly seized upon.

On the evening of the 21st, the allied army crossed from the right to the left bank of the Tormes by the bridge of Salamanca; Picton's division, with Brigadier-general D'Urban's cavalry, being however left to watch a large corps which the enemy still kept on the heights above Babilafuente. The French had crossed in the morning of this day, when, marching by their left, they threatened to cut off the road between Ciudad Rodrigo and the allies; and it was to counteract this, that Lord Wellington also moved his army over the river, and thus for a time re-established and secured his communication. Still Marmont had evidently determined to effect this object; while Lord Wellington resolved to prevent it; and it was this point which led to the battle of Salamanca. The night of the 21st was

tempestuous; and as the soldiers were kept under arms, the incessant rain and thunder, which kept them wet and sleepless, but ill fitted them for the exertions of the coming day.

Early in the morning, the third division, with D'Urban's cavalry, were ordered to cross the bridge with the utmost speed, and take up the ground allotted to them on the extreme right of the British position, just behind Aldea Tejada. Next to Picton's division was the fifth, under General Leith; General Bradford, with a brigade of Portuguese, occupying an elevated post between these two. On the left of the fifth, and immediately in the rear of the village of Aripiles, was the fourth division, under General Cole, supported in reserve by the sixth and seventh divisions, the former commanded by Major-general Clinton, and the latter by Major-general Hope: the first and light divisions, which occupied the ground on the left of the position, being also in reserve.

The morning was passed in anxious suspense. The allied army expected a battle, and were prepared for a decisive conflict; but for a time the enemy gave no demonstrations of com-

mencing the attack: some few alterations were made by Marmont in the disposition of his troops, but none which produced any effect upon the general arrangements; in fact, it appeared as if each party expected the other to begin. Lord Wellington's military skill was strikingly evident in this war of manœuvre. He had left Marmont but little choice: the post occupied by the allies was strong, and each point easily supported. If the French general did attack, the chances would be much against him; at the same time that any movement which Marmont should attempt in order to pursue his plan would necessarily weaken his line, and Lord Wellington might then become the assailant with every probability of success. His military judgment and foresight were soon conspicuous. Towards noon much confusion was observed in the ranks of the enemy; but Lord Wellington saw nothing which induced him to make any alteration in his position; when, about two o'clock, after having observed the movements of the French, "he gave his glass to one of his aides-de-camp, while he himself retired for a few moments to take some refreshment. He had scarcely commen-

ced, when his aide-de-camp said, 'The enemy are in motion, my lord.' 'Very well: observe what they are doing,' was the reply. A minute or two elapsed, when the aide-de-camp said, 'I think they are extending to the left.' 'The devil they are!' said his lordship, springing upon his feet: 'give me the glass quickly.' He took it, and for a short time continued observing the motions of the enemy with earnest attention."

Marmont, by extending his left, was in hopes of being enabled to turn the right of the allies; but as this was done without a corresponding movement of the remainder of the French army, but by the extension of the line, it was a necessary consequence that the whole was comparatively weakened. It would appear by this manœuvre on the part of the French general that he was ignorant of the actual extent of the allied position; as, when he had thrown out his left as far as was consistent with the security of his centre, he was still outflanked by the third division. But this was only one of those false moves which, whether in chess or war, are and ever will be made by the best players, being in fact more fre-

quently produced by impatience or loss of temper, than by the judgment or foresight becoming impaired. Wellington instantly discovered the advantage which his adversary had given him, and he resolved at once to begin the attack. In his despatch he observes that he had long been anxious to do so; and accordingly he ordered Pakenham to move on with the third division, take the heights in his front, and drive everything before him. "I will, my lord, by G—d!" was the laconic reply.

The duty given to the third division upon this memorable occasion was one of the most conspicuous in the field. While the attack was being made in front, they had to ascend the height upon which the enemy had rested his left, and take the French line in flank. It is a singular fact, and one which redounds but little to the military skill of Marmont, that while the allied forces were advancing to give him battle, he was making his dispositions to receive them. The French army was, in fact, wavering between two positions, when they ought to have been prepared for the reception of their opponents.

The seventh French division had been ordered to march some distance on its left, to alarm the English general with the fear of being outflanked; but it was this very movement which induced Lord Wellington to become the assailant; and long, therefore, before this division had reached its intended ground, the British line was advancing in order of battle. An aide-de-camp was immediately sent after General Foy, who commanded the seventh division, with orders to return with all despatch and again occupy his former ground. This betrayed great want of foresight in Marmont: it was playing a bad game resting the success of his plans upon the ignorance of his opponent; but he paid dearly for his presumption.

The confidence which Lord Wellington placed in the third division was strikingly justified upon this occasion;—moving in two lines, the first consisting of the Forty-fifth, Seventy-fourth, and Eighty-eighth, led by Colonel Alexander Wallace of the latter regiment; and the second composed of the Ninth and Twenty-first Portuguese, under Colonel de Champlimond; the Fifth, Seventy-seventh,

Eighty-third, and Ninety-fourth British regiments being kept in reserve. General D'Urban's cavalry, and Le Marchant's three regiments of heavy dragoons, were ordered to follow in the rear of the division, to protect it from any flank attacks by the enemy's horse. The heights which these regiments had to carry were well provided with cannon, while the bayonets of the French riflemen could be seen moving hastily down the ridge: and a plain of some extent was to be traversed beneath the fire of these guns before the British could return a shot.

The word was given, and "forward" they moved in open column of companies. The crown of the hill was in a moment enveloped in smoke as the artillery commenced their play. The shot fell amongst the advancing columns; but the height from which they were directed, and the rain which had fallen during the night, rendered them less fatal than might have been expected, as they were soon buried in the earth. Some British artillery, under Captain Douglas, replied to this from some high ground in the rear of the third division. The English were thus between two fires,

the shot from their own guns flying over their heads, while those of the enemy fell amongst them. They moved on with unshaken resolution, the ranks being silently filled up as their comrades fell: but this was only a slight preface to the work about to ensue. A column, consisting of above five thousand men, was posted at the top of the hill, commanded by General Foy, who had just reached this position with the seventh division. This mass of men covered the summit, waiting until the British should in their ascent of the hill come sufficiently near to be annihilated by their fire. They beheld them move steadily onward; they saw the line occasionally close up as the shot plunged through their leading files; when, within a short distance from the brow of the hill, by Sir Edward Pakenham's orders, the companies formed into line without halting. By this well-judged manœuvre, which was performed with much regularity and expedition, the enemy's light troops were at once driven in to their main body; for, expecting to do some execution while the English were deploying into line, they were surprised to see this effected without a pause. Now the British line pre-

sented a more formidable array, as, formed only two deep, they pressed up the remaining acclivity.

The French artillery continued a rapid discharge of grape and canister; but Foy's division stood motionless, waiting until the English should have gained the top of the ridge. In consequence of the grand efforts of the enemy's artillery being directed against the centre of the British brigade, the two wings, which were less exposed, advanced more rapidly; and by this means a kind of crescent was formed, the horns of which were about to close upon the enemy. Panting with their exertions, and having left many dead and dying on their path, the gallant line paused a moment on the summit of the hill. Then came the attack from General Foy. His column immediately poured in a close volley, which almost crushed the English. In a moment the earth was strewn with the leading line of Wallace's brigade; but quickly recovering from this shock, and stepping over their fallen companions, the others rushed on before the smoke had cleared from the field or the French could reload. Wallace, looking back upon his men, pointed

to the enemy: it was enough—they knew well their work. The French, confident that this volley would paralyse their adversaries, were about to charge the remainder and drive them from the hill at the point of the bayonet; but at that moment they saw through the smoke the faces of their opponents, who were advancing upon them with rapid but steady steps. This was a thrilling scene: for a moment there was almost a breathless silence, but it was the next instant broken by the French, who opened a quick but ill-directed fire. The assailants pressed forward.

The French fire had almost ceased, when a loud cheer was given by the British line. Pakenham, seeing the excited state at which his men had arrived, gave the word to "charge." A well-directed volley was poured in to the opposing column, the muskets were brought down to the "rest," and, emerging from the smoke of their fire, they rushed forward with the bayonet. The close phalanx for an instant bent from the shock: then, for several minutes, the living mass was swayed backward and forward; but at length it yielded;—another effort, it was broken, and they fled; when, in the

words of a writer from whom many of these details are drawn, "the seventh French was destroyed by the British third."

The battle was not, however, only here; in the centre it was being waged with equal fury: the constant roll of musketry along the whole line made it evident that the same success had not yet crowned the efforts of the other divisions. But Pakenham remembered his instructions "to drive everything before him;" and accordingly, having driven the French from the height, he next proceeded to turn the remainder of the enemy's positions. But cavalry were now wanting to complete the destruction of Foy's retreating column; the infantry could only force them down the slope, while their very numbers and closeness made their retreat less decided than it would have been, could they have fled without interruption. Le Marchant's heavy dragoons were too far in the rear, and it was late before an officer was sent to order them forward.

When Pakenham had followed the French to a plain at the foot of the hill, Foy, instantly observing the absence of cavalry, brought up a fresh brigade, and by great exertions contrived

to re-establish something like discipline, and persuade the men once more to face their pursuers. This part of the battle was now partially restored, the result was even uncertain; but at this moment the hoofs of horses were heard in the rear of the British. Their line opened, and at a sharp canter three regiments of heavy cavalry rode through the intervals, quickly formed in front, and prepared for their charge. The suddenness of this evolution caused renewed confusion in the enemy's ranks; they were instantly ordered into square, but they moved with uncertainty, and before they were half formed the cavalry were amongst them. But still they fought. The first close volley stopped the career of many a horseman; among others, Le Marchant their leader was shot as his horse was at speed, and his body was precipitated upon the enemy's bayonets. Such a contest could not last long. The broken French bravely but vainly resisted: it was a confused slaughter; the troopers hewed down the exhausted and almost helpless foe with unsparing fury, until at length they even fled to the British line for protection; and there it was given so long as it was demanded: and, ob-

serves the writer before referred to, "not a man was bayoneted, not one even molested or plundered; and the invincible old "third" on this day surpassed themselves; for they not only defeated their terrible enemies in a fair stand-up fight, but actually covered their retreat, and protected them at a moment when, without such aid, their total annihilation was certain."

And now the battle was likely to be won, as Foy's flying column spread confusion along the French line, and the British troops were seen advancing on their right. On the left of the third division, Leith, with the fourth, had, during the fighting on his right, been warmly engaged for some time in firing volleys at the column to which it was opposed; but when he saw that the charge of the third had proved successful, he gave the word to advance, and placed himself at the head of his division. The crash was terrible: Leith soon fell badly wounded, but his men still pressed on. Here also the allies were victorious; the French were driven up the hill in their rear, and the English were left in possession of the disputed ground. In the centre, however, affairs bore a different

aspect, and for a while the result seemed doubtful.

Cole's division made a gallant attack upon Bonnet's corps, and after a severe struggle the French were thrown into confusion. Brigadier-general Pack, with nearly two thousand Portuguese, was to have carried a height called the Dos Arapiles, on the left of the fourth division. This was occupied by not more than five hundred of the enemy, with a few pieces of cannon. The security of Cole's advance depended upon the French being driven from this post, and the superior numbers of Pack's brigade rendered his success, by calculation, almost certain; but just as Cole had succeeded in throwing Bonnet's corps into confusion, the guns from this height opened with sore effect upon the rear and flank of the fourth division: the Portuguese had failed in their attack; and the French, who had beaten them back, now turned their fire against Cole's successful troops. This unexpected event produced an immediate panic amongst the British soldiers, as the storm of grape, round-shot, and musketry did severe execution in their ranks. Bonnet had been carried from the field wounded, and the com-

mand had now devolved upon General Clausel, who saw at one glance that a check had occurred to the advance of the English, and as quickly conceived the cause. He hastily re-formed his troops, brought up a small reserve, and became in his turn the assailant: the fourth division gave way, and the Frenchmen, animated by their success, renewed the attack with fresh vigour. Cole fell wounded, while endeavouring to rally his men; but all his efforts were vain, for his troops were now retreating from the position which they had gained. Clausel was joined in his well-timed onset by the remains of the two broken columns, and he now moved forward with almost an army, confident of overthrowing all before him. Marshal Beresford, who happened to come up at this critical moment, without delay ordered up a brigade of General Leith's division, to try and stop the current of defeat; but these regiments, composed principally of Portuguese, only added to the disorder, as the whole were borne back in one confused mass by the advancing line.

Beresford was himself wounded and borne from the field. An aide-de-camp had, how-

ever, been sent to apprize Lord Wellington of the state of affairs. Wellington galloped to the spot, and perceived at once the extent of the danger. The sixth division, under General Clinton, consisting of six thousand men, which had been in reserve, and had not yet fired a shot, was ordered to advance. Night was now closing in, but there was yet sufficient twilight to continue the battle. Clinton's soldiers, who had been looking on with ill-suppressed impatience, now pressed forward with ardour to the charge.

As the enemy saw this division coming on with unbroken ranks, they paused to receive them, and commenced a heavy fire. The contest was not, however, long one of musketry: the two lines soon closed, their bayonets crossed, and then a severe struggle ensued, which continued until there was scarcely light sufficient to distinguish friend from foe. The French, elated by their temporary success, fought with great obstinacy: but English troops have always displayed a decided superiority in the use of the bayonet; they destroyed rank after rank; and at length the enemy, disheartened at their loss, shrunk from the contest. The

'rout was complete; but their flight was protected by the darkness, which forbade any lengthened pursuit. Lord Wellington himself, with some cavalry, supported by the first and light divisions, followed them a short distance; while the remainder of the army slept upon the field. Both Marmont and Bonnet were wounded early in this battle, and General Clausel now conducted the retreat of the army.

It may perhaps be here inquired, why the third division did not continue its flank movement after the defeat of Foy's column, and thus extricate the fourth division from its perilous situation?

The progress of a battle may be seen at once by the commanders of the two contending armies; but it cannot be thus described: many of the movements which we are obliged to describe consecutively took place at the same moment. It was thus with the contests between Pakenham and Foy, and Cole and Clausel: these successes and reverses were taking place at the same time. While the third division was driving Foy's column from the field, Clausel's were pursuing Cole's broken

corps. The third upon this occasion took nearly five thousand prisoners, nine pieces of artillery, and two eagles: and Salamanca was justly added to the many glorious names already inscribed upon the colours of the regiments forming this division.

CHAPTER VII.

Anecdote of Picton during his illness.—Marmont retreats to Burgos.—The Allies enter Valladolid.—Lord Wellington moves upon Madrid. — King Joseph evacuates the capital: — Enthusiastic reception of the British. — Picton returns to England.—Recovers his health at Cheltenham, and revisits his native place.—The Allies invest the castle of Burgos. — They raise the siege, and retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo.—Picton created a Knight of the Bath.—He rejoins the army.—His reception by his men.—Advance of the Allies.

WHILST this glorious and decisive victory was being achieved, Picton was, as we have already mentioned, confined to his bed by a severe and even dangerous fever. The intense interest that he took in the proceedings of the armies, and with which he listened to the accounts of the progress of the battle, and afterwards of its event and subsequent details, may be readily conceived; the excitement produced by anxiety, and still more by regret that he was not in the field, considerably increased the violence of the disease and retarded his recovery.

He heard with unmixed pleasure the account of the part which his own division had borne during the day, frequently interrupting the narrator with exclamations of delight as he described particular acts of bravery. At the same time he spoke highly of Pakenham; calling him a "fit leader for his fellows," and passing high encomiums upon his conduct and courage.

It was when recovering from this illness that the following little incident occurred. His natural irritability was, as may be imagined, augmented by his bodily suffering and mental inquietude. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Tyler, accompanied by a subaltern officer in the Ninety-fifth foot, one morning rather hastily entered his apartment. Both these officers were very young men, full of spirits, and easily excited.

Tyler, who was in constant attendance upon the general, familiar with his habits, and accustomed to his singularities, immediately accosted him with, "Well, general, how do you do to-day?" but the other was struck with the singular appearance of the emaciated invalid, as, raising himself on his arm, he dis-

played his pale and haggard features beneath a nightcap of more than ordinary dimensions. Picton was about to make some reply to Tyler's inquiry, when just at that moment the risible propensities of Mr. C—— overcoming every control, made him burst out into a loud and rather boisterous fit of laughter. The general instantly fixed his fiery glance upon the unfortunate C——; he did not ask the cause of his ill-timed mirth; but, in spite of his debility, made an effort to leave the bed, in all probability to wreak his fury upon the culprit; but he was too weak, and he sank back. His rage was, however, so great that, finding it impossible to take personal vengeance, he insisted upon the now repentant ensign quitting the room, in terms too strong to hazard a moment's delay. After his retreat, Tyler attempted to pacify the irritated general; but it was no easy task, and he therefore left him.

Shortly after this event, Ensign C—— returned to England, when he entered the Foot Guards, and Picton did not see him again until the battle of Waterloo; when, on the 16th, riding over a part of the field occu-

pied by his division, he saw the enemy in possession of a hill, which rather affected the security of his position. He was near some battalions under arms at the moment, and resolved to employ them in driving the enemy from this post.

"Who commands these battalions?" he cried out in his usual loud, but sharp tone. "I do," said now Lieutenant-colonel C——. Picton recognised him in an instant. "How do you do, General Picton?" continued the colonel; "I am glad to see you looking so well."—"No time for compliments now, sir," sharply responded Picton; "lead your men against that hill, and take it." This was no easy undertaking; the enemy's numbers were about four to one of the English; but the colonel had his orders, and away he went, fully determined to execute them to the letter. Picton's attention was almost immediately directed to other points of the field, and he had probably forgotten all about C—— and the hill, when that officer rode up, and, as he waved a salute, said, "I have taken the hill, general." Picton fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, and then

without a word rode off with his staff. They never met again.

Panic-struck by the signal defeat which they had experienced, Marmont's retreating army continued its flight until it arrived at Burgos; and Lord Wellington, having no reason to apprehend that that general would again assume an offensive position for some time, resolved upon a bold and masterly manœuvre, strictly in accordance with the most approved rules of war. To beat the French armies in detail was the system which his circumstances rendered it necessary for him to adopt. It must be admitted that the French generals had made but feeble efforts to guard against this; the attempt to relieve Badajoz was little more than a threat; while, not until Lord Wellington was on the point of attacking Marmont, did King Joseph put his soldiers in motion, or the Army of the North move up to his support. Both were, however, too late; and Marmont's retreating troops themselves announced their defeat. To the want of unanimity and co-operation amongst the leaders of these corps may, in a great measure, be at-

tributed their destruction; for had they by retrograde movements, or falling back without fighting upon some common centre, contrived to concentrate their corps against the single army of the allies, they would have been enabled to oppose Lord Wellington with one hundred and fifty thousand men, instead of allowing him to fight forty or fifty thousand at different times, and in different places.

Having followed the French as far as Valladolid, and driven them from thence, the allied army entered this city amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants. The character of our soldiers was here flatteringly appreciated; and the admirable discipline which the commander of the forces had established, proved as beneficial to the comfort and security of the men when amongst the inhabitants, as it was destructive to the enemy in the field. At Valladolid, Lord Wellington made that sudden change in his movements, which, from its rapidity, was so eminently successful.

Joseph Bonaparte, with the Army of the Centre, consisting of about twenty thousand men, was making demonstrations on the right flank and rear of the allies, which rendered it

dangerous to continue the pursuit of Marmont. Lord Wellington now, therefore, determined by one bold effort, either to compel the intrusive king to fight him with his inferior forces, or evacuate Madrid. And accordingly, having impressed Clausel, who now commanded for Marmont, with the idea that he intended to follow up the pursuit to Burgos, he on the 6th of August changed his route, and moved towards Madrid with the whole of his army, except a force under General Paget, which was left on the Douro to watch the movements of the enemy. The advance of the allies caused much consternation to the king, and he allowed them to march unopposed through the mountain-passes which they were obliged to traverse. At first he ventured to hope that his subjects would assist him in opposing the English; but the demonstrations of enmity to his government, and satisfaction at their approach, were too evident to be misunderstood. Instead, therefore, of awaiting their arrival, so soon as they were seen on the mountains in the neighbourhood of the capital, Joseph with his army and partisans evacuated Madrid, and retired by the roads of Toledo and Aranjuez.

On the morning of the 12th of August the British army marched into the city, when it was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Banners, music, and acclamations greeted them at every step; and as our troops paraded through the streets, flowers were strewed upon their path, and laurels thrown upon their heads from every window. The French had left some troops in occupation of a spacious entrenched post on the side of the Retiro; but when the governor perceived that the allies held quiet possession of the city, and that they were preparing to besiege this post, he offered to surrender upon honourable terms of capitulation. These were granted, and the garrison were made prisoners of war.

General Picton was not yet able to take the command of his division, the complaint under which he had been suffering having greatly reduced his physical powers, and rendering his recovery slow and tedious. His constitution was naturally hardy, but the variety of climates in which he had served, and his illness at Walcheren, had given it a severe shock; from the last in particular he had never totally recovered. Some of the internal organs had been

greatly impaired either by the disease or the remedies, and he was never afterwards subject to most distressing bilious attacks: these, after several long and tedious fits of illness, terminated in what is generally called a bilious fever, every return of which was more violent. The long confinements to which he had been subjected, and which had kept him entirely inactive, now that the original disease had been overcome, produced a return of his equally distressing complaint. The only effectual cure for these illnesses, and that to which he was always obliged ultimately to have recourse, was the Cheltenham waters. On the present occasion the skill of medical men proved as unavailing as formerly to restore his strength; and at length they informed him that the only means of re-establishing his constitution was to return home for a short period. Picton was compelled, from former experience, to admit the justice of this opinion, and he prepared to act upon it. He was accompanied upon his return by his aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler.

By easy stages General Picton reached Lisbon, where he embarked for England. Upon his arrival the sea air had in some degree re-

stored his strength, but the germ of the disease was not eradicated. He repaired directly to Cheltenham, and the air and waters of that place produced a rapid and favourable change. After remaining at this place until his constitution was perfectly restored, he revisited his native land. Here, as elsewhere, his military reputation had preceded him: the people of Wales had become justly proud of his renown; many soldiers who had served in his division came from the same neighbourhood as himself, and in their correspondence they had mentioned with pleasure the high estimation in which their fellow-countryman was held by the whole army. For a short time he enjoyed the pleasures of retirement among his friends and relatives; but it would have been wholly inconsistent with the character of Sir Thomas Picton to have remained long inactive from any other cause than absolute necessity.

The approaching spring gave promise of some great events: Napoleon, weakened by the destruction of his grand army, could with difficulty keep down the discontent of the various powers he had subjugated; and he

at length became sensible of the danger that threatened him from Spain. The perseverance and skill of Lord Wellington, and the series of defeats he had inflicted upon the French marshals, determined Napoleon to make a more powerful effort to drive the English from the Peninsula. It appears that he would have placed himself at the head of the army of Spain, but the Northern powers were now threatening his dominions with a more formidable invasion. Prussia, Austria, and Russia, were forming a close alliance; and France, exhausted by the efforts which she had been called upon to make, was now left almost destitute of the means of defence.

After the capture of Madrid, the allied army, as we have already mentioned, remained for a short time within that city to refresh. On the 4th of September, the troops were collected at Arevola, except the third and fourth divisions, which were left to garrison Madrid: from Arevola they marched towards Burgos, and, as they advanced, the French army evacuated all their fortified posts.

On the 11th the allies entered Placentia, and

on the 16th Lord Wellington was joined by the army of Galicia, consisting of about five thousand Spaniards. This corps was however greatly deficient in discipline and organization. To compensate for these disadvantages, these Spaniards brought into the field an inveterate hatred for the French, and a certain sparkling bravery, which, with judicious management, might be rendered highly effective.

On the 18th, the allies marched into the city of Burgos, and on the following day the castle was invested by the first, fifth, sixth, and seventh divisions. The proceedings for the reduction of this fortress were protracted and tedious; the garrison made a brave and skilful defence; and the allies were occupied for more than a month in unsuccessful attempts to compel them to capitulate. It was known that the French were using every exertion during this period to collect a sufficient force to make Lord Wellington raise the siege; while he, aware of their intention, pressed it forwards as much as possible.

About the middle of October, however, he received information that Souham was advancing towards Burgos with a considerable army

on the north; while Marshal Soult was moving on Madrid with a large force from the south. Upon the confirmation of these reports, orders were immediately sent to Sir Rowland Hill, who commanded the troops left in Madrid and its vicinity, to fall back upon the Adejo.

On the 22nd of October, Burgos was evacuated, and the main army of the allies commenced falling back upon the frontiers of Portugal, at the same time that General Hill made a retrograde movement to form a junction with Lord Wellington. The enemy followed close upon their rear, and constant skirmishes took place between the retreating and pursuing armies.

Early in November, the three corps of Soult, Souham, and Joseph Bonaparte, united on the Tormes, when their combined forces consisted of eighty thousand infantry, and about twelve thousand cavalry. They, however, relinquished the pursuit after they had reached the river; and Lord Wellington, having established his head-quarters at Ciudad Rodrigo, directed the army to prepare winter cantonments in its vicinity: the third division occupying Fonte Arcada and the neighbouring villages.

Thus, then, the campaign of 1812 was brought to a close. The British army had gained many battles and much glory: they had destroyed the notion of the invincibility of French troops, and had inflicted such severe losses upon Napoleon, that those of his friends and followers who have traced the causes of his downfal, have assigned to these reverses no trifling share in the destruction of his power. They all agree that the "Spanish ulcer" was only second to the Russian winter: still, Lord Wellington's winter quarters at the close of the last campaign were within a few miles of those which the allies now occupied; they had, it is true, obtained possession of the two strong-holds of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo; and had *seen* Madrid and Salamanca, but both these cities were again in the hands of the French.

Lord Wellington was sharply animadverted upon in England for his retreat from Burgos. The popular outcry against him was very great, and all that he had done was forgotten in condemnation of this last act. The Government were fortunately not influenced by the same sentiments; they were satisfied with the explanation he gave of his motives for re-

treating, and resolved to send him every assistance which they could afford, in order to put him in a position to open the ensuing campaign with a force which would enable him to act upon more decisive and extended plans. The British general himself was constantly engaged during the winter months in making exertions to render his army as effective as circumstances and time would admit, and in this he succeeded beyond expectation; for early in the spring of 1813, the allied army amounted to nearly one hundred thousand men, of which forty-eight thousand were British, thirty thousand Portuguese, and the remainder Spaniards. The two former composed a highly effective army of seventy-eight thousand men.

Lord Wellington had never before been placed in so commanding a position: hitherto he had been obliged to depend upon the errors and over-confidence of his opponents; now he was about to have the opportunity of forming his own plans and contending upon equal terms. The power of Napoleon was now in its decline. Russia had destroyed his grand army: the whole of the Northern powers were

combined against him, and Austria was already threatening his frontier. Still France, with a blind but noble devotion, poured forth her sons to fight his battles. Another army was required; his old soldiers, those whom he had so often led, were almost annihilated. The conscription with difficulty filled up his ranks. But the conscripts were young and undisciplined: these, therefore, he sent to gain experience in the Peninsula, in the place of Soult and his veterans, whom he ordered to join his Army of the North. The abilities of this great general were therefore withdrawn, and the conduct of the army of Spain was left to King Joseph and his major-general, Marshal Jourdan. The former had long since shown his incapacity, while the latter had yet to prove it: for some time after the re-opening of the campaign it was not even known amongst the allies who actually held the command of the enemy, Joseph being always spoken of as the ostensible chief.

Early in the spring Sir Thomas Picton again returned to the Peninsula, his health having been quite reinstated by his native air; although, according to his opinion, he was never so well

as when employed upon active service; for while away from the army he experienced a constant feeling of anxiety and apprehension lest some important action might take place during his absence. He returned, therefore, to his old soldiers with all the pleasure of a parent to his family; and with the same feeling was he received. Before he left England to resume his command in the allied army, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in the most flattering manner created him a Knight of the Bath; and he was nominated and invested at Carlton House on 1st Feb. 1813.

A distinguished officer, who was a witness of Picton's reception by his old soldiers, has communicated to us the following account of this interesting event:—"I was," he says, "much surprised one afternoon by hearing a kind of low whisper amongst the men of my regiment, who were at the time amusing themselves in a variety of different ways. This whisper was quickly increased to a more general commotion, as they all set off in the direction to which their attention had been drawn, at first walking, and then running a kind of race, as each tried to distance the

others in first reaching the point of their destination. For awhile I was quite at a loss to account for this sudden movement; but at length I discerned at some distance several mounted officers riding slowly towards our quarters. Curiosity led me to follow the men; but long before I could reach the spot, the approaching horsemen were surrounded by the soldiers, who had now collected from all directions, and were warmly greeting them with loud and continued cheers. As I came nearer, I soon recognised General Picton. Many of the men were hailing him with most gratifying epithets of esteem, one of which in particular struck me: this was, 'Here comes our brave old father!' The general seemed much gratified, and smiled upon them with a look of unaffected regard. I was not forgotten or unnoticed. His eagle eye in one moment was fixed upon me, and holding out his hand, he observed, 'Ah! my young friend; what! you come to meet me too!' Nearly the whole division collected before he reached his quarters; and thus surrounded by his delighted soldiers, he returned to lead them on again to a still more splendid career of victory." This little incident is a sufficient reply to those writers

who have so unhesitatingly asserted that "Sir Thomas Picton was not beloved by his soldiers."

Picton's division was now composed of the following regiments:

Right Brigade—Major-general Brisbane.
45th Reg. 1st bat.; 74th Reg.; 88th, Reg. 1st bat.; and three companies of the 60th Reg. 5th bat.

Centre—Lieutenant-general Picton.
5th Reg. 1st bat.; 83rd Reg. 2nd bat.; 87th Reg. 2nd bat.; and the 94th Regiment.

Left—Major-general Power.
9th Portuguese Reg. of the line, 21st ditto ditto, and the 11th Caçadores.

Picton, who had from the 6th of September 1811 held only the *local* rank of lieutenant-general, was on the 4th of June promoted to this rank in the army; and from that period dated his seniority. The custom of conferring upon officers a rank in the corps to which they were attached superior to that which they actually held in the British service, was an arrangement made for the purpose of preventing those officers who had seen much service, and obtained much experience at the seat of war, from being superseded in their commands by those sent from England, who in many instances were greatly inferior in abilities, although many years senior to those who held this local rank.

That the army of Wellington was now about to commence operations under far more favourable auspices has already been shown. King Joseph had, it is true, made every preparation to oppose the progress of the allies, but he wanted abilities for his task; and Marshal Jourdan was not an adequate substitute for Soult.

On the 16th of May 1813, the allied army was again in motion, in three separate columns;—the right, under Sir Rowland Hill, marching by the route of Alba de Tormes to Salamanca; the centre, under Lord Wellington in person, taking the more direct road to that city; while the left, being in fact the main body, under Sir Thomas Graham, now second in command, was ordered to cross the Douro at Lamego by boats, which had for some time been preparing for that purpose. General Picton and his division were attached to this corps, and the rapidity of their movements caused much consternation to the enemy.*

* In the "Recollections of a Soldier's Life," the writer, in speaking of this advance, after alluding to the passage of the division through some village on the march, observes:—"General Picton, who had joined from England a considerable time before, again commanded the division. To judge from appearances, no one would have suspected him of

The whole policy of the French commanders appeared now to be changed. King Joseph was unwilling to hazard an engagement wherein defeat would be attended with most disastrous consequences to his army and his throne. Still, it appeared that it could not be long avoided; for the allies were advancing rapidly upon him, and he would soon be compelled either to give them battle or evacuate Spain.

Joseph collected his whole force on the roads to Burgos, with the apparent intention of arresting the progress of Lord Wellington; but when that general, after having re-occupied Sa-

humour; yet he often indulged in it. His wit was generally, however, of the satirical kind. On this advance, a man belonging to one of the regiments of the brigade, who was remarkable for his mean pilfering disposition, had lingered behind his regiment on some pretence when they marched out to the assembling ground, and was prowling about from one house to another in search of plunder. General Picton, who was passing through, happened to cast his eye upon him, and called out, "What are you doing there, sir? why are you behind your regiment?" The man, who did not expect to see the general in the village, had not an answer very ready; but he stammered out an excuse, saying, "I came back to the house where I was quartered to look for my gallowses" (braces). "Ay, I see how it is," replied the general: "get along, sir, to your regiment, and take my advice—always keep the word *gallows* in your mind."

lamanca, concentrated his army at Valladolid and moved on to the attack, the French again abandoned their position without firing a gun, and for some time appeared undetermined where to make a stand. On the 7th of June, the allied army crossed the Carrion in force, still following the enemy. On the 11th, however, Lord Wellington allowed his soldiers a short respite after the long-continued march which they had performed without a halt.

The following anecdote* of General Picton, in reference to the advance of the allied army, we have heard confirmed from various sources.

"General Picton had been for some time under a cloud; the principal cause of which is said to have been his rough and unpliant temper. The third division had always been called *par excellence* 'The Fighting Division,' being ever foremost where danger was the greatest. During the late advance, however, they had been saddled with the scaling ladders, and other necessary lumber of the army; and this had greatly annoyed Picton, and contributed

* From the "Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula."

to produce still greater ebullitions of temper, which it would have been more prudent in him to have restrained.

"On the march, head-quarters' baggage has the privilege of continuing its route without turning aside to allow any troops to pass it. One day, Picton overtaking it with his division, ordered it off the road until he had marched by. A part complied; but Lord Wellington's butler refused to obey, pleading head-quarters' privilege. Upon this, it is said that Picton struck him with the umbrella, which he usually carried to defend his eyes, which were weak, from the sun; and accompanied his castigation with a threat of having him tied up and flogged by the provost-marshal, if he did not immediately give way to the division."

CHAPTER VIII.

Joseph Bonaparte retreats to Burgos.—He blows up the castle, and continues his retreat.—Picton's account of the battle of Vittoria.—Picton's conduct in the battle.—Surprising efforts of the Third Division.—The French driven back upon Vittoria.—Total defeat of the French.—Narrow escape of King Joseph.—Southey's description of the booty.—The French fly to Pamplona.—They are refused admission.—Their flight continued to the Pyrenees.—Soult appointed "Lieutenant de l'Empereur."

JOSEPH was now falling back upon Burgos, the castle of which place had been strengthened, and every preparation made for its defence. But the retreating monarch evidently had as little confidence in stone walls as in the issue of a battle. A slight show of opposition was made on the heights to the left of Hormaza; but this soon ended in flight, when, with much precipitation, the whole French army entered the town. This was towards night, and it was fully expected by the allies that they would have to fight the enemy in its neigh-

bourhood. But Joseph had not yet gathered sufficient resolution to stop his pursuers; and, in consequence, early on the following morning, the castle of Burgos was blown up with a tremendous explosion, the report of which was stated to have been heard at the distance of fifty miles. By this unnecessary measure, between three and four hundred French soldiers who were lingering in the town for plunder were destroyed.

Joseph now continued his retreat towards Vittoria. It appears that his object at this period was to prevent Lord Wellington from crossing the Ebro; and to effect this he hastily passed his army over that river, and took up a strong position in its rear; strengthening at the same time the castle of Pancorbo, to check the advance of the allies along the great road through Berbiesca to Miranda. But Lord Wellington had anticipated this design of the French general. Instead, therefore, of following the enemy with his whole army in the direction which it was supposed was the only practicable road, he suddenly changed the route of his march, and moved the left wing higher up the stream, over a country full of obstacles,

and which might have been defended by a few hundred soldiers. This corps of the army was enabled to cross the Ebro on the 14th, by the bridges of St. Martin and Rocamunde. The rapidity of this movement entirely disconcerted Joseph's whole plan, and the passage of the Ebro was at once given up to the remainder of the allied army.

The French now hurried their retreat upon Vittoria, hotly pursued by the English; until both Joseph and Marshal Jourdan were convinced that they must now either fight or give up Spain. The result of a battle was uncertain, but even defeat would not be more disastrous than a retreat into France. Convinced at last of the necessity for decision, the French general now resolved to await the attack of Lord Wellington in front of the city of Vittoria. On the 19th, the rear-guard, which was strongly posted on some heights near Pobes, was driven back by the light and fourth divisions; when the enemy took up a position to await the advance of the allies.

Lord Wellington, having collected his scattered divisions during the day of the 20th, made every disposition for his intended attack. The

soldiers were impatient for the contest; their continued pursuit of the enemy had made them almost despise them, and they looked forward with confidence to the result. With the dawn the lines were formed, and every preparation was made for the approaching battle. The centre of the British position was occupied by the third, fourth, seventh, and light divisions, in two lines; the right by the second, a Portuguese division, and a Spanish corps; and the left by Sir Thomas Graham, with the first and fifth divisions, Pack and Bradford's brigades of infantry, a Spanish division under Longa, and General Pack and Anson's brigades of horse. A small river, the Zadorra, separated the two armies; over this were several narrow bridges which would admit of a slow passage of troops, and it appears strange that the enemy should not have attempted to defend any of these against the allies. We give in General Picton's own words an account of this battle, as written by him to his friend Colonel Pleydel, only ten days after.

"Sanguessa, 1st July 1813.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"I had the pleasure of a letter from my friend General Darling, with an enclosure from you; and I am most truly concerned to learn that you have been so troubled with a recurrence and continuance of your obstinate old complaints. I should have written to you more frequently, but have been so affected with an inflammation and consequent weakness of my eyes, that I have not even been able to write the common report and official communications during the whole course of our operations. The rapidity of our movements will, I conceive, have given you all no small degree of astonishment in England.

"On the 16th of May, the division was put in movement; on the 18th we crossed the Douro, on the 15th of June the Ebro, and on the 21st we fought the battle of Vittoria. The third division, as usual, had a very distinguished share in this decisive action. The enemy's left rested on an elevated chain of craggy mountains, and their right on a rapid river, with commanding heights in the centre, and a succcssion of undulating grounds, which af-

forded excellent situations for artillery, and several good positions in front of the city of Vittoria, where King Joseph had his head-quarters. The enemy's army amounted to about sixty-five thousand men, with one hundred and fifty odd pieces of artillery,—four, eight, and twelve pounders. The battle began early in the morning, between our right and the enemy's left, on the high craggy heights, and continued with various success for several hours; and, whilst it still continued without any decisive advantage being gained on either side, (about twelve o'clock,) the third division was ordered to force the passage of the river, and carry the heights in the centre; which service was executed with so much rapidity, that we got possession of the commanding ground before the enemy were aware of our intention.

"We were scarcely, however, in possession before the enemy attempted to dislodge us with a great superiority of force, and between forty and fifty pieces of cannon; and at that period the troops on our right had not made sufficient progress to cover our right flank; in consequence of which we suffered a momentary check, and were driven out of a village

from whence we had dislodged the enemy: but it was quickly recovered; and on the troops under Sir Rowland Hill (the second division, with a Portuguese and Spanish division) forcing the enemy to abandon the heights, and advancing to protect our flank, we pushed the enemy rapidly from all his positions, forced him to abandon his cannon, and drove his cavalry and infantry in confusion beyond the city of Vittoria, when darkness intervened to protect his disorderly flight. We took one hundred and fifty-two pieces of cannon, the military chest, ammunition, and baggage; besides an immense treasure, the property of the different French generals, which they had amassed by their requisitions and extortions in Spain.

"The third division was the most severely and permanently engaged of any part of the army; and we in consequence sustained a loss of nearly eighteen hundred men in killed and wounded, which is more than a third of the total loss of the army on the occasion. The Portuguese brigade attached to the division was the admiration of the whole army: it advanced in line over difficult and broken ground

in front of nearly fifty pieces of cannon and a continual volley of musketry, without ever hesitating, and drove the enemy from several commanding positions which they successively occupied. During this operation they lost above seven hundred men. We followed the enemy slowly to Pamplona, from whence they directed their retreat over the Pyrenees towards France. We have since been engaged in an unsuccessful pursuit of another French corps which has effected its retreat upon Saragossa; and we are now returning to the siege of Pamplona, which has been closely invested by the corps under Sir Rowland Hill. During these operations we marched thirty-four days without a halt, and for several days through muddy roads up to our knees.

"The inhabitants of Navarre and Arragon we find active and intelligent people, and, in my opinion, much superior to those of the southern and eastern provinces. If the Northern powers should be able to continue the contest with Napoleon, I think we shall nearly clear Spain during the course of the campaign.

"I doubt much whether you will be able

to decipher this miserable scrawl, which, fortunately for you, my eyes will not allow me to continue.

"With my best wishes,
"My dear colonel,
"Yours very faithfully,
"TH. PICTON."

Another letter from General Picton, addressed to his brother, the Reverend Edward Picton, and which, it will be perceived, was written on the 27th of June, four days later than that just given, and only six after the battle of Vittoria, is also descriptive of this important victory.

"Neighbourhood of Pamplona,
27th June 1813.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I have been so affected with a weakness and inflammation of the eyes, as to be wholly unable to write; and we have been incessantly marching from the 16th of May, when we commenced our operations. We had marched nearly two hundred miles before we came up with King Joseph's army, near the city of Vittoria—a place celebrated in history as the

theatre of one of the Black Prince's victories, and which will be again rendered famous by the signal victory gained there on the 21st of June.

"The third division had again the principal part of this action, and, I may well say, covered itself with glory, having contended during the whole day against five times our numbers and fifty pieces of cannon. But, notwithstanding this great disparity of numbers, we bore down everything before us, during all which we were so situated as to have the eyes of all the army fixed upon us.

"Our loss was certainly great: out of five thousand six hundred men, we lost eighteen hundred in killed and wounded. There never was a more complete rout. About eight o'clock in the evening, the enemy ran off in the greatest confusion, abandoning one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with all their baggage, stores, and treasure; and they were indebted to the obscurity of the night and the lightness of their heels for safety. I was very fortunate, having escaped with only one shot-hole in my great-coat. I saw David Edwards'

brigade several times during the action, and he appeared to be going on well.

'My eyes are still so weak that I cannot continue my letter.

With best wishes to Mrs. Picton, my dear brother, very sincerely yours,

"TH. PICTON."

"Colonel Burgoyne is well, and just going to undertake the siege of Pamplona

To give a just idea of Picton's conduct upon this important day, and of the part which he had in the victory, it will be necessary to enter into some detail, and to introduce the statements which we have received from several officers who were present with him at this engagement.

The battle, as has been already mentioned, commenced on the right of the allied army, and was continued there with much obstinacy; but the French were compelled at length to evacuate the heights for which they had been contending. Joseph was, however, tenacious of this point, and drew largely from his centre in order to make fresh efforts to regain this part of his position; but Lord Wellington

knew the value of this conquest, and sent immediate orders to Sir Rowland Hill, who commanded the right wing, to keep the post at all hazards. That general sent fresh troops to reinforce those already engaged; and they succeeded, after some hard fighting, in compelling the enemy to abandon the attempt.

During this struggle on the right, the centre was inactive. General Picton was impatient; he inquired of several aides-de-camp who came near him from head-quarters, whether they had any orders for him? His soldiers were anxiously waiting to advance: Picton knew the spirit of his men, and had some difficulty in restraining it. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed warmer on the right, he became furious, and observed to an officer who communicated these particulars, "D—n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us." It was near noon, and the men were getting discontented, for the centre had not yet been engaged; Picton's blood was boiling, and his stick was going with rapid strokes upon the mane of his cob; he was riding backwards and forwards, looking in every direction for the arrival of an aide-de-camp, until at length one galloped up from Lord Wellington.

He was looking for the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, which had not yet arrived at its post, having had to move over some difficult ground. The aide-de-camp riding up at speed, suddenly checked his horse and demanded of the general whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. Picton was disappointed; he expected now at least that he might move; and, in a voice which did not gain softness from his feelings, he answered in a sharp tone, "No, sir! I have not seen his lordship; but have you any orders for me, sir?"—"None," replied the aide-de-camp.—"Then pray, sir," continued the irritated general, "what are the orders you *do* bring?"—"Why," answered the officer, "that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, shall commence an attack upon that bridge," (pointing to one on the left,) "the fourth and sixth are to support him." Picton could not understand the idea of any other division fighting in his front; and, drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp with some passion, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the third division under my command shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth

and sixth divisions may support if they choose." Having thus expressed his intention, he turned from the aide-de-camp, and put himself at the head of his soldiers, who were quickly in motion towards the bridge; encouraging them, according to the words of an amusing writer, with the bland appellation of "Come on, ye rascals!—come on, ye fighting villains!"

He well fulfilled his promise. A heavy fire of artillery was opened upon the division, but it moved steadily on, and the leading companies rushed over the bridge, where they immediately formed in open columns. They then moved by their left so as to attack the entire centre of the enemy. Still advancing in the same order, they pressed up the heights, where they quickly deployed into line. The enemy hardly awaited the attack; for so ably and with so much rapidity were these manœuvres executed, that they were for the moment panic-struck.

Picton had gained the heights, but the divisions on his right had not yet made sufficient progress to cover his flank; he in a moment perceived this obstacle to his advance, and restrained his men from pressing too forward. The seventh and part of the light divisions cross-

ed the bridge shortly after the third, while the fourth, led by General Cole, passed over still further on the right, at a place called Nanclares. These divisions immediately closed up, and came on at double-time to cover the right flank of General Picton's attack. During their advance the enemy made several strenuous efforts to dislodge General Picton from the commanding position which he had gained: between forty and fifty pieces of cannon opened upon him, at the same time that masses of infantry were pushed forward on all parts of his line; but the incessant fire which was kept up by his troops made terrible havoc among the advancing columns.

Picton bade his soldiers charge: the bayonets crossed, and the result was certain. It was from this period of the battle that "Picton's division acted in a manner which excited at once the surprise and admiration of the whole army. For nearly four hours did it alone sustain the unequal conflict, opposed to a vast superiority of force. From the nature of the ground, the rest of the army became witnesses to this animating scene; they beheld with feelings more easily conceived than expressed the truly

heroic efforts of this gallant band: they saw the general, calm, collected, and determined, leading them on in the face of danger, and amidst a shower of cannon and musket balls. Nothing could appal, nothing could resist, men so resolute and so led; they subdued every obstacle, bore down all opposition, and spread death, consternation, and dismay through the enemy's ranks." As the other two divisions ascended the heights, they each took up their position in the line laid out by Picton, the third division still keeping the enemy's centre in its front; and now the three divisions advanced in line.

The French had taken up fresh ground, a little in rear of the heights from whence they had been driven. The ardour of the third division made them again the first to come in contact with the enemy. The uneven and broken ground made their advance difficult and the line irregular; but there was no confusion. After being exposed for some time to the fire of the enemy, they came within a short distance of their line: the word was then given to "charge." So impetuous was the onset, that the struggle could not last. The enemy soon gave way; and

so hasty was their flight, that Picton's division took from them twenty-eight pieces of artillery. The other parts of the line were pressing forward with equal bravery, but not equal success.

The seventh division met with a severe check at a position which the enemy had taken up in the village of Gomecha and the neighbouring wood; but a part of the light division came up to its support, when Picton, still continuing to force their centre, the enemy abandoned this ground, and again fell back upon Vittoria with the rest of their columns. When General Hill was made acquainted with the success of the attack on the French centre, he renewed his efforts against their left wing, and, after some spirited fighting, succeeded in forcing their position, and driving them back in some disorder.

The left wing, under Sir Thomas Graham, had not, however, been so entirely successful. Advancing early in the morning from Margina along the Bilboa road to Vittoria, they first came up with the right wing of Joseph's army on some commanding heights between Abechuco and Gomarra Major, which villages they

also occupied. Sir Thomas Graham immediately ordered an attack; and, after a determined resistance and much slaughter, they at length forced the enemy from the heights, and compelled them to evacuate the houses.

In the rear of these villages were two bridges over the Zadorra, and from thence it was only a short distance to Vittoria. Had the left wing of the allies been successful in gaining a passage over the river at these places, it would in all probability have produced the surrender or destruction of the whole French army. The retreat to France by the way of Bayonne was already cut off by the occupation of Gomarra Minor, which was now possessed by Longa's Spanish division; and in case of the Zadorra being passed at this point, Vittoria would no longer be left open. The consequence was then evident: Joseph would be driven to the necessity of either collecting his scattered troops and again giving the English general battle, or surrendering as prisoners of war. But the importance of this post was well known both to the ex-king and his major-general: some of the choicest corps were therefore drawn from the centre to defend the bridges at Abechuco

and Gomarra Major, when so strongly were the enemy posted, and so considerable were their numbers, that, after several attempts, Sir Thomas Graham was compelled to await the further successes of the right and centre.

The battle now presented a grand spectacle, as the three divisions moved forward in line. Here, again, Picton's occupied a conspicuous position: surmounting every obstacle presented by the face of the country, they were even the foremost in coming up with the retiring enemy; and frequently the divisions on the right and left would see them charging into the very heart of the enemy's centre, and immediately afterwards the enemy retreating in confusion. Picton would then restrain his men, and form them in array to repel any fresh attempt until their flanks were again protected by the advance of the other two divisions. Thus was the fight continued for some miles; for Joseph, frightened by the prospect of having his retreat intercepted by Sir Thomas Graham, slowly and in moderately good order fell back upon Vittoria.

But this retrograde movement became more rapid after every defeat, until within about

a mile of the city, where he made one grand stand. One hundred pieces of artillery played with great effect upon the pursuers, and it might have been supposed that the victory had still to be won. But the hearts and hopes of the hostile soldiers were different. The French were fighting on retreat, the allies were flushed with conquest; the enemy had no confidence in their leaders, while the English never thought of defeat when Wellington was in the field. Night was approaching, and it was desirable to drive the enemy from this position before dark. The British divisions paused but for a moment to close up their ranks, and then once more advanced. Again Picton and his soldiers were foremost: the serried line pressed up the steep, against an incessant storm of shot; but the French soldiers could not withstand the shock,—they wavered and turned, and the day was irretrievably lost.

An officer of distinguished rank and ability, who throughout the whole campaign enjoyed much of Picton's confidence, and who still bears him in affectionate remembrance, has assured us, that three times during this battle

orders were sent by Lord Wellington for certain manœuvres to be performed by the third division, which in each instance General Picton had commenced executing upon his own judgment and responsibility.

A complete rout now ensued: from an organized army the enemy in a few moments became a wild and affrighted mob. The allies pressed hard upon their rear, and Joseph himself with difficulty escaped. The Tenth regiment of Hussars entered the town as he was leaving it in his carriage: Captain Windham, with a squadron, rode full gallop after him, and he only succeeded in escaping his pursuers by hastily quitting his carriage and mounting a horse. The Hussars were, however, rewarded by capturing his calash, in which were found all the portable valuables of his regalia,—a rich and well-earned booty. Such a victory could not but produce a powerful and animating effect upon the British nation: this was not an empty conquest—its effect was decisive. Joseph had been forced into a battle and was beaten: but it was not only honour that the conquerors had earned,—they had gained possession of the whole *matériel* of the French

army; and, in addition to this, all the spoils that had been plundered from Spain fell to the share of the allies.

Southey's description of this mass of booty is rather amusing. He says—

"The spoils resembled those of an Oriental, rather than those of an European army; for the intruder, who, in his miserable situation, had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality, had with him all his luxuries. His plunder, his wardrobe, his sideboard, his larder, and his cellar, fell into the conquerors' hands. The French officers, who carried the pestilential manners of their nation wherever they went, followed his example as far as their means allowed; and thus the finest wines and the choicest delicacies were found in profusion. The wives and mistresses of the officers had gathered together in one house, where they were safe, and from whence they were sent in their own carriages with a flag of truce to Pamplona. Poodles, parrots, and monkeys were among the prisoners.

"Seldom has such a scene of confusion been witnessed as that which the roads leading from the field of battle presented;—broken-down

waggons stocked with claret and champagne, others laden with eatables dressed and undressed, casks of brandy, apparel of every kind, barrels of money, books, papers, sheep, cattle, horses, and mules, abandoned in the flight. The baggage was presently rifled, and the followers of the camp attired themselves in the gala dresses of the flying enemy. Portuguese boys figured about in the dress-coats of French general officers; and they who happened to draw a woman's wardrobe in the lottery, converted silks, satins, and embroidered muslins, into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some of the more fortunate soldiers got possession of the army chest, and loaded themselves with money. 'Let them,' said Lord Wellington, when he was informed of it; 'they deserve all they can find. were it ten times more.'

"The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such plunder as had fallen to their share to any one who would purchase it. Even dollars became an article of sale, for they were too heavy to be carried

in any great numbers: eight were offered for a guinea!"

Joseph hardly once looked back before he had reached the walls of Pamplona. The garrison would not open their gates to the retreating soldiers, who therefore attempted to force an entrance over the walls; but they were repulsed by a fire of musketry: upon which their flight was continued to the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, where Joseph collected the remains of his scattered troops. Provisions were, however, thrown into Pamplona, as the strength of that fortress promised, if well defended, to check for a while the advance of the allies into France.

General Clausel, with about fourteen thousand men, had commenced his march towards Vittoria, to support Joseph and General Jourdan; but, hearing of the decisive nature of the battle which had taken place, he changed the direction of his march, and retired towards Logrono: and it is this corps to which General Picton alludes in his letter to Colonel Pleydel of the 1st of July 1813.

The third division, with the light, seventh, and fourth divisions, together with Major-general Ponsonby's brigade, the household

troops, and General D'Urban's cavalry, were moved on the 24th of June towards Tudela, in the hope of intercepting this force, and of preventing a junction with the remains of Joseph's army. But Clausel, upon his arrival at Tudela on the 26th, was informed by the alcalde of the approach of the allies, and he therefore marched towards Saragossa, with the forces of General Mina and Don Julian Sanchez hanging on his rear even up to the very gates of that city.

The blockade of Pamplona was, during this period, closely kept up by the Spaniards; at the same time that Sir Thomas Graham was directed to invest the fortress of St. Sebastian with the first and fifth divisions of the army. But another struggle was about to be made by Napoleon to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Soult, whom he now designated by the title of "*Lieutenant de l'Empereur*," was ordered immediately to assume the command of the Army of the South. It was now but a shadow; still this active and able general contrived by great exertions to concentrate the scattered forces and give them the appearance of strength. He had the confidence of the soldiers, and they

freely rallied round his standard. His principal deficiency was in artillery; but this was forwarded to the frontiers with incredible despatch, and he was within a month from the signal defeat at Vittoria enabled to place himself at the head of an army amounting to above eighty thousand men. He issued a vaunting address, enumerating the number of victories achieved by the French army, to the soldiers: he confessed they had been compelled to retreat, but denied to the English general any originality or military genius; while to the British soldiers he allowed only the merit of being apt scholars in learning the art of fighting; for he observed, "The dispositions and arrangements of their general have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive, while the valour and steadiness of his troops have been great. But do not forget that it is from you they have learned these lessons, and to you they are indebted for their present military experience."

The author of the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns" with much justice remarks, that "a change was about to take place in the character of the contest. The allied army was to defend a series of mountain defiles,

in a country where cavalry could not act, and in positions to which artillery could not be conveyed. They were about to enter into a struggle for which they were unprepared by any former experience; while the system of mountain warfare was one for which the lightness and activity of the French troops peculiarly fitted them, and in which they had hitherto been considered unrivalled. The high fame of the hostile commanders contributed also to invest this period of the war with extrinsic interest."

CHAPTER IX.

Advance of the French army under Soult.—Contest under General Picton between the allied forces and the French.—Battle of the Pyrenees.—Retreat of the French army.—General Picton's return to England.—Receives the thanks of the House of Commons.—His speech on that occasion.—Command of the Catalonian army offered to General Picton.

To meet the advance of Soult, the allied army was placed in a position occupying the whole of the passes of the Pyrenees between St. Sebastian and Pamplona. The left wing, under Sir Thomas Graham, composed of the first and fifth divisions, was employed in the siege of St. Sebastian; which operation was covered by a large corps of Spaniards, commanded by General Freyre, and Lord Aylmer's brigade, which were posted on the river Bidassoa. An intermediate space between this force and the left of the centre at Vera was held by General Longa's division.

The centre, under Sir Rowland Hill, consisted of the light, seventh, second, and the Portuguese division of the Conde de Amarante; while the sixth division, commanded by General Colville, was kept in reserve at St. Estevan, to support the troops at Maya or Echelar, as circumstances might require.

The army of the Conde de Bisbal, mustering about ten thousand Spaniards, was occupied in the blockade of Pamplona, which formed the extreme right of the allied position; the right wing of the army covering this operation. The pass of Roncesvalles, so famous in the border minstrelsy of Spain, was again occupied by Spanish soldiers; these were commanded by General Morillo, and supported by Major-general Byng's brigade of the second British division. Sir Lowry Cole, with the fourth division, occupied a second line in the rear of this advanced post; while General Picton, with his division, was in reserve at Olaque, ready to push forward and strengthen any part of this front which might be attacked by the enemy.

Thus posted, Wellington awaited the advance of Soult: the point of his attack was of course uncertain. The position of the two

armies was here strikingly picturesque, as, looking along the mountain summits, the eye rested on some encampment perched on a cliff. These unfrequented regions were now for a while animated with living masses; the world below was left in peace, and the strife was now carried on among the peaks of mountains and the alpine streams, which bore down the blood of the combatants to fertilize the valleys.

On the 24th of July, Soult concentrated the right and left wing of his army. His design was to relieve Pamplona; and, to effect this, he resolved to attempt a passage through some part of the British line. Roncesvalles and Maya offered the greatest prospect of success, as the force which could be opposed to him at those passes would be weaker and less easily supported than at any other part of the position. Early on the 25th he pushed on about twelve thousand men, under General Drouet, to force the pass of Maya, occupied by the second division, under Sir Rowland Hill. A rather severe contest here took place: the numerical strength of the enemy was nearly double that of the allies, but this consideration had long since been laid aside; Drouet hoped by press-

ing forward his large columns to drive the allies from this pass. The English piquets were driven in, and the enemy then advanced with overwhelming numbers to attack the position: the confined nature of the ground did not, however, give that advantage from their numerical superiority which might have been expected. A brave but bloody defence was made, the reserve being thrown forward by battalions to support the troops in front.

The force under Sir Rowland Hill was not sufficient to resist this corps; for the passes of Lareta, Ispegny, and Ariete were threatened at the same time that the attack was made at Maya: a reserve was therefore necessary to defend and support these posts. General Hill was, however, unwilling to fall back; and reinforcements were occasionally moved to the pass to relieve those troops which had been long engaged.

It was during this attack that Soult himself, with thirty-five thousand men, advanced to force the position of the allies at Roncesvalles. General Byng's brigade was assailed by a superior force, at the same time that a large body of the enemy were manœuvred on

his left along the ridge of Arola, which was occupied by the fourth division, under General Cole. The situation of the allies was at this moment one of critical interest; since, had one of these passes been gained, the security of their position would have been immediately destroyed by the French, and Soult would have obtained a ready entrance into Spain.

The Marquis of Wellington was near St. Sebastian, not, it would appear, expecting so decided or sudden a movement on the part of the French. A despatch was instantly, however, sent to make him acquainted with the proceedings, at the same time that every preparation was made to check the progress of the enemy; while, in case of not succeeding in this object, a simultaneous retreat was resolved upon, so as to concentrate the whole of the divisions at one point, there to oppose their united strength to the further advance of Soult. But that general was aware of the importance of the moment, and of Wellington's absence; and he left no effort untried to force some of these passes by a *coup de main*. He pushed on his columns to attack Generals Cole and Byng, but for a long

time without success; for the soldiers under their command repeatedly repulsed at the point of the bayonet the heavy masses which were sent against them: but General Cole, who knew that his men would defend the post so long as one entire company remained, felt it a duty to fall back and assume a fresh and stronger position in the rear.

Soult then directed the whole of his force against General Byng's brigade, extending his line at the same time to the left, and compelling the Spanish corps under Morillo to retire upon the fourth division. Byng, thus exposed, also retreated; when the whole of this force being concentrated under General Cole near a place called Biscaret, about five miles from the position which they had occupied in the morning, it was thought advisable to continue the retreat to a strong ground still farther in the rear, near Lizoain.

The knowledge of these reverses on the right, together with the information of General Cole's retreat, induced Sir Rowland Hill to abandon the defence of his position; and accordingly, after a severe and sanguinary conflict, he gradually fell back to some very defensible ground.

in the neighbourhood of Trueta, by which the security of the British line was still retained. This was the situation of these two divisions on the night of the 25th of July. General Picton was at Olaque with his division when information was brought to him of the success of Soult's advance, and that Sir Lowry Cole was in expectation of being again attacked by the whole French force on the following morning. Picton immediately put his division in motion, and marched to the support of the fourth. He here assumed the command as senior officer, and proceeded forthwith to make every disposition to receive the enemy, and, if possible, to stop his advance.

About two o'clock Soult commenced the attack; when, as the superior numbers of the French made resistance almost hopeless, Picton, after consulting with General Cole, resolved to fall back and occupy a more advantageous position in the rear, near Zubiril. Here, therefore, the troops were withdrawn, skirmishing the whole way; but the skill and judgment of Picton stopped every attempt of the enemy to press his retreat and throw him into confusion. They arrived in admirable order upon the ground

which they were to occupy, when they were once more thrown into line, and, until night closed in, they succeeded in defeating every effort made upon the position.

Soult was thus checked for a while in his advance; still it was not possible to continue the struggle with such an inferiority of force. Picton knew that the position was not tenable without a considerable reinforcement, and he must ultimately retire. He accordingly resolved upon saving the fruitless expenditure of lives which must result from a continuance of the contest at this place, and determined to fall back upon the villages of Huerta and Villalba, where, by occupying a strong position between the rivers Arga and Lanz, he would be enabled to cover the blockade of Pamplona. In accordance with this plan, the two divisions were put in motion during the night of the 26th, the march being continued on the ensuing day, followed, but not very closely, by the enemy. Much chagrin was experienced by the officers and men upon this occasion, but the necessity for the measure was apparent to all.

Immediately Lord Wellington was informed that Soult was in motion, he set off to the scene

of action; but before his arrival General Picton had taken up a position about four miles from Pamplona: the right, which was composed of his third division, extending along a range of hills on the right of the village of Huerta; and the left, consisting of the fourth division, with Major-general Byng's and Brigadier-general Campbell's Portuguese brigade, on the heights in front of Villalba, having their left at a chapel behind Sarausen, on the high road from Ostiz to Pamplona, and their right resting on a height which commanded the road from Zubiri and Roncesvalles; General Morillo's division of Spanish infantry and a part of the Conde de Bisbal's corps being in reserve. The cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, were placed near Huerta on the right, being the only ground which would allow of the employment of this arm.

It was just as these dispositions had been made, and a short time before the enemy commenced the attack, that the Marquis of Wellington arrived. General Picton immediately acquainted him with the whole of his proceedings, and the arrangements which he had now made to meet the advance of Soult. The field-

marshal expressed his entire approbation of General Picton's conduct, and did not consider it necessary to make the least alteration in his present plans. Lord Wellington had, during his journey from the left, issued his orders for the direction of the other corps of the army, so that they should move by an organized arrangement to the point of conflict. The French commenced the attack upon the allied position by an attempt to obtain possession of a hill on the right of the fourth division. This was held by a battalion of the fourth Portuguese regiment and some Spaniards, who received the enemy at this post with great firmness, and drove them back in disorder.

But the importance of this post induced Lord Wellington to reinforce it with the Fortieth regiment. Early on the following morning, (the 28th,) the sixth division, under Major-general Pack, came up, when Lord Wellington ordered it immediately to occupy some heights and a valley on the left of the fourth division. This had hardly been effected, before the enemy made a movement in considerable force upon the troops in the valley, with the intention of penetrating the line at this point,

and thus turning the left of the allies. But the fire with which this column was received, both in front and on each flank, was so destructive, that the attempt was after a short time abandoned; while, to extricate their troops from the dilemma in which this failure had placed them, Soult directed an attack on the height occupied by the left of the fourth division, which was defended by a Portuguese regiment of Caçadores. The French came on in great force and with much impetuosity, and they succeeded in obtaining a brief possession of the hill; but a spirited charge which was on the instant made by the brigade of Major-general Ross speedily drove them back with great slaughter.

The firing was now opened along the whole line. The French advanced with loud cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and an apparent determination to conquer: but they were young soldiers, drawn by the conscription from the very last resources of the country. They came on with all their national enthusiasm, and exhibited many daring feats of personal heroism; but they were not equal to a conflict with Wellington's veterans. These had withstood the old warriors who had fought under Napoleon,

and they now stood firm and confident until the enemy was within a few yards of their bayonets: then a volley was poured in upon the advancing column, which made it stagger. The rear ranks were stopped by the bodies of those who had already fallen, and the raw levies saw, amidst the receding smoke, the whole line moving forward at double-time. The first shock tumbled the leading files back upon their rear, and then drove the whole in confusion down the precipitous heights. The slaughter was terrific; the ground was strewed with dead, and the wounded implored and received quarter.

Only in a single instance did the enemy gain the slightest advantage during the attack. This was against a Portuguese battalion on the right of the position occupied by General Ross. This battalion having given way, the French succeeded for a short time in establishing themselves in this part of the line; but two British regiments, the Twenty-seventh and Forty-eighth, were immediately ordered to drive them from this post: four times these troops charged with the bayonet, and each time did they succeed in driving the enemy before them.

Soult now discovered the hopelessness of the attempt, and after having sustained a severe loss, desisted from any further efforts for that day. The result of this battle showed him that the troops which he now had under his command had no chance of success when opposed to the steady and well-disciplined soldiers of Wellington: he had come into the field with nearly double their numerical strength, but in no one instance had they withstood the charge of British bayonets. This was a disheartening conviction to a general who had so long been accustomed to lead veterans, and who had so often been victorious.

Sir Thomas Picton and his division had during this battle been watching a considerable corps of the enemy from some heights on the right bank of the Zubiri. The defence of this post was of the utmost importance to the security of the allied position, and Sir Thomas Picton was in momentary expectation of being attacked: but Marshal Soult confined his operations on this side of the river solely to demonstrations. Upon the least appearance of success in his grand efforts, he would nevertheless have moved this corps im-

mediately forward, and endeavoured to force Picton's post, which would have at once exposed the whole flank of the allies. The result of his attack on the centre did not, however, justify his making this movement; and, in consequence, General Picton's division was debarred from claiming their share of honour in this brilliant affair.

On the following day both armies were inactive; but Lord Wellington was further strengthened by the arrival of the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, near Marcalain, by which the connexion with Sir Rowland Hill's corps and the left of the allied army was rendered secure. To meet these movements, Drouet's army, which had compelled Sir Rowland Hill to fall back, marched by its left towards Ostiz; at the same time that Soult, having given up the hope of forcing the line of the allies, moved the main body of his army by its right, so as to form a junction with Drouet, and concentrate his whole force. The troops which had occupied the heights opposite Picton's division were likewise withdrawn. While these movements were being effected on each flank and in rear, he endeavoured

to mask his intentions by still keeping a strong force in front of Lord Wellington's centre.

Soult's plan was to open the communication between Tolosa and Pamplona, which would enable him to attack the left of the allied line; when, if successful, he might have it in his power to relieve Saint Sebastian, or compel the British general to fight upon ground of Soult's own selection. But Lord Wellington was not deceived by the show of force in his front. With the break of day on the 30th, the French were observed to be in motion towards the mountains on the right of the river Lanz.

Lord Wellington immediately penetrated Soult's plans, and conceived the means by which he could defeat them. He at once resolved to dislodge the French from the heights they still occupied in his front; and, to effect this, Sir Thomas Picton was directed to cross the ridge which had been abandoned by the French troops, and, marching upon the Roncesvalles road, to turn their left flank; while Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, should scale a mountain opposite the left of the fourth division, and turn their

right. Both these movements were performed with the most perfect success; when the centre of the allies moved forward, and, after a sharp but short conflict, drove the enemy from their position, which Lord Wellington in his despatch described as "one of the strongest and most difficult of access that he had ever seen occupied by troops."

After an unsuccessful attempt upon Sir Rowland Hill's corps by the right wing of the French army under Drouet, Soult abandoned all his plans and commenced a retreat, followed closely by the allies. But the abilities of the general were still apparent, and he conducted this retreat with his new and disheartened soldiers in a manner which well supported the character he had already established. Extricating his army by the pass of Donna Maria, he attempted to check the advance of the allies in that confined position: but Lord Dalhousie and Sir Rowland Hill ascending the mountains on each side, by a simultaneous attack, compelled the enemy to abandon the post and hastily cross the Bidassoa; the allies still following up the pursuit until they had driven the French beyond the line

which they had formerly occupied. On the 1st of August the British divisions were placed in the same relative positions which they had held previous to Soult's advance.

A short period of inactivity followed this second retreat of the French army. Lord Wellington did not consider it advisable to enter France, leaving the strong-holds of Saint Sebastian and Pamplona in the enemy's possession in his rear: consequently, active measures were taken to reduce the former fortress, while the blockade of Pamplona was still more rigorously enforced. The almost impregnable strength of Saint Sebastian made its reduction a work of time and labour. An assault made on the 25th of July failed signally, and a renewal of the attack was not attempted until the 31st of August; when the admirable practice of the British artillerymen enabling them to fire close over the heads of their countrymen, and sweep the curtain of the enemy, rendered the attack successful.

The loss sustained by the British in this memorable siege was very great, and presented an unquestionable proof of the gallantry of the troops engaged. The blockade of Pam-

plona consumed a still longer period, as the garrison had received fresh supplies a few days previous to the battle of Vittoria: still, as Soult's movement for their relief had been defeated, and no further efforts were being made, it soon became evident that these must soon be exhausted, and a bloodless victory achieved. Picton, with his division and the centre of the allied army, was left to cover this blockade against any operations which might be made by Soult for its relief. To him who had now so long been accustomed to a life of activity and enterprise, this interval of repose was particularly irksome; and it is a striking fact connected with his history, that whenever he was from necessity compelled to a life of inaction, his health was never so good as when exposed to all the necessary toils and privations of a campaign.

The prospect of a renewal of hostilities until the ensuing spring was very uncertain, and, tired of being locked up in these alpine regions without any occupation, he resolved to take the opportunity of visiting his native land for a brief period. He had not yet taken his seat in the House of Commons, and he was

anxious to do so. Having, therefore, communicated with the commander of the forces upon the probability of any active operations taking place during the short time which it was his intention to be absent, he left the camp in the month of October 1813, and repaired to England, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler.

During this short residence in England, Picton received the thanks of the House of Commons. On the 11th of November, the Speaker, in accordance with the resolution of the House, addressed him in a strain of high encomium. After briefly adverting to the resolutions passed on the 7th of July and 8th of the present month, when the thanks of Parliament were voted collectively to the general officers serving under Lord Wellington, he continued:

"Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton,—In this House your name has been long since enrolled amongst those who have obtained the gratitude of their country for distinguished military services; and we this day rejoice to see you amongst us, claiming again the tribute of our thanks for fresh exploits and achievements.

"Whenever the history of the Peninsular war shall be related, your name will be found amongst the foremost in that race of glory. By your sword the British troops were led on to the victorious assault of Ciudad Rodrigo; by your daring hand the British standard was planted upon the castle of Badajoz: when the usurper of the Spanish throne was driven to make his last stand at Vittoria, your battalions filled the centre of that formidable line before which the veteran troops of France fled in terror and dismay; and by your skill, prudence, and valour, exerted in a critical hour, the enemy was foiled in his desperate attempt to break through the barrier of the Pyrenees, and raise the blockade of Pamplona.

"For the deeds of Vittoria and the Pyrenees, this double harvest of glory in one year, the House of Commons has resolved again to give you the tribute of its thanks; and I do therefore now, in the name and by the command of the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled, deliver to you their unanimous thanks for your great exertions upon the 21st of June last near Vittoria, when the French army

was completely defeated by the allied forces under the Marquis of Wellington's command; and also for the valour, steadiness, and exertion so successfully displayed by you in repelling the repeated attacks made on the position of the allied army, by the whole French forces under the command of Marshal Soult, between the 25th of July and the 1st of August last."

How grateful, how thrilling must the sensation of this moment have been to a man like Picton! One who was near him informs us that it was almost distressing to witness the effect produced upon General Picton as he heard this glowing eulogium of his conduct. "I will not say," observed our informant, "that this courageous soldier trembled; but certainly he could with difficulty articulate the few words which he attempted in reply: and it was really painful to see a man who, the whole House knew, had remained unshaken in the field of battle, where death was flying in all directions, thus unnerved and overcome by his feelings upon an occasion like the present. The greatest respect was, however, paid to these feelings, and the whole House listened

with the most marked and silent attention to his observations." The answer of Sir Thomas Picton was in the following words:

"Sir,—Being entirely unaccustomed to speak in public, I have great difficulty in expressing the high sense of gratification which I feel at the very flattering sentiments which this Honourable House has been pleased to entertain of my services, and at the very handsome manner in which they have been communicated.

"I have always, sir, regarded the thanks of this Honourable House as one of the highest honours which could be conferred upon any officer,—as the unquestionable evidence of past, and the greatest incitement to future services. But I can apply individually to myself but a small part of the high commendations which have been so liberally and handsomely bestowed. A great proportion is unquestionably due to the generals and officers commanding brigades and corps in the division, for the judgment and gallantry with which the services alluded to were invariably executed; and to the officers and troops in general, for the spirit and intrepidity which bore down all resistance, and secured complete success in

all the important enterprises in which the division had the good fortune to be employed during the whole course of the war in the Peninsula.

"It will ever be the height of my pride and ambition to share the fortunes of a corps eminently conspicuous for every high military qualification, and actuated by a spirit of heroism which renders it truly invincible. With such instruments, sir, you will easily conceive that it cannot be difficult to obtain success; and it would be unfortunate indeed if we failed entirely to reflect some of the rays of the great luminary that directed us."

Sir Thomas Picton always spoke of this distinguished honour as one of the most gratifying events of his life. He earned this same reward, it is true, on a future occasion; but his feelings were then soured by disappointment and injustice, and he stood in the same distinguished situation with widely different sensations. It was a singular coincidence, that the very same day on which Sir Thomas Picton was receiving the thanks of the House of Commons for the gallant exploits of himself and soldiers, his division should be gain-

ing additional laurels on the precipitous banks of the Nivelle.

The remainder of Sir Thomas Picton's time while in England was passed in the society of his friends and relatives, by whom he was received in the most flattering manner. Wherever he now went, he was looked up to with respect and admiration, as one of the foremost in the field of victory—as the leader of "the fighting division."

After the passage of the Nivelle had been gained by the allies, Sir Thomas Picton was impatient to return to the scene of hostilities; fearful that, as the winter in the South of France did not set in with so much severity, or for so long a continuance, it might not be passed without active operations. He therefore hastened over the various business which he had to transact relative to his private affairs, and then prepared forthwith to return to the army. Early in December he embarked at Portsmouth for the port of St. Jean de Luz; from which place, in a letter dated December the 26th, 1813, to a friend in London, he writes:

had a remarkably pleasant passage out,

and arrived here in eleven days from Portsmouth. Previous to my leaving England, I declined entering into any engagement respecting the command of the Catalonian army until I should have an opportunity of consulting the marquis on the subject. Finding from my interview with his lordship that it was not intended to carry on active operations any with the force in that quarter, I have determined to resume the command of the third division, which I shall join as soon as my aide-de-camp and horses arrive. I had considerable apprehensions for their safety, as they left Portsmouth ten days before I sailed; but within these two days I have received a letter from Mr. Tyler, saying that they had been forced into St. Andro, and were there waiting for a vessel to convey them down to Passages. I was fortunate in only losing one of the worst of the horses during the severe gale to which they were exposed. The weather has been most miserable, and the rain has fallen in torrents ever since my arrival."

* * * * *

The proceedings in Catalonia and the other eastern provinces of Spain had hitherto been

anything but satisfactory: much feebleness of judgment and want of confidence in the Spanish troops had marked all the measures of the several generals who had been appointed to command the allied army in that quarter.

Sir John Murray had been leniently censured for his want of ability,—a charge which would have been more properly made against those who selected him for the situation: he acted to the best of his judgment and skill, but in both he was deficient. Lord William Bentinck superseded him in the command; but the improvement in the state of affairs was not very striking. A skirmish of outposts gave him a distaste for his soldiers, and led him to suspect their power to compete with the army under Suchet.

In October, Lord William Bentinck returned to Sicily, when Lieutenant-general Clinton succeeded to the command. The perfect knowledge possessed by Sir Thomas Picton of the character and language of the Spanish people, together with his high military reputation, induced the commander-in-chief at once to select him as in every respect the most competent and desirable person to command this

army. The Duke of York made him the offer in the most flattering terms; but General Picton had always expressed his disinclination to quit the grand army of the allies, and accept a separate command of troops upon whom he could place but little confidence, and with whom little glory was to be won. He used, in fact, to speak of these armies in no very measured terms of contempt, considering the command as entitling the individual to a rank but little above that of a guerilla chief.

The army of Catalonia had, however, a few British and some German troops attached; but the Spaniards, of whom the main body was composed, had on no occasion evinced either courage or discipline. This reflection induced Sir Thomas Picton to pause before he placed himself at the head of an army with which he could only hope to act on the defensive, or incur defeat by becoming the assailant: for, although he more than once had reason to report favourably of the conduct of the Spanish regiments in his division, he always distrusted them when not fighting by the side of British troops. A gallant and distinguished officer, alluding to the advan-

tage which might have arisen to the public service by Sir Thomas Picton's acceptance of this command, remarked to the writer of this memoir, that, "co-operating as that small British force did with so many distinct Spanish authorities and armies, composed of a most heterogeneous variety of materials, he would have been precisely the man to have secured a uniformity of action amongst them, by the commanding energy which he would have assumed over all classes."

Picton felt a repugnance to parting from his old third division; still, as expressed in his letter of the 26th of December, he left the point open for his determination until he had an opportunity of consulting Lord Wellington upon the subject. A short time after his return, in an interview with his lordship, this opportunity presented itself, and he frankly asked him whether he considered his acceptance of this command as "likely to be conducive to his honour and reputation." The commander of the forces gave him an equally candid opinion, by assuring him that he did not think it would, since it was not in-

tended to carry on any active operations in Catalonia. This induced Picton, without any further hesitation, to decline the proffered appointment, and to resume his old command.

CHAPTER X

The British army crosses the Bidassoa.—Surrender of Pamplona.—Invasion of France by the British army.—Address of Wellington to his soldiers.—Defeat and retreat of the French army.—Advance of the Allies to Bayonne.—The French again defeated.—Effective state of the Third Division when rejoined by Sir Thomas Picton.—His account of the prospects of the Allied army.—Lord Wellington's operations against Bayonne.—Advance of the Allies into the interior of France.

DURING Sir Thomas Picton's absence in England, his division had been gaining additional laurels under Major-general Colville. It was determined by Lord Wellington to force the passage of the Bidassoa early in October; as, by securing this advanced position, the whole of his line could pour into France at the same moment, so soon as the reduction of Pamplona left him at liberty to enter the enemy's country. Before this fortress was in his possession, it was impossible to commence any grand scale of offensive operations; but during this interval every preparation was

made for the projected invasion. The enemy occupied a remarkably strong post on the French side of the Bidassoa.

On the 7th of October, at three o'clock in the morning, the whole of the troops destined for this service were in motion, amidst a heavy thunder-storm. Every precaution had been taken to prevent the enemy from being made acquainted with this movement; and this was effected with so much success, that the allied force, which was formed into three columns, and crossed at three different fords, was not discovered until the heads of the leading regiments were half over the river. A brisk fire was then opened by the French upon the advancing columns: the water was soon stained with their blood, and all who fell there died. But they were quickly revenged: the light troops pushed rapidly forward, gained the opposite bank, and commenced driving the enemy from their position. This done, as the British columns reached the bank, they quickly formed, and prepared to attack the French line, which was being drawn up on the nearest range of hills.

Notwithstanding the imposing nature of

the ground and its natural defensive strength, however, only a trifling resistance was made in comparison with what the British general had anticipated. The troops drove the enemy from each height in succession, until the French left the conquerors in undisputed possession of the field. Soult now concentrated his army behind a strongly fortified position on the Nivelle, which he had for some time been preparing; and here he resolved to make another stand against the march of his pursuers.

The point occupied by the right of the allied army, (to which the "fighting division" was at this time attached,) enabled it at once to pour down into the plains of France whenever the moment appeared favourable. The left of the army was now placed in an equally favourable situation, and nothing therefore remained to delay this movement but the reduction of Pamplona.

On the 1st of November, the Marquis of Wellington received a despatch from the commander of the Spanish forces employed in blockading that fortress, of which the following is a translation:—

"Most excellent Sir,—Glory be to God, and honour to the triumphs of your excellency in this ever-memorable campaign!

"I have the honour and great satisfaction of congratulating your excellency on the surrender of the important fortress of Pamplona; the capitulation of which having been signed by the superior officers entrusted with my powers, and by those delegated by the general commanding the place, I have, by virtue of the authority which you conferred upon me, just ratified.

"The garrison remain prisoners of war, as your excellency had determined from the beginning that they should, and will march out to-morrow at two in the afternoon, in order to be conducted to the port of Passages.

"Our troops occupy one of the gates of the citadel, and those of France the place.

"May God guard the precious life of your excellency!

Dated from the camp in front of Pamplona, 31st of October 1813.

(Signed) "CARLOS ESPANA."

"His Excellency Field-marshal
the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo."

Thus, then, the only impediment to the advance of the allies into the very heart of France was removed, and the Marquis of Wellington made immediate preparations for invading France. To force the passage of the Nivelle, and the strong entrenched posts in its rear, upon which Soult had bestowed so much time and labour, was the first step. Napoleon was now encircled by toils. On the north and south-eastern frontiers were the armies of the three great powers, Russia, Prussia, and Austria; England swept the sea; and Wellington, with his small but victorious force, was on the point of invading the south. Such was the position of affairs when the British troops with their allies were about to descend from the alpine heights which they had so long occupied, upon the fertile fields of the South of France; but, before effecting this grand movement, the commander of the forces issued a proclamation full of judicious and salutary instructions for the conduct of the troops in the enemy's country. One passage of this proclamation is deserving of particular admiration.

"Officers and soldiers must recollect," he observes, "that their nations are at war with

France solely because the ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke; and they must not forget, that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in this profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal have been occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and their cruelties, authorized and encouraged by their chiefs, towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country. To avenge this conduct on the peaceable inhabitants of France would be unmanly, and unworthy of the nations to which the commander of the forces now addresses himself."

About three o'clock in the morning of the 10th of November the allied army was in motion. A bright full moon lit up the mountain paths: the troops gathered in silence; and each division following its chief, moved down the different passes with no other sound than was unavoidable in the passage of a multitude of armed men. It was hoped that by these precautions the enemy might be taken unprepared; but they were under arms at daylight every morning, and the allies were received on their advance with a warm cannon-

ade from some of the fortified redoubts in front. The whole of the divisions moved forward almost in line; Picton's third, which was on this day entrusted to Major-general Colville, being on the right of the centre. After a sharp skirmish with the piquets, the divisions each in their turn had to attack the redoubts which lay in their respective paths.

In some instances the enemy deserted their defences with much precipitation, not even waiting the approach of the allies: others, again, were defended with a good deal of resolution. But, on the part of the enemy, the whole proceedings of the day appeared more like a last effort made without hope of success, than the enthusiastic onset of brave and excited men. The third division had upon this occasion several opportunities of supporting its distinguished character: moving from the pass of Echalar in almost a direct line upon St. Pé; having, about a mile on its right, the sixth division under Sir H. Clinton, Sir John Hamilton's Portuguese division, with the second division commanded by Sir W. Stewart,

and at the same distance on its left the seventh division under General Le Cor.

It happened that, in the route to be followed by the third division, was one of the strongest posts which the enemy occupied, being in fact the key to their position. This was a redoubt formed on the summit of a hill, with a deep entrenchment and stockade in front, crossing several streams tributary to the Nivelle. In their path they pushed on towards this formidable post, keeping a parallel movement with the corps on the right and left, by which the whole of the enemy's line of defences was threatened at the same time. The advantages of this simultaneous attack were strongly apparent; for the success of any one division of the allies, and their consequent advance, would threaten the rear of those fortified posts which still held out. Immediately behind, and on the left of the village of Sarre, the enemy had established his main body; but the attack of the third and seventh divisions drove them with considerable loss from the heights on the left of their centre. The light division at the same time attacked

their right; while the fourth, with the reserve of Andalusia on its left, forced the enemy to abandon nearly the whole of these strongly fortified and commanding heights.

The defenders of one of these redoubts continued to resist until too late to retreat, and the centre divisions of the allies succeeded in occupying the ground in their rear; consequently, the whole of the garrison, consisting of six hundred men belonging to the Eighty-eighth French regiment of the line, were compelled to lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war. The enemy were now falling back in some confusion, and hastening to cross the river, in order to try and defend the three bridges over which the allies must pass. Lord Wellington having halted the divisions in the centre to give them a short respite from their continued exertions, about three o'clock in the afternoon ordered the third and seventh divisions to continue their route along the left bank of the river, and force a passage by the two bridges; the one in front of, and the other about half a mile below St. Pé. This was to all appearance a service full of difficulty: a determined resistance was threatened to the

passage of the third division; but, after a short but sharp affair, they drove the enemy before them, and the bridge was theirs. The day was by this time far advanced; and as the extent of the line of movement traversed by the different divisions of the allies rendered their exact localities rather uncertain, Lord Wellington directed the whole to halt for the night.

The rewards of this day of toil were fifty pieces of cannon, about fifteen hundred prisoners, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and military stores.* It was expected that the fight, or rather the pursuit, would be renewed on the following morning; but Soult took advantage of the night to fall back upon Bayonne. He was discouraged by the proceedings of the previous day: he had seen his soldiers beaten back with almost the first charge of their opponents; his few veteran troops had become dispirited by constant defeat, while his young recruits were unable alone

* During this series of conflicts, the Shrapnel-shell was employed to dislodge the enemy from the heights; and its novelty, and the destruction it caused, struck quite a panic into the enemy.

to withstand the habitual discipline of the veterans who composed the British army: even the statements made by French officers confirm the assertion, that their soldiers "did not fight on this day with their accustomed gallantry, as their spirits were lowered by repeated reverses."

This was the only affair of any importance in which the third division was engaged during Picton's absence. After the passage of the Nivelle had been forced, the weather became too bad for field operations, and the army was placed in cantonments between that river and the sea, the enemy occupying a position about two miles in front.

A line of defensive posts was formed, in order to prevent any unexpected hostile movement from the French. The third division was quartered in and about Ustaritz until the 9th of December, when, the weather being much improved and the roads passable, the army again took the field, Lord Wellington having resolved upon crossing the Nive and investing Bayonne. Upon this occasion the left wing of the allied army advanced by the road from St. Jean de Luz to Bayonne, and

Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Nive at Cambo; while Sir Henry Clinton, with the sixth division, effected a passage at Ustaritz. These movements were performed with but trifling loss, and the enemy retreated within his entrenched camp around the city, which had been in preparation ever since the battle of Vittoria. Soult made a determined effort to drive back the left wing of the allies. Captain Batty, in his admirable account of the proceedings of the left wing of the allied army, gives the following interesting particulars of this attack.

"On the morning of the 11th, at dawn, the light troops of the fifth division drove in the enemy's piquets, and the most advanced sentries were again pushed forward to their old line. The rain had fallen during the greater part of the preceding day, and the troops began to experience the harassing effects of being constantly on the alert upon ground which was soon trampled into mud. Nothing material happened during the forenoon; the men received their rations, and parties were sent out unarmed to cut wood for cooking; the weather brightened, and all was tranquil in the outposts. About two o'clock, however, some stir

was visible in the enemy's line, and in some places the French were seen cutting gaps in the fences for the passage of their artillery. A few moments after, they commenced a furious attack along the Bayonne road, driving in the piquets upon their supports. The hill in front of Barrouillet again became the scene of a hard contest. There was a general shout of 'To arms!' the moment this attack commenced; and the soldiers, who had gone in front of Barrouillet to cut wood, ran back in all haste to get themselves armed and accoutred. The French, seeing a number of men running to the rear, imagined that the allies were seized with a panic, and set up loud cheers of '*En avant! en avant!*' In a few moments, however, the whole left wing was formed in perfect order."

The situation occupied by Soult gave him every facility for masking his movements and concentrating the whole of his force upon any point of the allied position. His entrenchments around Bayonne formed the centre of a circle within which he might effect any alteration in the disposition of his army without being observed by Lord Wellington: and of this the French general took advantage; for,

finding that all his efforts to force the left wing of the allies were unavailing, he, on the night of the 12th, made an entire change in his plans, presuming, it would appear, upon his own opinion of Lord Wellington's military abilities. The repeated attacks which Soult had made upon the left wing of the allies led him to believe that the whole of Lord Wellington's attention would be turned in that direction, and that, in expectation of a renewal of these attacks, the other divisions would be drawn towards that quarter, and thus leave the right and centre of the position either undefended or weakened. But Soult should by this time have learned to entertain a higher opinion of Lord Wellington than to venture any movement which could only be successful through his neglect or want of skill. Following the tactics of Napoleon, on the morning of the 15th he advanced with an overwhelming force against the right and centre of the allies. But Lord Wellington had divined his intentions, and made every preparation to defeat them. Sir Rowland Hill, who had under his command about thirteen thousand men, occupied that line of the position; and this corps was further augmented by the fourth and sixth

divisions; while the third, which was still on the left of the Nive, was held in readiness to cross that river should any additional support be required.

Soult commenced the action early in the morning with above thirty thousand men, his force being principally directed against the centre, or Sir Rowland Hill's position. The numbers of the enemy made the movement formidable, but the firmness of the British troops was not shaken by this consideration; they had almost in every contest fought against nearly one-third more than themselves, yet they had gained the plains of France, and upon this occasion their conduct was worthy of themselves. A severe contest was kept up for some time: the enemy even succeeded in gaining one of the heights occupied by the allies; but Sir Rowland Hill, perceiving at once that nearly the whole of the French columns were concentrated to attack his centre, immediately ordered the troops on each flank to move up to its support: these at once drove the enemy from their momentary conquest, and then the battle became general.

The French stood and fought for a time

with much resolution; but towards evening Soult again retired within his entrenchments, after having sustained a severe loss both in officers and men, together with a still more certain conviction that his troops could not contend with their opponents; for, to use the language of the intelligent writer of the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns," "he had repeatedly attacked with an army and been repulsed by a division." Still, the allies had suffered considerably during these five days of almost continued skirmishing; according to the returns, amounting to five thousand and twenty-nine in killed, wounded, and missing; three hundred and two of this number being officers.

The campaign of 1813 may be said to have terminated with this attack on the right wing of the allies. Soult, in his almost impregnable entrenchment, could defy Lord Wellington and his whole army; while that general, too circumspect to attempt forcing this position at the sacrifice which must inevitably attend such a movement, placed his troops in cantonments, (a measure which had now become indispensable on account of the inclemency of

the season;) and awaited the result of events, which were advancing rapidly to a crisis.

Napoleon was now in Paris. Still confident of the affections of the French nation, he called upon them with the desperation of a gamester who sees his last stake upon the cast. He addressed his council of state in the following excited language: "Wellington," he exclaimed, "is in the south; the Russians threaten the northern frontier, Austria the south-eastern; yet, shame to speak it, the nation has not risen in mass to repel them! Every ally has abandoned me; the Bavarians have betrayed me! Peace! no peace, till Munich is in flames! I demand of you three hundred thousand men: I will form a camp at Bordeaux of one hundred thousand, another at Lyons, a third at Metz. With the remnants of my former levies, I shall have one million of men in arms. But it is *men* whom I demand of you—full-grown men; not these miserable striplings, who choke my hospitals with sick, and my highways with their carcasses. Give up Holland! rather let it be swallowed up by the sea. I am continually hearing the cry of *peace*, when all around should re-echo with the cry of *war!*"

He asked for that which he might have known the country could not give. Such was the state of affairs when Sir Thomas Picton rejoined the army, and again placed himself at the head of his division; having, as has already been shown, declined the command of an army rather than leave his old soldiers. Some changes had been made in the division, and its numbers were considerably augmented; the following being the return of its effective force at the beginning of the year 1814.

"Statement of the Third Division of the army under Field-marshal the Marquis of Wellington, January 1st, 1814.

General in command, Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, K.B.	GENERAL OFFICERS COMMANDING BRIGADES: Major-general Brisbane.	45th foot, 1st battalion.
		74th ditto.
		88th ditto, 1st battalion.
		3 companies 60th regiment, 5th battalion.
	Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton.	5th foot, 1st battalion.
		83rd ditto, 2nd battalion.
		87th ditto, 2nd battalion.
		94th regiment.
	Major-general Power.	9th Portuguese regiment of the line.
		21st ditto, ditto.
		11th Caçadores."

This division was now placed in a position where it could observe the advanced posts of the enemy in the vicinity of Hasparren. For some time after Sir Thomas Picton's return, the army was comparatively inactive: on the 6th, however, a trifling affair took place, in which the third division bore a prominent part. This was produced by the enemy attacking the advanced piquets of the allied cavalry, posted between the Joyeuse and Bidouze rivers; Soult at the same time moving two divisions on the heights of La Costa, having forced Major-general Buchan's Portuguese brigade to abandon that post. These operations, together with some additional demonstrations in the rear of the enemy's line, induced Lord Wellington to resolve upon driving the advance of the French back upon their main body; and, accordingly, Sir Thomas Picton was directed to attack the position which they had occupied. With this object the third and fourth divisions (the latter under Sir Lowry Cole, supported by General Buchan's brigade, and the cavalry under the command of Major-general Fane,) were ordered to make the attack on the morning of the 6th. But this was a bloodless day, as the enemy

abandoned his conquests without firing a shot. The piquets and General Buchan's brigade were in consequence replaced in their former positions.

The remainder of the month of January was unmarked by any movement of importance, the weather still continuing too unfavourable for field operations. The position and prospects of the allies and their opponents cannot be better explained than in the following letter from Sir Thomas Picton to his old correspondent Colonel Pleydel.

"Hasparren, 10th February, 1814.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,

"We continue on the advance posts; always in sight of the enemy, and, of course, always upon the alert. There are three divisions immediately in our front, only separated by the small river Laran, which traverses the country from the Pyrenees to the Adour. The enemy have latterly detached two divisions of infantry, and nearly all their cavalry, to the interior,—they say towards Lyons; but the weather has been so very wet, and the roads consequently so bad, that it is not possible to take any advantage of their situation. In the mean time

they are raising the levy *en masse*, and mean to oppose us with the whole population of the country: a most dangerous step, as it does not appear at all attached to the existing *régime*. We receive no reinforcements, notwithstanding the great losses we sustained in the many severe conflicts during November and December; and our army is in consequence reduced considerably below sixty thousand English and Portuguese. Upon the Spaniards we have little reliance, as they are rather an embarrassment than otherwise. Under these circumstances, it cannot be expected that we should make any considerable impression. They promised twenty thousand, and we have not yet received a man. If we do nothing, the fault will be with *them*.

My health has been tolerably good, though I have yet some remains of my old complaint. I hope you will have escaped any attack of your old complaints, and will have got over the severe winter without any serious indisposition.

My dear Colonel,

Ever faithfully yours,

"TH. PICTON."

Lord Wellington's object was now to divert Soult from the continued occupation of his very commanding position around Bayonne; but that general was unwilling to forego the advantages of his strongholds. A series of manœuvres was in consequence performed by Lord Wellington to draw him forth, at the same time that the intentions of the allies should be hidden.

On the fourth day after the date of Sir Thomas Picton's last letter, he was again in motion. Sir Rowland Hill, with the right wing of the allies, made an advance movement on the left of the enemy's position, in order to cut off his communication with St. Jean Pied de Port. This enabled General Mina, with his Spanish forces, to invest the place without apprehension from the French corps of General Harispe, which was now compelled to fall back upon Garres; at the same time that General Hill, advancing on the right of the centre, made a corresponding movement. The greatest difficulty which the army now had to surmount was the passage of the several rivers behind which the enemy successively ensconced themselves in comparative safety. The principal of these

rivers was the Adour, which, even undefended, offered a considerable barrier to the march of an army, but, with a strong force posted on the opposite bank, presented obstacles and defences of a most formidable nature. To obtain a passage over this river below Bayonne was, however, indispensably necessary in order to effect the perfect blockade of this city.

This important and arduous service was to be executed by the left wing of the army under Lieutenant-general Sir John Hope, — Sir Thomas Graham having returned to England to conduct an expedition formed to assist in the liberation of Holland. An English fleet under Rear-admiral Penrose co-operated with this corps; and the hardihood of the seamen, combined with the abilities of the military artificers, under the directions of Major Todd, enabled the allies to form a bridge of boats over this rapid river, which, at the spot selected for the purpose, was two hundred and seventy yards wide.

Soult had relied upon the supposed impossibility of this movement: but before this great undertaking was completed, the allies had obtained possession of the right of the river; for,

taking advantage of the enemy's confidence, Sir John Hope directed the first division to attempt a passage near the mouth of the Adour, by means of pontoons and the boats of the country. A piquet and battery could be observed by the allies opposite the situation which they had selected for crossing; but, strange as it may appear, although only six boats effected the passage in the first instance, each having only six soldiers, they met with no opposition: the piquet ran away without even giving an alarm.

The allies carried a hawser from one side to the other; and before the French had recovered from their surprise, about six hundred of the Guards, with some Congreve-rocket companies, had effected a landing on the opposite bank. Then, however, their further progress was stopped, as the flood-tide set in with so much violence, that a raft with from fifty to sixty soldiers, having got near the middle of the river, could not be moved either backwards or forwards; and in this situation they were compelled to remain until the tide slacking enabled them to continue their passage.

The French were not long in discovering the

error of which they had been guilty in depending upon the river for their protection; and accordingly, towards evening, about fifteen hundred men were sent against the force which had already crossed the river, with the full expectation of surrounding them and making them prisoners. But Major-general Stopford, who commanded this small body, made such an admirable disposition of his men to receive the attack, while the rockets, which were at this time quite new to the French, produced so much terror and confusion in their ranks, that they made a rather precipitate retreat towards the citadel, leaving this little band unmolested for the rest of the night. The following day, the 24th, the remainder of the division was ferried over; when, moving up the river, it kept the right bank, and prevented the French from interrupting the formation of the bridge.* The result of these operations was the perfect investment of Bayonne.

Soult, leaving a strong garrison, had now withdrawn his army from this place, and di-

* The following letter from a serjeant in the Coldstream Guards, written to his father, who resided in the neighbourhood of Swansea at the time, contains an accurate detail of these movements:—

rected his march towards Orthes. He called upon the inhabitants of the country through which he passed to rise and repel their invaders; but the wise policy of Lord Wellington gave them such perfect assurance of protection, that they remained quietly in their homes, and readily supplied the allies with the produce of the soil, for which they invariably received ample remuneration. Sir John Hope being

'Camp in front of Bayonne,
'March 18, 1814.

'My dear Father,

"In my last I carried you on to the operations of the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, and also to our movement from St. Jean de Luz in the early part of January, and subsequent return; since which nothing of any consequence occurred within the limits of my knowledge until the 14th of February, when the troops stationed in and about St. Jean de Luz (and, I suppose, the rest of the army) were put in motion; and the left column, under Sir John Hope, comprising the first and fifth divisions, with Lord Aylmer's brigade (British), and, I believe, two Portuguese brigades of infantry, were directed to invest Bayonne. Accordingly we encamped on the south-western side of that fortress until the 23rd, when a sufficient number of vessels, principally *chasse-marées*, with some gun-boats, having entered the mouth of the Adour, a bridge of boats was successfully attempted. During the necessary preparations for establishing the bridge, and in order to prevent any interruption from the enemy, the left wing of the first battalion (Third Guards), with the light companies, were

left to continue the blockade of Bayonne, the remainder of the British army, consisting of the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and light divisions, with a well-appointed park of artillery, and about eight thousand cavalry, were put in motion on the 24th of February, to penetrate into the interior of France.

Sir Thomas Picton marched simultaneously with the other divisions towards Orthes. The enemy's advanced posts uniformly fell back after a short skirmish as the British line moved forwards: still the security afforded to the French

detached to the right bank in boats; which the enemy observing, threw down a column of three battalions, at least eighteen hundred strong, to oppose about one-third of their number. Our small body certainly appeared in a critical situation at this moment, being separated from the brigade by the Adour on the right, at least six hundred yards wide, with their rear to the sea,—with no other alternative than a glorious resistance against such superior force, or a quiet submission to become prisoners of war. The enemy's troops were encouraged to their bold advance by their officers assuring them the force they were to attack were Spaniards. But they were soon convinced to the contrary; for a brigade of rockets having passed the river at this pressing moment, opened on them with such effect, that, consulting their safety, they sought it in flight, leaving some killed, wounded, and prisoners in our hands; and we proceeded without farther molestation in the completion of the bridge, which has since proved of the greatest importance to the

by the difficulties of the country made them dispute every advantageous post with some degree of obstinacy. Sir Thomas Picton kept the enemy in alarm by a threatened attack upon the bridge across the Gave d'Oleron at Sauveterre. This position was occupied by the French in great strength; but General Picton determined upon attempting to gain the opposite side of the river, by means of a ford situated at some distance below the bridge. By effecting this, he would be enabled to take the enemy in flank at the same time that he made

ready communication of the army with the rear. Having completely established ourselves at this point, we remained quiet until the 27th, when a very brisk attack was made upon the enemy's outposts, and, after some sharp fighting, we succeeded in driving them within their entrenchments close to Bayonne; in which service considerable loss was sustained on both sides. We are now as close to that city as their batteries will allow us to approach, and our column, it would appear, are to carry on the siege.

"I am happy to inform you that Lord Wellington has gained a battle over Soult between this and Bordeaux:* he has taken immense stores at Mont Marsan. In fact, it is considered a victory of as much importance as that of Vittoria; and it gives me equal pleasure to inform you, that our countryman, Sir Thomas Picton, in command of the third division, behaved with his usual judgment and gallantry."

* Orthes.

the attack in front. A brigade was, in consequence, ordered upon this service; when some light companies, covered by a party of the Seventh Hussars, succeeded in fording the river.

The rapidity of the stream and the nature of its bed, which was composed of large round stones, rendered this a difficult achievement. The enemy offered no opposition, and it was even supposed that they had not anticipated such a movement. Without waiting, therefore, for any further support, the troops which had crossed immediately moved forward up a hill. through a narrow and rather steep lane.

Arrived at the top of this eminence, they took up a position behind a high bank, when the cavalry returned to the ford. They were, however, surprised by seeing a considerable corps of the enemy advancing at a rapid pace to drive them from the post which they held. So sudden was this attack, that before any support could be thrown over the river, the light companies, finding resistance against so overwhelming a body quite hopeless, endeavoured by a hasty retreat to recross the river. But the French pressed hard upon their rear; and, in the confusion of flight, they got

jammed in between the two walls of the lane. In this situation they were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy. The annihilation of the whole of this force seemed inevitable; some, however, succeeded in extricating themselves, when they rushed wildly to the ford, in the hope of rejoining their companions, who were watching them from the opposite side of the river. Still the French followed close upon them, firing upon those who were struggling through the water. Many were now carried away by the current, and all who were wounded from the shore immediately sunk; it was doubtful whether a single man could escape; when the sound of artillery was heard on the British side of the river. A brigade of guns had been hastily ordered up to cover the retreat; these opened a heavy fire of grape upon the enemy, the rapidity and precision of which checked their advance, and enabled the few remaining English to regain the main body.

CHAPTER XI

General Picton's account of the operations of the army before Bayonne. — Battle of Orthes. — Picton's important services in that battle. — Anecdote of Lieutenant Macpherson. — Advance of the British upon Bordeaux. — The French defeated at Tarbes.—The Allied army crosses the Garonne. — Observations of General Picton on Marshal Soult.

This affair, although so unfortunate in its results, had the effect of alarming the French, lest, by crossing the river at some other point, the allies should succeed in coming suddenly upon their position and compel them to fight. They were consequently induced to blow up the bridge during the night of the 24th, when, without offering any further resistance, they retreated. The day following, Sir Thomas Picton, having had a bridge of boats thrown across the river, led over his division and entered the town of Sauveterre.

The Petite Gave was passed without difficulty, as Soult was now rapidly concentrating his forces behind the Gave de Pau, near the town of Orthes. A similar movement was in consequence made by Lord Wellington, in order to unite the whole strength of his divisions at the same point; Sir Thomas Picton having, as the duke observes in his despatch, "passed his division over the river by means of a ford, which he fortunately discovered a short distance below the bridge of Bereux."

The following letter from Sir Thomas Picton to Colonel Pleydel describes the proceedings of the army upon this occasion.

"Cazeres, department of Landes,
4th March, 1814.

"My dear Colonel,

"You will have seen in the papers that we broke up our winter quarters about the middle of last month, and commenced our operations in the midst of a hard frost. Our first movements were not of any great interest, and were merely calculated to blind the enemy as to our real intentions. We had three considerable rivers to pass, and the enemy on our first movement prepared to blow up all the

bridges. We succeeded, however, in effecting the passage of the Bedouse, the Petite Gave, and the Gave d'Oleron, at points where they did not expect us; and, on the 26th instant, the third division forded the Gave de Pau about four P. M., drove in the enemy's advanced posts, and took up a position within four miles of the Duke of Dalmatia's army, which he had concentrated in a strong mountainous position in front of the town of Orthes, on the Gave de Pau.

"The light, fourth, sixth, and seventh divisions passed during the night or early on the following morning over a bridge of boats. His lordship having reconnoitred the position early on the morning of the 27th, immediately made his dispositions for the attack, which was to be made upon the centre and both flanks. The right flank, which rested upon a village of difficult access, was to be attacked by the fourth division, supported by the light and seventh; the centre by seven battalions of the third division, and the left flank by the remaining three battalions of the third division, supported by the sixth division in reserve.

"The fourth division twice carried the village

and was compelled to fall back with great loss: but, upon the arrival of the light and seventh divisions, the enemy was compelled to give it up, with the loss of two pieces of artillery. This afforded those divisions ground and opportunity to deploy and prosecute the advantages they had gained. In the mean time the three battalions of the third division, supported by the sixth division, turned the enemy's left flank, drove him from a very strong advanced position where he had a formidable battery, and established themselves, notwithstanding a most obstinate resistance on the flank of his centre. His position was a kind of triangle, and the two extreme points of the base line were hard pressed and unable to maintain their ground, when the seven battalions advanced against the centre and forced it also to fall back. At this moment he began his retreat, which he protected with large solid masses of infantry, successively taking up the most advantageous ground that offered; and this was for some time made in great order and regularity; but, as the evening approached, and we pressed rather hard upon their flanks, the disorder gradually increased, and the different columns

at length mixed and dispersed, running off in all directions, as at Vittoria.

"It soon became dark, and we were under the necessity of giving up the pursuit. We took, I believe, eight pieces of cannon, and about fifteen hundred prisoners. But the French army is greatly disorganized and much diminished by the desertion of the conscripts and national guards, so that I do not think they will volunteer meeting us again for some time.

"As usual, you will see by the Gazettes that we had a fair part in this memorable business; and our loss, which amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five, including fifty-three officers, exceeds that of any other of the divisions. My health has been remarkably good, and I think it will last to see the end of this memorable struggle.

"After we had gained the enemy's advanced position to the left flank, we were for nearly two hours exposed to the most continued and severe cannonade I ever witnessed; one of our nine-pounders had every man killed by round-shot; and Captain Parker of the Engineers, who acted as my aide-de-camp

on the occasion, was killed close to me by a cannon-shot whilst carrying my orders. I hope this will find you free from indisposition.

"My dear Colonel,

"Believe me to be

"Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

"TH. PICTON."

The subjoined letter to his brother refers to the same events:

Cazares, in the department of Landes,
South of France, 4th March, 1814.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"You will have seen in the papers that we broke up our winter quarters and commenced the campaign in the middle of last month. There was, however, no circumstance of any great consequence which took place until the 27th; when we attacked the Duke of Dalmatia in a strong position which he had taken up on a chain of elevated mountains, in front of the town of Orthes, on the Gave de Pau.

"After a severe conflict of several hours, during which the enemy fought with a con-

siderable degree of obstinacy, we succeeded in forcing the position on all sides, and he fell back, covering his retreat with large masses of infantry. It was made for some time with great regularity and order; but as he became pressed towards evening, he fell into confusion, dispersed and made off in all directions so fast that we were unable to follow him sufficiently close to make many prisoners; and dark night coming on very shortly after he became in this state, we were under the necessity of giving up the pursuit, and he continued his flight during the whole course of the night, so that we were not able to come up with his rear-guard until the following evening, too late to attack it. We have since followed him slowly, and we are now on the right bank of the Adour, on the road to Toulouse; but our means of subsistence will not allow us to follow much farther. We, as usual, had a principal share in this memorable battle, and our loss exceeded that of any of the other divisions. The enemy is reported to have had forty thousand men in position; we certainly did not bring more than twenty-three thousand into action. We have lost about two thousand five hundred

in killed and wounded: there is no estimating with any correctness that of the enemy; which I conceive must have been more considerable. But, what is of greater importance, the loss of the battle has occasioned the desertion of more of the conscripts and national guards, with which the Marshal's army had been reinforced after his repeated defeats in November and December last.

"My health has been remarkably good since my resumption of an active life, which appears to suit my body and mind. We are here in the country of excellent wine; better, in my opinion, than that of Bordeaux: but the French army has so exhausted the country, that every other necessary of life is extremely dear. The country we have passed through is most beautifully picturesque; and appears like a continued village, it is so remarkably well settled. The inhabitants are an exceedingly fine race, and perfectly uncorrupted.

"Property is well divided in Navarre and the departments of the Lower Pyrenees. I have never seen a beggar, or anything like misery; the inhabitants are all well dressed, well

lodged, and well fed: I wish the population of England were as well off, and generally as well-disposed. There are none of the vices of great riches or poverty here. The state of agriculture is very favourable; they pay great attention to the collecting and working of manure, and irrigation is general throughout this part of France. I hope you have all passed the severe winter without accident or injury to your health. May it long continue! My best respects to Mrs. Picton.

"Very sincerely yours,

"TH. PICTON.

"To the Reverend Edward Picton,
"Llynceaer, near Bridgend, Glamorganshire."

During the battle of Orthes, Sir Thomas Picton commanded the centre of the allied army, consisting of the third and sixth divisions, with Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of cavalry. The left wing, under Marshal Beresford, commenced the attack upon the right of the enemy at the village of St. Boes; and here the struggle was continued for a considerable time, with but little success on the part of the allies. When possession of the

village was obtained, Marshal Beresford next proceeded to drive the enemy from two commanding heights which they occupied in the rear; but the only approach to this point of their position was along a narrow ridge of land, with a deep ravine on each side, the whole space being ranged by their artillery. The difficulty of advancing over this exposed ground will easily be conceived. The fourth division made the attempt with a courage which merited success; but the enemy's fire sweeping diagonally across the exposed summit, caused a terrible slaughter: the front and centre were alike exposed, and the havoc which was made in the ranks of the division proved the stern materials of which it was composed. They still, however, pressed on; for they had been so long inured to victory, that they could not conceive themselves defeated: but the ground strewed with their fallen comrades presented a frightful picture of the hopelessness of the attempt. A Portuguese brigade, after standing for some time exposed to the destructive fire of the foe, at length gave way, and commenced a disorderly retreat. The French pressed hard upon their rear; and nothing but the timely

support of some fresh troops from the light division could have rescued them, and prevented their spreading confusion throughout this wing of the army. The battle now assumed a threatening aspect: the French were redoubling their fire upon the broken Portuguese; while the fourth division, paralysed and wavering, now bent beneath the storm.

Again it was reserved for Sir Thomas Picton to change the fate of the day. At this moment, when the issue of the contest was yet doubtful, he received orders from Lord Wellington to advance against that part of the enemy's position between the right of his centre, where it rested upon the left of the right wing. This attack was made with unparalleled energy and resolution; the British troops carried every point which the enemy attempted to defend, with a spirit and daring intrepidity which were irresistible.

The whole eleven regiments of the third division were desperately engaged, and drove the enemy from every height on which they ventured to make a stand. This unexpected movement at once changed the front of battle: the French columns opposing the advance of

Beresford's corps, alarmed for their flank and rear, now in their turn gave way, while their artillery was partially withdrawn. Then the fourth division rushed over the ground upon which so many had fallen, and the whole quickly deploying into line, charged the heights, driving the enemy before them with immense slaughter. The British artillery was now brought to some high ground near the right of the third division, from which they poured a destructive fire along the entire line of the enemy's centre. This may be said to have concluded the battle; for Soult, seeing his centre totally discomfited and preparing to retreat, became apprehensive for his wings, and in consequence, after another futile effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, the field was abandoned.

General Picton has sufficiently detailed the retreat of the enemy, which, as he observes, was after a time changed into a complete rout; for Sir Rowland Hill, having succeeded in forcing the passage of the river above the town of Orthes, was moving quickly to the rear of their left, threatening to cut off their communication with Sault de Navailles, which,

with the exception of Dax, was the only road calculated for the passage of artillery. Even Vittoria was not a more decisive victory than the battle of Orthes. The enemy, it is true, were not now rich with the spoils of a plundered nation, and the profits of the allies were not great in anything save glory. Their brilliant success upon this occasion was, however, tinctured with a feeling of apprehension for the safety of their commander; the Marquis of Wellington was himself amongst the wounded; for, during the action, a grape-shot struck the pommel of his sword, driving it with much force against his side, and producing a severe contusion. This wound, although not dangerous, was sufficient to alarm his soldiers, and prevent his directing the pursuit of the enemy.*

* The following anecdote connected with this battle, relating to Lieutenant Macpherson, whose heroism at Badajoz we have already recorded, will not be uninteresting. He was still a lieutenant at the period of the battle of Orthes, attached to the light company of the Forty-fifth foot. Just before the attack commenced, the regiment was drawn up in line, partly hidden by a kind of hedge or bank. The bugles had sounded the recall, and the light troops were hastening back to form in the rear. As the files opened to let them through, some of the enemy's tirailleurs had followed them nearly up to the line, which made Macpherson anxi-

The results of this battle were highly important, by striking another and powerful blow at the empire of Napoleon. At the

ous to see the whole of the men fall in before he himself retired. The skirmishing was still kept up as they fell back, and an occasional man fell on both sides, as these expert shots rapidly loaded as they moved, and then with deadly accuracy turned to stop the advance of their enemy. The gallant Macpherson, in his anxiety to do his duty, was left almost the last, when he was about to effect his own retreat; but just at this moment he perceived one of the enemy's sharpshooters, within about twenty yards, raising his piece to take a deliberate aim at him. This man had ventured thus far alone; for his comrades, having come within range of the fire from the line, had commenced retiring.

Colonel Macpherson's own description of his reflections are at the same time amusing and painful. "I saw the man," he observes, "taking a deliberate aim at me. What to do I did not know. I could not get at him before he could fire, while to run would have been equally useless—I should then be shot in the back; for I knew that he was one of those picked men who never missed anything;—in fact, I could think of nothing else to do but stand fire. The fellow was a confounded long time taking his aim, as if determined to make sure of his mark: so I put myself in an attitude, by presenting my right side to him, putting my arm straight down to cover me, and screwing myself up as small as possible;—but I can assure you I felt smaller than I looked, as I thus stood like a target to be shot at by a fellow that could hit any one of my buttons that he pleased. At last, bang went his piece, and I felt in a moment he was all right. I did not fall, but staggered a few paces backwards,

same time, the conscripts who had been forced into the ranks of Soult's army took the opportunity of this retreat to quit a service in which they had neither interest nor inclina-

and then felt very much inclined to reach my soldiers, some of whom had seen the whole affair without being able to lend me any assistance. My right arm was rendered unserviceable, and I felt confident that the ball had entered my body; but I was uncertain whether or not it had found its way out. I staggered towards the line, but must have fallen, had not a brave fellow named Kelly, (an Irishman, and one of our crack shots,) seeing that I was hit, run forward to support me. As soon as I felt his friendly grip round my body, I mustered fresh strength, although bleeding profusely both inside and out. Kelly commenced a dialogue, observing, 'By my sowl, sir, you're badly wounded, sure!'

"I felt very faint, but replied, 'Yes, Kelly, I think so: feel if the ball is out.' Kelly watched its course; and then placing his hand upon my loins, where it should have made its exit, exclaimed,

"'No, by my sowl, then it isn't, and you're spaking yet. But where's the man that did it?"

"Without at the moment any feeling of revenge towards him whom I then thought my destroyer, I pointed in the direction from whence he had fired; and there, on the very same spot, stood this daring fellow, deliberately re-loading to have another shot at my assistant or to finish me. But Kelly quitted hold of me for a moment, and I saw his unerring gun raised to his shoulder: the French soldier was unmoved—Kelly fired—and he fell dead."

The colonel, in relating this incident, spoke with much regret of the fate of his gallant enemy.

tion. In fact, the impolicy of raising the country, *en masse*, which Sir Thomas Picton so justly condemned, was now strikingly apparent, for these southern provinces were always known to be well affected towards the expatriated Bourbons, and they now gladly availed themselves of the success of their cause to forsake the service of the emperor.

It is not necessary here to follow the course of events in the North; which, in conjunction with the invasion of France by the British army under the Marquis of Wellington, led to the overthrow of the power of Napoleon. It is sufficient to observe, that he gave brilliant instances of his masterly military skill, and, by his rapid movements, even for a while paralysed the movements of his opponents.

But he either would not or could not see the extent of his difficulties; and he thought that he was now become so necessary to France, that she would make any sacrifice to support him. The French people were now, however, tired of a war which was no longer accompanied by conquest and glory: a reaction had taken place. The veteran guards were, it is true, still attached to him; but

these alone could not withstand the vast invading force.

Still Napoleon thundered out his proclamations, calling upon the nation to rise and crush the invaders of their country. But the cry was made to deserted hearths; the manhood of France had fallen to support his power, and the feeble efforts of age and youth would not avail his cause.

His ambition urged him, however, to delay his answer to the proposition of the allied powers until he had tried his strength. This trial gave confidence to his opponents, and he in consequence lost all; for when they had gained Paris at the point of the bayonet, negotiation was at an end.—Napoleon was then an usurper. This was the position of affairs in the North.

To return to the proceedings of Lord Wellington's army in the South, and the subject of our memoir. After the battle of Orthes, Marshal Soult fell back by the most direct road to St. Sever, closely followed by the allies. The enemy destroyed the whole of the bridges in his rear, and by this means contrived to effect a tolerably secure retreat. The ardour

of Sir Thomas Picton and his division gave them a conspicuous position in this advance; and on the 1st of March, with the centre of the allied army, they crossed the Adour, and entered the town of St. Sever. The rain having greatly swollen these rivers, Lord Wellington was induced to delay for a few days his further progress, in order to give the soldiers a short interval of rest, while he sent working parties forward to repair the bridges which the enemy had destroyed. But as the French had considerable stores at Aire, on the Adour, a few miles above St. Sever, Sir Rowland Hill moved forward to dislodge them from that position. This service was performed in the most gallant style; the French, after a smart action, being driven from some heights which they had occupied, with considerable loss: when, being forced from this vantage ground, and finding no other tenable position near the town, they made a precipitate retreat, and abandoned to the allies the whole of the stores.

Soult now felt himself beaten both in tactics and in force; even the Portuguese soldiers were now equal to the French; for these troops had so often fought by the side of the British

that they had learned to imitate their steadiness, and caught their daring. Soult, although he would not admit that his soldiers were inferior to their opponents, evidently thought so; for he still continued his retreat. Again he committed an error; and to err with Wellington as an opponent was to ensure defeat. He appeared to have assumed the fact that Lord Wellington would not venture to advance upon Bordeaux, leaving so strong a place as Bayonne unreduced in his rear. But the commander of the allied forces had received confident information of the disaffection which existed in Bordeaux towards Napoleon. He determined in consequence to take advantage of this feeling; and, as the Duc d'Angoulême had a short time previously repaired to St. Jean de Luz, it was resolved to put the sincerity of the Bordelais' professions to the test. Accordingly, as a deputy had arrived from Bordeaux, bearing assurances from the corporation of their warm attachment to the House of Bourbon, and that nothing but the presence of a small French garrison prevented the inhabitants from giving proof of their sentiments, the Duke repaired to head-quar-

ters at St. Sever; when Lord Wellington, who had hitherto refrained from assisting him too warmly without the concurrence of the British Government, no longer hesitated, but sent Marshal Beresford with three divisions to drive out the garrison, and secure to the Duc d'Angoulême an uninterrupted entry. This measure was entirely successful; the French garrison evacuated the place without any resistance, and the hereditary Prince of France entered the city amidst cries of "*Vive le Roi!*"

Southey, in his elaborate History of the War, observes: "Crowds pressed round him, if they might but touch his clothes or his horse. Some cried, 'He is our blood; he was born a Frenchman, and feels like a Frenchman.' Numbers fell on their knees and blessed him, and blessed God that they had lived to see this day. Mothers pointed him out to their children, and said, 'Now we shall no longer lose all our sons in the war.' And thus one hold was taken in the enemy's country: a great and influential city had openly declared against the longer continuance of Napoleon's empire."

During these political movements, Lord Wellington was giving confidence to the inhabitants of the southern provinces of France to follow up the example which had thus been set. The mere act of seeing the French army driven before the English was enough in itself to make the people discontented; and they are ever prone to favour the strongest side. Soult was now falling back upon Toulouse; the inhabitants were apprehensive that he would defend their city, and they would readily, had they dared, have shut their gates against him. Although he could not fight the English, he could beat the French; they were therefore obliged to wait patiently the termination of events.

The direction which Soult had taken was dictated by sound military policy: he hoped to draw off the allies from Bordeaux. Thirteen thousand men were still there with Marshal Beresford; and the French general thought, and hoped, that Lord Wellington would not dare withdraw them from watching that city. But again he was mistaken: no doubts were entertained of the sincerity of the sentiments expressed by the Bordelais, and Lord Welling-

ton did not hesitate in withdrawing the whole force under Beresford, with the exception of the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, which was reserved to keep in check any reaction of French policy which might occur. Having, therefore, again united his force, Lord Wellington continued his advance against Soult with undiminished confidence. That general, however, finding he could not cover or save Bordeaux, and being alarmed lest the reanimated loyalty should spread, made a show of firmness by an attack on the right flank of the allies at Canchez and Viella, occupied by Sir Rowland Hill. This took place on the 17th March, when he drove in the British piquets, and then threatened to turn the line with his whole force. But Sir Rowland Hill immediately retired upon some strong ground behind the Gros Lyes; and Lord Wellington, being now convinced that the French marshal intended to carry the war to the eastward, ordered two divisions from the centre to move to the right of the allied position, for the purpose of supporting Sir Rowland Hill in case Soult should attempt any more important operations.

On the 18th, the whole army advanced, oc-

cupying each side of the Adour, and marching up the stream; the French slowly falling back on their front towards Toulouse. The "fighting division" was on the right; and on the morning of the 19th it fell to their lot to drive a large body of the enemy from some singularly defensible ground which encircles the town of Vic Bigorre. This position was capable of a very obstinate defence, and its acquisition would in that case be necessarily attended with great loss. About the middle of the day, the division entered a wood composed entirely of vineyards, thickly occupied by the enemy's light troops. To force these to retire was indispensable before the division could advance. Lord Wellington and Sir Thomas Picton, protected by a squadron of German dragoons, reconnoitred the position, and after a short time the division was ordered to close up for the attack.

It was expected, from the nature of the ground, that the enemy would make considerable efforts to maintain this strong post; but the light companies of the division, supported by the Portuguese brigade, met with little opposition, as they drove the French before them. The main body of the division moved

close in their rear, so that any attempt made in force by the enemy would have been immediately overcome; and the result was, that, before evening, Sir Thomas Picton and his division encamped about three miles beyond the town of Vic Bigorre. On the following morning, Sir Thomas Picton was joined by Sir Rowland Hill, with the second division, that general having moved round the vineyards on the right of the third division; and they now marched together towards Tarbes, which formed the left of Soult's position, his right extending in the direction of Rabastens.

"The intentions of the French general were still uncertain: he was continually threatening to give battle to the allies, but as continually retreated when they came up. He was drawing Lord Wellington back upon the Pyrenees; but he was leaving the country which he had to defend unprotected; and, in fact, it appeared as if he would abandon France to the allies, provided he might have Spain. It was said that Soult had expressed his determination to defend the heights of Tarbes to the last man; but whether his own resolution or the courage of his soldiers failed, is uncertain.

A general movement was made by the allies on the whole of the French line; the third division, with Sir Rowland Hill's corps, moving, as before observed, upon Tarbes, while three other divisions crossed the Adour and advanced to attack the right of the enemy at Rabastens. The whole of these arrangements were admirably planned and executed. The French marshal had again assumed a very strong and commanding position, so that the feebleness of his defence is quite unaccountable. Sir Henry Clinton commenced the attack upon the right of the French line, while the two divisions advanced upon Tarbes. This place was quickly occupied by the British light troops. These succeeded in forcing the enemy to abandon the town, who then crossed the river, and ascended the heights in its rear, which were occupied by their main body. The two divisions now marched through the town with colours flying and the bands playing, during which they were loudly cheered by the inhabitants, who greeted them with acclamations of "*Vivent les Anglais!*" "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" the sincerity of which expressions might readily be doubted, as they were not interspersed with any cries of loyalty

to the Bourbons, or attachment to the cause in which the allies were engaged. The troops did not, however, pause in the town; but, marching quickly through, proceeded to follow up their success. Great, however, was their surprise when they saw a large French army drawn up on the heights to receive them, and those soldiers whom they had driven from the town hastening up the acclivity to form in their ranks.

It was judged expedient both by General Hill and Picton to await the further advance of the corps under Sir Henry Clinton before an attack was made upon this strong position. Nothing was, however, done before evening closed; the troops therefore bivouacked upon the ground which they had gained, in full expectation of a renewal of the contest on the following day; but, as usual, Soult took advantage of the night to retreat, and fell back to the vicinity of Toulouse. The dawn showed the heights deserted by the enemy, and the allies in consequence continued their march in pursuit. Soult made as little delay as possible upon the way, being anxious to get the defences which he had been preparing in as per-

fect a state as possible before the arrival of the allies. The enemy were not again overtaken until they were formed in the neighbourhood of Toulouse.

The broad and rapid river Garonne was to be passed by Lord Wellington's army before Soult of the city could be attacked; and, to effect this, a pontoon train was indispensable. The conveyance of this heavy appendage necessarily delayed the movements of the troops, and they did not succeed in reaching the vicinity of Toulouse until three days after the French. Soult appeared to have resolved to make a determined stand against his pursuers at this place, as he had fortified every approach and outwork with the utmost care; no point that presented the least facility for defence had indeed been neglected. The army, therefore, looked forward to some severe fighting;—and they were not disappointed.

On the 29th of March, Sir Thomas Picton halted his division at Plaisance, about five miles from the city; the other divisions of the army occupying positions along the banks of the river Garonne, opposite Toulouse. General Pic-

ton was directed to have his division under arms two hours before daylight on the morning of the 1st of April, and it was generally supposed that on that day the battle would be fought. The division was formed at the appointed time, and remained in momentary expectation of being ordered to advance until late in the afternoon, when the men were again sent back to their quarters. It was intended that the second and third divisions should attempt to force a passage over the bridge in front of the town; but, upon reconnoitring, it was discovered to be so strongly fortified, and blocked up with so many obstacles, that it was not deemed advisable by the commander of the forces to make the attempt. Again, Sir Rowland Hill had succeeded in establishing a pontoon bridge on a bend of the river a short distance below the city: over this he had passed with his corps; but the passage from thence to Toulouse was found to be almost impassable in consequence of the great quantities of rain which had recently fallen, and upon this conviction he withdrew his troops.

Lord Wellington now resolved to attempt

the passage of the river below the city, at Grenade; and the pontoon bridge was accordingly thrown across at this place by the 4th. The third, with the fourth, sixth, and light divisions, were then ordered to cross; but this was a slow and tedious operation, as the cavalry were compelled to dismount and lead their horses in single files. During the day, by great exertions, a large force was enabled to effect a passage in the following order:—"Colonel Vivian's brigade of hussars, horse artillery; sixth division, foot artillery; fourth division, foot artillery; Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of hussars, horse artillery; third division, foot artillery; six regiments of heavy cavalry."

By the time these troops had passed over, the day had closed; and during the night the wind and rain caused so great and unexpected a swell in the river, that, in order to save the pontoons from destruction, they were removed. At the same time, the enemy, who had at length discovered the bridge, were trying every device to destroy it, by floating down large pieces of timber and boats loaded with

stones. But their designs were frustrated by the skill and activity of the British engineers. The position of the allied army was now, however, rather precarious; its strength being divided by a wide and impassable river. Sir Thomas Picton, when afterwards alluding to this position, observed, that he considered Soult betrayed more timidity and less generalship upon this occasion than from the preceding actions of his life and acknowledged abilities could ever have been expected. But he added, "I suppose the anticipated downfall of his master had produced a corresponding depression in his own confidence."

The Marquis of Wellington was on the opposite side of the river, and Sir Thomas Picton, as senior officer, assumed the command; and had Soult taken advantage of this accident which chance had thrown in his way, left his entrenchments, and come down in force to attack these divisions, he would have had the advantage of fighting about seventeen thousand men with his whole army; while the rest of the allied forces would have been compelled to remain inactive spectators of the

struggle. Albuera had witnessed how much could be done by a still smaller band; and with that example before us, what would have been too much to expect from these men, had Soult acted on the opportunity thus presented to him, and come down to the attack?

CHAPTER XII.

Decisive Battle of Toulouse.—Abdication of Napoleon.—Evacuation of Toulouse by the French, and entry of the Allied army.—Intelligence of the arrival in Paris of the Allies.—Unnecessary effusion of blood.

On the 6th, Lord Wellington and Marshal Beresford crossed the river in a small boat and visited the troops. By the 8th, the water of the river had run out sufficiently to enable the pontoons again to be laid down at a fresh place nearer to the city, when the Spanish army, under General Freyre, was passed over. The divisions which had already gained the opposite side advanced nearer to the town; the third division taking up a position in some meadows, with their piquets occupying some closely-wooded ground, near a fortified bridge over the Canal du Midi. On the left of the third was posted the sixth division, under Baron Alten; the object of this corps being

to observe and divert the enemy in the suburbs, between the canal and the city, and threaten an attack upon the whole of that part of the town to the river.

Sir Rowland Hill's corps was on the opposite side, on the left bank, protecting the right flank of the third division by a cannonade, and threatening the *tête de pont*. It was not, however, on this side of the city that the battle was to be fought: a ridge of bold and commanding heights to the east of the town offered to Soult a strong defensible position for nearly his whole army; these heights were therefore fortified with some redoubts and entrenchments, by which the line of communication was kept up to the canal, and from thence to the walls: his right flank was protected by the river Ers, and his left by a strongly fortified redoubt and entrenchments; so that the whole line from the Ers to the Garonne was prepared to resist the advance of the allies. Circumstances rendered it necessary for Lord Wellington to force this position of the enemy, or obtain possession of Toulouse. To effect the former object appear-

ed the most expeditious; and having made every disposition for attacking the heights, on the 9th of April the British army slept on the field.

On Easter Sunday, 1814, the dawn was scarcely visible when the columns of the allies were moving to their different points of attack. The following extract from Lord Wellington's despatch, dated Toulouse, April 12th, will convey to the reader's mind a perfect idea of the plan of the intended assault, and of the duties which Sir Thomas Picton had to perform upon this occasion,—remarkable alike as the last grand struggle of this long-protracted war, and on account of the particular circumstances under which it took place.

"The plan according to which I intended to attack the enemy, was for Marshal Sir W. Beresford, who was on the right of the Ers with the fourth and sixth divisions, to cross that river at the bridge of Croix d'Orode, to gain possession of Mont Blanc, and to march up the left of the Ers, to turn the enemy's right; while Lieutenant-general Don Manuel

Freyre, with the Spanish corps under his command, supported by the British cavalry, should attack the front. Lieutenant-general Sir Stapleton Cotton was to follow the Marshal's movements, with Major-general Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of hussars; and Colonel Vivian's brigade, under the command of Colonel Arentschild, was to observe the movement of the enemy's cavalry on both banks of the Ers beyond our left.

"The third and light divisions, under the command of Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton and Major-general Charles Baron Alten, and the brigade of German cavalry, were to observe the enemy on the lower part of the canal, and to draw their attention to that quarter by threatening the *tête de pont;* while Lieutenant-general Sir Rowland Hill was to do the same on the suburb on the left of the Garonne."

The third division was formed in three separate corps by Sir Thomas Picton early in the morning; the one being posted on the left, its flank resting on the light division near the road from Paris, the right being supported by the Portuguese; Major-general Brisbane's

brigade having to move along the banks of the river and occupy in force the plantations which were still held by the advance piquets.

"The business of this dreadful day commenced about seven o'clock, when Sir Thomas Picton drove in the French piquets in front of Port Jameau, at the point where the Canal de Brienne joins that of Languedoc. The action became warm here; and the enemy, retiring, set fire to a fine large chateau, in the cypress avenues of which they had sought in vain to cover themselves."* Too much importance is here ascribed to this skirmish. The enemy had no intention of withstanding the attack of the third division in this quarter; and from the information we have been enabled to collect, it does not appear that any portion of the third division was engaged at this period, except some of the rifle companies, who occupied the enemy's attention by skirmishing across the canal. The battle commenced on the left and in the centre of the allied position, in front of the heights upon which the enemy were posted.

Marshal Beresford, with the fourth and sixth

* Southey.

divisions, moved along the left bank of the Ers, carried the village of Monti Blanc, and then advanced steadily over the level ground at the foot of the heights, exposed the whole time to a tremendous cannonade, which was poured down upon them with great precision and rapidity. At the same time the Spaniards, under General Freyre, were ordered to attack the redoubts from which this fire was opened. But in this they failed, although they continued to advance with much gallantry, until, elated by a slight success, and then panic-struck by the tremendous fire to which they were exposed, they wavered; when, before they had recovered from their alarm, the French charged them with the bayonet. The steady courage of our soldiers was then strikingly contrasted with the exhausted impetuosity of the Spaniards: they turned and hastily retreated down the hill, followed, but not hotly, by the French.

This was a critical moment; for, had the enemy succeeded in driving this corps over the Ers, the force under Marshal Beresford would have been cut off from the rest of the army. But Lord Wellington, always prepared

for emergencies, immediately ordered the light division to move by its left, to arrest the flight of the Spaniards and check the progress of the enemy. Marshal Beresford, during this reverse in the centre, continued his advance. Having marched each column of the fourth and sixth divisions opposite to their respective points of attack, they were rapidly wheeled into line. Then came the struggle. The ground up which these troops had to move was rugged and broken, offering every protection to the enemy's tirailleurs, and being occasionally exposed to the fire of the main body, which was posted on the more elevated heights. So true and close was the fire of the artillery, that nearly every shot told, mowing down the files as they unhesitatingly pressed on. But no fire could appal these men: they at last gained the summit, and drove the French from a formidable redoubt on their right flank. The enemy had, however, by means of planks laid over the broken and irregular ground, contrived to carry off their guns, which were withdrawn to redoubts further to the rear, from whence they opened afresh upon Beresford's troops.

The allies were without artillery to reply to this destructive fire; for the guns attached to these divisions had been placed in battery in front of the village of Mont Blanc, to cannonade the enemy's works on the heights. An officer was now, however, sent to hasten it forward, while Beresford's soldiers covered themselves as well as they could within and behind the redoubts which they had taken. At this period a singular, and apparently unaccountable, pause ensued: the firing had almost ceased on the left, and the battle seemed suspended. It was even suspected by the third division and Sir Rowland Hill's corps that the allies had been defeated. But Sir Thomas Picton, who had been observing with anxious interest the progress of the fight, now rode up at speed; and the whole division was, in an instant on the alert. He had seen the retreat of the Spaniards, and justly concluded that the left wing would have a frightful struggle against an immense superiority of force. This at once decided him in making a diversion in their favour, which has since been canvassed with some degree of severity by military men.

The right brigade, under the command of Major-general Brisbane, was immediately ordered to leave the plantation in which they had been hid, and attempt to force a passage over the canal, by means of a bridge situated near its junction with the river Garonne. The bridge was covered by an extremely strong redoubt in front, and a formidable range of artillery on each flank. Sir Thomas Picton personally directed this attack, which was made by the Forty-fifth, Seventy-fourth, and Eighty-eighth regiments, with three companies of the fifth battalion of the Sixtieth, in the usual style of "the fighting division," moving to the assault with that impetuous courage which nothing could daunt. The artillery attached to Sir Rowland Hill's corps, perceiving the intention of Sir Thomas Picton, opened a heavy fire across the river; but unfortunately they struck down some houses which had served to protect the light troops of the division, and this left them exposed to the incessant shower of grape which was kept up by the enemy.

The works which Sir Thomas Picton was now about to attack had been prepared with

the utmost skill and care; everything that art could devise to render them impregnable against assault had been done; but it was not until the counterscarp had been gained that General Picton discovered the formidable nature of the defences. Here such a blaze of musketry and artillery was opened, while the ditch itself presented such an insurmountable barrier to any further advance, that a retreat was immediately sounded,—but not before many had fallen. The body of the gallant Colonel Forbes, of the Forty-fifth regiment, was left upon this fatal spot; but his soldiers afterwards obtained leave to carry it off, and gave it a soldier's grave. Major-general Brisbane was wounded, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Taylor of the Eighty-eighth foot; who had, however, only to lead off the remnant of the troops, and establish them in their former position, where Picton and his division were condemned to remain inactive, listening with intense anxiety to the thunder of battle, which had now broke forth with renewed fury on their left. The light division had succeeded in arresting the Spaniards in

their flight, and in checking the pursuit of the French. When Beresford, who had now been joined by the artillery, was informed of this effectual check to the enemy's success, and that the Spaniards were again formed and about to renew the contest, he resolved to continue his advance along the ridge with the fourth and sixth divisions.

As there was a considerable space between the two advancing divisions, Soult, imitating Napoleon's tactics, endeavoured to crush one before the other could arrive to its support. For this purpose he collected the whole of his disposable force, and prepared to surround the sixth division with cavalry and infantry. But Sir Henry Clinton did not wait to be attacked; he ordered his men to charge the assembling army. They did so, rushing upon them with a fury which could not be withstood. It was a burst of impetuous courage; but it was sustained by the stern valour of Englishmen. The French fought with much resolution: never, according to some writers, did they fight better. They even checked for a while the advance of the allies; but they could not make

them desist. A terrible carnage ensued; it was a contention of numbers against invincible courage and determination.

At length the enemy, unable longer to withstand the fury of their assailants, fled: this may be said to have decided the fate of the day, although another grand effort was made by fresh troops sent across the canal to recover the lost ground and redoubts. The sixth division again conquered, and the heights were cleared by a simultaneous charge of the British and Spaniards. The enemy then retired across the canal, the bridges over which were all strongly fortified; and about four o'clock the battle terminated, nearly five thousand men being left upon the field. The futility of this battle is well known: at the very time that this carnage was going on, the Northern allies were in Paris, and Napoleon was held a kind of regal prisoner by the commissioners of the confederation.

On the 31st of March the city of Paris capitulated, when the sovereigns forming the alliance made their entry. Napoleon fled to Fontainbleau; but his hopes and much of his energy had left him. He made an offer to

abdicate in favour of his son, the King of Rome. This was of course rejected; and he then submitted to their will, and abdicated upon a treaty by which, as a kind of satire upon his ambition, he was allowed to retain his imperial name, with the miniature dominion of Elba. The news of this abdication and the consequent peace was actually received in London six days prior to its being made known at Toulouse. The probability, — nay, almost certainty, is that, as any communication to this effect must of necessity have come through the French lines, either Soult or some of his officers intercepted the despatch. It is difficult to find a reason for such an inhuman act: the only one that presents itself is, that the sting of defeat had rankled so deeply, that they would not listen to peace before they had sought revenge. There is much reason to suspect that this is the truth.

On the 11th of April, the day following the battle of Toulouse, the divisions were again under arms; when Lord Wellington sent in a flag of truce, calling upon the French army to surrender as prisoners of war, in order to save the city from destruction. The situation of Soult

was precarious: he replied, that he would rather bury himself and soldiers in the ruins of the town. But he knew that he should have the whole of the inhabitants against him if he remained, and Lord Wellington would bombard the place; while, if he waited until the allies had effected a perfect investment, he would in all probability be compelled to surrender. He therefore formed his resolution, and evacuated the city during the night of the 12th, taking the road to Ville Franque. On the following day Lord Wellington entered the city, with a grand procession of English and foreign officers, together with those of the corporation. Even here, and by the French themselves, Picton was greeted with acclamations as he rode early in the morning across the square.

The allied army was now halted for a while. The report had spread widely through the city that the Northern allies were in Paris. Still Lord Wellington received no official intimation until towards evening on the 12th of May, when Colonel Cooke arrived from Paris, bringing a confirmation of the report. A French officer, Colonel St. Simon, also arrived,

who was charged by the provisional government to make this news known to Marshal Soult. After having spread the glad tidings at Toulouse, these two messengers repaired with a flag of truce to the French camp. But Soult did not receive the information with any appearance of satisfaction, and even refused to acknowledge the authority by which the notification was received. An armistice was, however, agreed upon; when Soult, hearing within a short time that the emperor was about to embark for Elba, settled the conditions, and the French army in a short time dwindled into a few regiments.

A still further, although equally unnecessary, effusion of blood had, however, taken place, before this event was brought about. The two messengers in their way from Paris had passed through Bordeaux, from whence they sent information of the peace to Sir John Hope, who was still blockading Bayonne. Sir John did not communicate this intelligence to General Thouvenot, who commanded the garrison, as he did not conceive he was justified in so doing until he had received the announcement direct from Lord Wellington; in

consequence of which delay, the enemy made a sortie during the night of the 14th, which was attended with the most distressing results; nearly two thousand French, English, and their allies, having fallen within the trenches. This was, however, the last of these sanguinary struggles; after which the British army went into cantonments, previous to its return to England.

CHAPTER XIII.

Breaking up of the army.—Tribute of respect to Sir Thomas Picton by his division.—His return to England.—His services apparently undervalued by the Government.—His remark on that subject.—Picton again receives the thanks of the House of Commons.

During this protracted war the Spaniards and Portuguese had learned to respect and admire their British allies, and they now looked upon a separation from these companions with a feeling of regret. But other and closer ties were to be broken: those regiments belonging to the same divisions, which had so long been formed into a kind of fraternal band, were now about to be ordered into different parts of the world. In the third division especially this was much felt, as several regiments were ordered to embark for America.

As a proof of the error of the assertion that Sir Thomas Picton was not popular amongst

the officers and soldiers of his division, we may refer to the circumstances of his parting from the division at the close of this war. From the very best authorities, we are able to state that, with but one exception, a strong feeling of regret was evinced by every soldier of the division when "old Picton" inspected their ranks for the last time previous to his embarkation for England. The heartfelt, animating cheer,—the reply to his brief address as he thanked them for their gallant services and bade them farewell,—was, as he himself remarked, "a gratifying and convincing proof that the regiments composing 'the fighting division' would never forget their old general."

The officers of the division exhibited, however, a more substantial, but not more convincing proof of the esteem in which they held him: and it will hardly be believed by those who have heard that Sir Thomas Picton never reported the services of any officer under his command, or attempted to procure for them any reward, that those very officers whom he is thus accused of having neglected, before the division was broken up, subscribed amongst themselves a sum amounting to nearly sixteen

hundred pounds, for the purpose of presenting "*old Picton*" with a service of plate. One exception must, however, be made to this apparently universal sentiment of regard: this was on the part of the officers and men of the Eighty-eighth foot. This regiment has already been alluded to upon more than one occasion as having called forth the anger of General Picton. We have since been informed by an officer of distinguished rank who saw much of this regiment, that they were altogether the most singular set of fellows that ever handled a musket. "For days together," observed this officer, "they would be the most orderly, well-behaved soldiers; then all at once they would break out into the wildest and most irregular courses it is possible to conceive, pillaging everything spiritual or temporal; for being almost without exception Irish and good Catholics, they were always the first to find their way to church, when their love and veneration for the holy utensils made them greedily appropriate them to their own share, doubtless that they might not fall into the hands of their heretical comrades. But this was not all," added our in-

formant; "for frequently, just before going into battle, it would be found upon inspection that one half of the men of the Eighty-eighth regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging the cartridges for *aguardiente*, and substituting in their place pieces of wood cut and coloured to resemble them." Picton never found fault with their conduct in the field; but, on the contrary, gave them most unqualified praise whenever it was deserved; and this was often. But the frequent reprimands which he gave them for their behaviour upon other occasions, and which the officers in a great measure applied to themselves, produced a kind of ill feeling which was never entirely destroyed, and now broke forth in not a very Irish-like manner; for, almost without a single exception, the officers of this regiment declined subscribing towards this testimonial of respect and esteem from the 'fighting division' to their gallant general. With this exception, the feeling which dictated this offering was universal throughout the division. The money for the purchase of this plate was remitted to the Honourable Colonel H. R. Pakenham,

who was then detained in England by a severe wound, and he with some brother officers had the ordering and management of this handsome present.

The services of Sir Thomas Picton being no longer required, he embarked at Bordeaux upon his return home. But he was there doomed to suffer further disappointments, which, if they did not call forth any warmth of expression, caused him to feel deeply how little dependence could be placed on merit and long services, to obtain their reward, when brought in opposition to the more powerful claims of courtly favour and ministerial influence.

It will readily be believed, that those who had distinguished themselves in this glorious campaign were hailed upon their return to England with enthusiastic admiration. Amongst these Picton stood in a proud position. All was now rejoicing: and many who read these pages well remember the feelings of admiration with which the millions who attended the numerous spectacles in commemoration of the peace gazed upon those who had fought with Wellington throughout the Peninsula. The

often-tried Picton, the gallant leader of the "fighting division," was deservedly amongst the most popular of these.

Within a short period after Sir Thomas Picton's arrival in England, a Gazette was published, containing the names of the following distinguished officers who were elevated to the peerage:—Sir William Beresford (Viscount Beresford), Sir Thomas Graham (Lord Lynedoch), Sir Rowland Hill (Lord Hill), Sir John Hope (Hopetoun and Niddry), Sir Stapleton Cotton (Viscount Combermere).

The friends of Sir Thomas Picton were naturally disappointed, as they unhesitatingly asserted that the claims of General Picton were equally strong with more than one of those who had been thus rewarded. Can it then be a matter of surprise that Sir Thomas Picton, who was greedy of honour, and who was fond of the remark, and often used it, that "he never envied anybody excepting when they did something great," should now experience a feeling of silent reproach and degradation, when he saw his services thus passed over, and a decided and publicly marked preference shown to those officers with whom he thought he had at least

equal claims? The people of England were more familiar with his name than with some of those who were thus exalted; but Sir Thomas Picton could not deign to ask, and there were none to speak for him. His own spirited remark, when a friend asked him why his name was omitted amongst the new creation of peers, is characteristic of the man: "If the coronet were lying on the crown of a breach, I should have as good a chance as any of them," was his reply; and the world will *now* admit that there was no vanity in the assertion.

It appears that his Majesty's Ministers found it necessary to give some reason for this unaccountable omission, and *that* a more satisfactory one than the comparative merits of the parties. The following letter, however, which appeared in one of the daily papers at the time, will demonstrate the nature and justice of this ministerial vindication.

"SIR,

"You will confer a great personal obligation upon myself, as well as be the medium, I hope, of satisfying the curiosity of thousands, by inserting in your paper the following quære,

which will probably be answered by those who alone are competent to solve it:

"What is the reason that Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton has not been created a peer of parliament, as well as those distinguished officers whose names have appeared in the Gazette?

"I have, sir, a very extensive acquaintance in London, and am continually stopped by one person or another with the inquiry, 'Pray, colonel, can you tell me the reason why General Picton has been left out of the batch of peers?' As I do not *pretend* to know that of which I am really ignorant, I reply to my friends universally in the negative; and I content myself with asking them, what is the current solution of the problem? I am told, and indeed it is the only attempt at an answer which I have heard, that the reason is,—because the honours were thought to be due to those officers only, who had the good fortune to have had, at some time or another of the Peninsular war, what they call *distinct commands*; by which, I presume, they mean, *commanding corps* at a certain *distance* from the chief, although not *moving* without his orders.

"Give me leave here to assure you most sincerely, that in requesting you to offer this enigma to the public, and in presuming to give my reasons for not thinking the general reason so assigned a sufficient one, it is by no means my intention to throw any stigma upon the conduct of the Prince Regent's ministers for the advice which they have thought proper to give his Royal Highness on the occasion; still less is it my wish to sow the seeds of discontent amongst that class of officers who may, perhaps, conceive themselves equally entitled to this distinguished honour: quite the contrary. I do believe that the noble person who is supposed more particularly to direct those counsels is not only an honourable and disinterested man, but I have good reasons to think that he entertains a very high opinion of the abilities of Sir Thomas Picton.

"It is, therefore, with a view as much to relieve *them* from the imputations to which they are subject, that I solicit your publication of this letter. Now, sir, as to the particular reason before assigned for the exception of Sir Thomas Picton, I cannot bring myself to admit its validity; for, to hold good, the

reason must be general, as well as apply fully and completely to all the officers mentioned in the Gazette. This cannot be disputed. But is this the fact? Let us examine:—There are Sir William Beresford, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir John Hope, and Sir Stapleton Cotton. We shall take it for granted that the first three may be brought within *my* exposition of the words 'having had distinct commands.' Then come Sir John Hope and Sir Stapleton Cotton. The first was, on Sir Thomas Graham's leaving the army in the Peninsula, considered nominally, or *titularly*, as some classes would call it, second in command. He has been but a few months with the army; was left a few weeks at Bayonne to superintend the siege, and taken prisoner there.

"Sir Stapleton Cotton has commanded the cavalry: this is the sum of his good fortune. Now, sir, I beg to know, even in the strictest military definition that can possibly be given of this latter situation, whether it can *fairly* be considered to come under that class behind which, as it is said, his Majesty's Ministers entrench themselves, in the strict limitation of

the rule they appear to have prescribed to themselves. I contend not: I assert that it is no more than the mere command of a division of the army; that it is straining too hard for a distinction, to endeavour to support it by calling it a '*distinct command*;' and that, where the honour and feelings of an officer of such high rank, of such distinguished and acknowledged abilities, and of such a length of brilliant services, are intimately concerned, it is in my humble opinion an unlucky endeavour to find out *words* instead of reasons for the exception of Sir Thomas Picton.

"I shall say nothing as to the rank, fortune, or relative merits of those officers: they are all men of ancient families, good fortunes, and unquestionable characters. But, in the view which I take of the question, those points are quite immaterial. The question is, Is the reason assigned for Sir Thomas Picton's exception a good one? Does it admit of his feelings being at once reconciled to it? With a reason that does so, I shall be perfectly contented; and so I believe will be the whole army. But if it does not, or that he has not *refused* the proffered honour, then I assert without fear

of contradiction, that by thus excepting him, a positive injustice and insult have been offered to him.

I am, sir,

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."

As a solace for the disappointment which he had experienced in not meeting with that reward which his countrymen agreed he had earned, he was again called upon by the Commons of England to receive from them their thanks; this being the seventh time upon which he had been thus complimented by this honourable assembly. On the 24th of June, while Sir Thomas Picton was occupying his seat as member of that House, the Speaker rose and addressed him thus:

"Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, you stand amongst us this day to receive our thanks for great and signal victories won by British arms in the fields of France.

"Descending from the Pyrenees, surmounting in adverse seasons all the difficulties of a country deeply intersected, and passing with unparalleled skill and boldness the formidable torrents of Navarre, after a series of arduous and sanguinary conflicts you came up with the

collected forces of the enemy, posted upon the heights of Orthes. Attacked on all sides by British valour, the troops of France at length gave way, and commenced their retreat. Pressed, however, upon each flank, that retreat was soon changed into a flight, and that flight to a total rout. Pursuing their broken legions across the Adour, and seizing upon their strongholds and accumulated resources, you then laid open your way on the one hand to the deliverance of Bordeaux, and on the other to the lamented but glorious day of Toulouse.

"It has been your fortune to reap the latest laurels in this long and memorable war; and leading forward your victorious columns from the Tagus to the Garonne, you have witnessed, with arms in your hands, the downfall of that gigantic tyranny which your own prowess has so materially contributed to overthrow.

"Informed of these triumphant exploits, this House lost no time in recording its thanks to all who had bravely fought the battles of their country: but to those whom we glory to reckon amongst our own members, it is my duty and happiness to deliver those thanks personally,—and I do now accordingly, in the name and by

the command of the Commons of this United Kingdom, deliver to you their unanimous thanks for your able and distinguished conduct throughout all those operations, which concluded with the entire defeat of the enemy at Orthes, and the occupation of Bordeaux by the allied forces of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal."

The gallant Picton was only able upon this as upon a former occasion to express, in brief and simple terms, how deep were his feelings, and how totally unable he was to give them utterance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Thomas Picton retires into private life.—Elevated to the rank of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. — His independence as a Member of Parliament. — Recalled from his retirement by the return of Napoleon. — His consequent correspondence with the Duke of Wellington.— His last letter from home. — Presentiment of his death. — Anecdotes relative thereto. — His arrival at Brussels, and reception by the Duke of Wellington and the Army.— March of the troops to the field. — Enumeration of the forces under the command of Picton.—His advance to Quatre Bras. — Defeat of the French. — Anecdotes of the battle and of Picton. — Morning of the decisive battle of Waterloo.

Sir Thomas Picton now resolved to retire to his seat in Wales, and pass the remainder of his days in the quietude of a country life. He at this period expressed to several friends his determination to give up active service; in fact, to retire from the army: and with this intention he left London.

Sir Thomas Picton's circle of acquaintance was now greatly extended; the whole princi-

pality of Wales was proud of him and loud in his praise. He was contented, however, with the intimacy of a few choice friends, and with them he looked forward to enjoy the decline of life. Foreign as this wish may appear to his nature, and contrary to his professed inclinations, he nevertheless had firmly resolved to serve no longer in a public capacity. He had perhaps discovered that his unbending disposition would not advance him in his professional interests; and as he was by far too independent in spirit to endeavour to suit the manners of the age, he determined to leave for others that path which he could only follow with advantage by the sacrifice of his feelings.

Upon the extension of the Order of the Bath at the commencement of the year 1815, he was elevated to the rank of Knight Grand Cross, being the highest class of that distinguished order; and this was the last and utmost honour which was conferred upon himself or his family.

His time was now principally occupied in attending to his estate, and devising plans for the improvement of the surrounding country; for the activity of his mind would not allow of his remaining long at rest. His health had

been greatly impaired during the constant and arduous services in which he had been engaged for so many years, and in such a variety of climates. This did not, however, prevent him from being regular in the performance of his parliamentary duties, his conduct in which gave the most perfect satisfaction to his constituents. He did not pledge himself to any party, but, regardless of the favour of either, he gave his vote for or against any measure, as he considered it likely or not to benefit his country; and with this feeling he was justly considered as one of the few really constitutional members of that period. But he was not long to enjoy the repose of private life, or the honours of a representative for his country.

Napoleon was once more in the field. After breaking his parole, and every engagement into which he had entered when he abdicated the throne of France, he now again returned, breathing threats of vengeance against those who had deserted, and those who had subdued him. The excitement produced by this unexpected event is still well remembered. No time was lost by the allied powers in making efforts

to secure the peace of Europe; and it was soon apparent that a decisive blow would ere long be struck; for Napoleon was quickly at the head of a formidable army, ready to march against the first power that should take the field. England offered her millions to set the machine in motion, while every regiment which she could send forth was ordered to repair without delay to the Netherlands; at the same time that those officers who had distinguished themselves during the recent war were summoned from their retreats, again to meet the common enemy.

The note of warlike preparation was now sounding in all directions. Instead of the peace which the people of England had been so long anticipating, hostilities were about to be commenced with renewed activity. Sir Thomas Picton expected that he should be again called upon to take the field, and he was not long kept in suspense. An application was forwarded from the War Office, requiring him to join the army in the Netherlands under the Duke of Wellington's command. But the general hesitated: he had not exhausted his patriotism or his love for a military life; but

during his command of the third division he had, upon more than one occasion, been exposed to a variety of petty annoyances from officers, having intermediate commands between the commander of the forces and himself, and he now wrote to the Duke of Wellington, declaring his readiness to serve under his grace's command, but not under any other general officer; when, upon an assurance that he would be exclusively employed under the duke, he expressed his intention immediately to join the assembling forces.

This in some degree accounts for the delay which took place before Sir Thomas Picton repaired to the Netherlands; for it is not reasonable to suppose that the commander-in-chief would have neglected to call upon Sir Thomas Picton, or that his assistance would have been thought lightly of at such a period, when the whole moral and physical strength of the country was demanded to re-establish the peace of Europe. It has, however, been implied, in no friendly terms, that Sir Thomas Picton did not join the army at an earlier period, in consequence of the Duke of Wellington not having called upon him for his services

The enemies of Sir Thomas Picton did not hesitate to give publicity to the insinuation that the Duke of Wellington thought so lightly of his abilities, that he doubted whether or not he should call upon him to join at all. It is only necessary to remark, that such was not the fact; that which prevented Sir Thomas from immediately repairing to the scene of action being the reason already given: and it must be further observed, that he had, as before mentioned, made a resolution not to expose himself any further to the neglect which he had already experienced. Now, however, that he had come to the determination of again entering upon active service, he sent the following letter to his aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler, which possesses a melancholy interest, as being the last he wrote from home.

"Iscoed, 26th May 1815.

"My dear Tyler,

"You must get ready as soon as you can; and you will be so good as to communicate to Captains Chambers and Price that I have received orders for Flanders.

"Look out for some active horses, not above fifteen hands; but do not purchase without

the opinion of Mr. Price, who I dare say will give you all the assistance in his power. I shall bring up the old horse and the mare, and there is one in London. Three others will be about my mark. I shall be in town during the course of the next week.

"Yours faithfully,

"TH. PICTON."

"Carmarthen, 26th May 1815.

"Captain Tyler, 93rd Regiment,

"Davies Street, Berkeley Street, London.

Sir Thomas Picton forthwith made every preparation for the approaching campaign. He had a presentiment that it would be his last; and he did not hesitate in expressing to his friends the force of this impression. The calmness of his manner when he alluded to the subject made them at first hope that this anticipation might be the result of impaired health: but when it was known that he expressed this conviction in the most serious manner to the different branches of his family, and that he was arranging his affairs with all the exactness and attention of a man who knows that he has but a short time to live, the fact then became apparent. He never;

however, betrayed for one moment the slightest dread of the fate which he believed awaited him; and the following incident will illustrate the composure with which he anticipated death. He was walking during a fine evening, a few days before his departure, with Sir John and Lady ——, when they came to a churchyard, in which a grave was dug for the reception of some humble individual. The party was induced to ascend the newly thrown-up earth and look down. Sir Thomas Picton, after commenting upon the neatness with which it had been dug, observed, "Why, I think this would do for me;" at the same time that he jumped in and laid himself at full length along the bottom, with an observation that it was an exact fit. He scrambled out, when he was surprised to find Lady —— much affected, as she declared this incident was ominous of his fate. Picton only smiled, and tried to persuade her out of such melancholy reflections.

After having made every preparation, he left Wales and repaired to London, where he made a short stay among his numerous friends. Twice he expressed the conviction which had

taken such strong hold of his mind that he should die. In the one instance he observed to an intimate friend, "When you hear of my death, you will hear of a bloody day:" prophetic words which were but too faithfully verified. The second instance was when bidding adieu to the Honourable Colonel Pakenham, who was at the time prevented joining the army by a severe wound. "God bless you!" said the general as he shook him warmly by the hand; "if we never meet again, you will at all events *hear* of me." He had, in fact, determined to win all the honours that the most daring courage could obtain, or to fall in the attempt; and this determination he frequently expressed: he resolved not to leave an excuse for any neglect either to his name or memory.

Mr. Wynne, during a debate in the House of Commons, when reverting to this period of Sir Thomas Picton's career, observed, "He had heard that nearly the last words which the gallant Picton uttered before he left this country, were to express a hope, in the presence of two members of that House, that if he should fall, which he seemed to antici-

pate, he might not be forgotten, but receive the same distinctions that had been conferred upon other officers who had died in the service of their country." It will be seen that he never for one moment shrunk from the resolution which he had formed; but that, wherever danger was greatest, there he was foremost, until he found that heroic death which he neither sought nor shunned. His was not the daring of rashness or despair; if he exposed himself, it was not from any weariness or discontent of life; the lingering impression that death was in his path could not turn his steps or make him seek to avoid it.

On the 11th of June he left London, with his aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler; and on that day dined at the Fountain Tavern in Canterbury. This dinner was given to Sir Thomas Picton as a mark of respect and admiration by some of the inhabitants of the place; upon which occasion the general was as cheerful and his manner as unconcerned as in the happiest moments of his life. From Dover on the following day he embarked for Ostend, where he arrived early the next morning, the 13th. He here held a levee to receive the numerous

officers who were desirous of paying their respects to their old general.

At Ostend, at this period all was activity and confusion; troops and horses were landing day and night, while the whole *matériel* of war was rolling on to one point—Brussels. Sir Thomas Picton lost no time in pursuing the same route; and so soon as his horses and baggage were landed, he hastened forward, and arrived in that city on the evening of the 15th. The Duke of Wellington greeted his old companion in arms with a friendly warmth; and there can be no doubt but that his grace gained additional confidence as he beheld himself surrounded by so many of those distinguished soldiers who had been with him in his former hard-fought fields. Picton had never known defeat; and there was not a soldier in this hastily-collected army, many of whom were raw recruits, who was not anxious to serve under his command: for at such a moment as this, when all appears confusion, and the minds of men are excited beyond their usual tension, they turn to those who have been in many such scenes before, with a peculiar confidence. It will readily therefore be believed that Pic-

ton was greeted with shouts of congratulation as he appeared amongst the young and admiring soldiers: their veteran comrades, many of whom had seen him in the midst of death as calm as now, took delight in repeating to them the events of past days, when Picton led and they conquered.

The Duke of Wellington had just received information from Marshal Blucher, that the French army was in motion, and had commenced an attack upon the Prussians. This unexpected announcement quickly changed the scene of merriment which was going on in Brussels. Orders were issued for the troops to make every preparation to advance at a moment's notice; while the Duke of Wellington, surrounded by his generals, waited with some anxiety for further information. An officer who was present upon this occasion observes:

It was past midnight, and profound repose seemed to reign over Brussels, when suddenly the drums beat to arms, and the trumpet's loud call was heard from every part of the city. It is impossible to describe the effect of these sounds, heard in the silence of the night. We

were not long left in doubt of the truth; a second courier had arrived from Blucher. The attack had become serious; the enemy were in considerable force; they had taken Charleroi, and had gained some advantage over the Prussians, and our troops were ordered to march immediately to their support. Instantly every place resounded with martial preparations. There was not a house in which military were not quartered, and consequently the whole town was one universal scene of bustle. The soldiers were seen assembling from all parts in the Place Royale, with their knapsacks on their backs; some taking leave of wives and children; others sitting down unconcernedly upon the sharp pavement, waiting for their comrades; others sleeping upon packs of straw, surrounded by all the din of war; while bât-horses and baggage-waggons were loading, artillery and commissariat trains harnessing, officers riding in all directions, carts clattering, chargers neighing, bugles sounding, drums beating, and colours flying."

It is unnecessary to recapitulate all the details of the following days. Every incident connected with the battle of Waterloo is fresh

in the memory of our countrymen: every village and tree upon this sanguinary field has obtained immortality.

Sir Thomas Picton, immediately on his arrival, was appointed to the command of the reserve, consisting of above ten thousand men. It is, however, to be understood that his particular command was the fifth division, consisting of the following force:-

BRIGADES.	REGIMENTS.	FORCE.
8th brigade, Major-general Sir James Kempt.	28th foot	530
	32nd ditto	649
	79th ditto, 1st battalion	675
	95th ditto, ditto	542
9th brigade, Major-general Sir D. Pack.	1st ditto, 3rd ditto	592
	42nd ditto, 1st ditto	557
	44th ditto, 2nd ditto	424
	92nd ditto	586
Hanoverian 5th brigade, Colonel Vincke.	M. B. Hameln	585
	—— Hildesheim	575
	—— Peina	550
	—— Giffhorn	550
	Total	6,815

The remainder of the reserve being composed of the sixth division, consisting of the

10th brigade, Major-general Lambers	2,401
Hanoverian 4th brigade, Colonel Best	2,345
7th brigade, Major-general Mackenzie	2,500
8th brigade	

The Duke of Wellington being now confident in the opinion which he had formed of Napoleon's intended point of attack, arranged his plans so as to co-operate with the movements of Blucher at Ligny. It may not be superfluous to state, that the enemy's grand object at this period was, either to defeat the army of Wellington or that of Blucher before the one could receive any support from the other; or, failing in that object, to gain such a position between the two armies, that their communication should be cut off, and their junction rendered impossible. This was the basis of Napoleon's plans, and it was for the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher to defeat them.

The Duke of Wellington was convinced that the French would renew their attack on Blucher's position on the following day, the 16th. It would appear that he fully expected that the Prussians would be enabled to keep their ground; but, to guard against the accidents of war, the army of the Netherlands, consisting of between five and six thousand men, was ordered to march to Quatre Bras, while several other corps of the army were to move in the same direction.

The fifth division was, however, to advance with the utmost expedition to support the army of the Netherlands, in case the French should attack the position at Quatre Bras. Upon receiving these orders, Sir Thomas Picton hastened forward his troops; and before morning they were all marching, full of confidence and courage, towards the scene of expected hostilities. Sir Thomas himself left Brussels just after daylight, accompanying the Duke of Wellington and his numerous staff. Picton was at this period in more than usually good spirits; and, as he passed through the city, seeing many of his old companions in arms, he accosted them in the most familiar and encouraging manner.

As had been anticipated, the French made an attack upon the troops of the Netherlands at Quatre Bras, first by skirmishing, in which the Belgians behaved with some degree of courage. This commenced as early as five o'clock in the morning, and was continued without any more important movement or any decided success until the middle of the day: then the enemy, having sent fresh troops to support their advance, succeeded in forcing the Belgians to

give way. But at this moment the British colours were seen waving in the distance, and the scarlet jackets hastening through the standing corn.

Sir Thomas Picton, as he approached the field with his division, had heard the continued and increasing fire kept up by the skirmishers, which made him push forward to the support of the Belgians, and by this means he succeeded in reaching Quatre Bras before any other British force. Nearly at the same time, however, the first division of Brunswickers, led by the gallant duke, arrived to share with Picton and his soldiers, the honour of arresting the progress of the French in this first stage to Waterloo.

The Prince of Orange was anxiously looking for the arrival of some of his allies, when he was gladdened by the spectacle of this reinforcement pouring forward with steady but quick steps to relieve his almost exhausted troops. Before half-past two in the afternoon, fourteen thousand men were in the field. These consisted of Picton's division, six thousand eight hundred and fifteen; first division of Brunswick Oels, five thousand; one regiment

of Brunswick cavalry, containing about nine hundred; and the Second Belgian Hussars, amounting to one thousand two hundred men.

The force which the enemy had now concentrated to attack this position amounted to forty thousand men, under the intrepid Ney: the odds were therefore fearful; but the firmness of the allies was not shaken by the reported strength of their opponents. As the different regiments arrived on the ground, they instantly took up the posts to which they were directed by their respective commanders.

Immediately it was perceived by the enemy that this additional force had taken the field, Ney moved down with two columns of infantry and a cloud of cavalry to the attack. The English and Brunswickers had but just taken up their ground, when they were exposed to a furious and galling fire from the immense park of artillery attached to this wing of the French army. The receding smoke showed the advancing columns rushing on to break the line of the allies: the brunt of this movement fell upon Picton's soldiers, and "Sir Thomas Picton's 'superb division' was singly engaged with the enemy for nearly two hours,

Every man fought with a desperation which no language can describe." Picton was himself amongst his soldiers, calling upon them to stand firm and receive the enemy with a steady front. A murderous conflict now commenced; a rolling discharge of musketry from Picton's line was replied to with deadly rapidity and closeness by that of the French: the havoc was terrible; but Picton was in the midst, watching the progress of the fight; wherever death was thickest, there could he be seen encouraging—exhorting the soldiers to be firm!

After the French infantry had been repulsed, and before the heavy smoke had cleared off, the cavalry came down to the charge. The English were instantly formed into squares to receive them. Upon the steadiness and celerity with which this was executed depended the safety of the men: then it was that Picton's calmness and penetration were conspicuous in watching and directing each movement; before the French cavalry was upon them, the squares were closed up.

"Another furious onset was then made by the Lancers, which obliged General Kempt to take refuge in the square; but they again re-

pulsed their assailants; and at that moment Sir Thomas Picton riding up, ordered them to advance, for the enemy were giving way. Picton led them to the charge himself, and they drove the French from their position with great loss."*

In reference to this movement, and the enemy's cavalry having surrounded the British squares; Captain Kincaid also makes the following remarks:† "This was a crisis in which, according to Bonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs by all the rules of war, for they had superior numbers both before and behind us: but the gallant old Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in these matters. Despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front; which created such a panic amongst the others, that they galloped back through the intervals in his division, with no other object in view than their own safety."

But the progress and result of this sanguinary preface to the battle of Waterloo are too well known to require repetition here. Towards

* Mudford. † Adventures of the Rifle Brigade.

evening fresh troops arrived at Quatre Bras, and the struggle was continued until dark with unabated fury. The many heroic feats that were performed upon this memorable day are all recorded; and never was the courage of our army more called for, and never was it more brilliantly displayed, than in resisting the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The vital importance of this point, by which the line of communication with Blucher and his army was maintained, rendered success of the utmost importance; and perhaps the Duke of Wellington could not have evinced more satisfactorily the high esteem in which he held the military judgment and skill of Sir Thomas Picton, than by appointing him to command the British forces at Quatre Bras; and all who saw him upon that occasion concur in stating that his confidence was well placed. For awhile he was in chief command of the troops engaged in this battle; for the Duke of Wellington, after having ordered the dispositions to receive the attack, rode across the country to Bry, to arrange with Blucher the subsequent movements of the allied armies.

Marshal Ney, finding that he could not suc-

ceed in forcing this position, at night desisted from the attack, and left the allies in quiet possession of the field which they had so nobly but dearly won; and the living slept amidst five thousand of their dead and dying comrades. The loss of the French was supposed to have been much greater; but the policy of Napoleon would not allow of any returns being made,—in fact, he boasted that he had gained a victory,—that the vanquished English were flying before his victorious soldiers.

While this battle was being fought by Ney at Quatre Bras, Napoleon himself was with the remainder of his army attacking the Prussians in the neighbourhood of Ligny, Bry, and Sombrel. Blucher and his soldiers fought long and bravely; a mortal and personal enmity appeared to exist between the two armies, for they slaughtered each other without mercy, neither asking nor giving quarter. The fight was continued with this sanguinary feeling from three in the afternoon until the approach of night, when the French succeeded in forcing the Prussian army to abandon the field.

The bulletins of the Emperor announced two victories of the most dazzling description as

the work of the 16th. Blucher would be heard of no more, they said; and Wellington, confounded and amazed, was already within the jaws of ruin," *

If anything could have removed the fatal presentiment of his approaching death, which still existed in the mind of Sir Thomas Picton, it would have been his remarkable escape through the perils of the 16th. He observed to his aide-de-camp, Captain Tyler, that he never had had so hard a day's fighting; and added, "I shall begin to think that I cannot be killed after this."

The night of the 16th was cold and wet; but the exhausted troops slept soundly on the field of Quatre Bras. Towards daylight they were however aroused by some skirmishing between the outposts, and it was supposed that the enemy were about to renew the attack. The allies were soon under arms; but no enemy was visible, and they in consequence proceeded to pay those attentions to the wounded which the darkness had prevented them from doing during the night.

A great change was now made in the Duke

* Life of Napoleon.

of Wellington's plans. The defeat of the Prussians compelled him to fall back, in order to keep up his communication with Marshal Blucher; who had instantly, after the reverse which his troops had experienced, despatched a courier to make the duke acquainted with his future movements. The English general had brought up nearly the whole of his force to Quatre Bras; but, upon receiving intimation of the defeat which the Prussians had sustained, a retrograde movement was ordered, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th the allied forces were falling back upon the field of Waterloo.

Sir Thomas Picton was much inconvenienced during this day for want of a horse; that which had carried him on the 16th was injured; and as his staff servants, who were fresh from England, could not be found during the night, he was under the necessity of taking a trooper's horse; and we are assured that the general was riding about on the 17th upon a horse without a saddle; while Captain Tyler, who was constantly with him during the whole of this day, was mounted on a pony with a halter. Towards night, however, the servants came

back; when the account which they gave of themselves caused the general and his staff no little amusement. Picton commenced reprimanding them in rather severe terms for presuming to leave the field; but one of the men, who undertook to be spokesman on the occasion, explained their absence by saying, "About the middle of the battle of the day previous, the shot had flown about them so thick, although a good way in the rear, that they all agreed it was better to go farther off, for fear some of the *horses* should be hurt." This quite disarmed the general of his anger, and he laughed heartily at the simplicity of this careful guardian of his property.

Before night the whole of the allied army was formed in position on the plains of Waterloo. The soldiers were ordered to sleep upon their arms; for it was known that Napoleon was now concentrating the whole of his force against this point, and a great battle was fully expected to take place on the morrow.

But, as before observed, it is not our object to recapitulate the details of this eventful day; although, in order to follow the subject of this memoir to the termination of his glorious career

it will be necessary to relate some few particulars immediately connected with that event.

The tempestuous night of the 17th was passed by both armies on the field, which were exposed to all its inclemency. Sir Thomas Picton sought a few hours' repose in a small cottage in the village of Waterloo; and, for some time after the battle, his name was written in chalk upon the door:—there he slept last!

The morning was wet; but between nine and ten the weather became clear. Picton was on the field at daylight, watching the movements of the enemy, and making every preparation for the approaching conflict. He was constantly being recognised by some of his old soldiers, and many a hearty cheer welcomed him upon this last morning of his earthly career. He fully anticipated the stern nature of the battle which was about to ensue; and doubtless then felt that silent conviction on his mind which he had so often expressed, and which was so fatally realized within a few hours.

At half-past eleven the battle began on the right by an attack on the Chateau of Hougoumont. The obstinate defence of this building,

together with the surrounding wood, is well known: this was, in fact, the key of the British position, and its loss would consequently have exposed the whole line of the allies."

Picton, with his "superb division," as it was justly called from being composed of some of the finest regiments in the army, was posted on the road to Wavre, behind a straggling hedge, which extended from the farm of La Haye Sainte to Ter la Haye. This hedge is called straggling, because it was broken, and in some parts nearly levelled with the ground; and the troops were in consequence exposed to the attacks of cavalry, and not even protected from the enemy's artillery.

But Napoleon, finding so much difficulty in making any impression on the left of the allied position, now sent some heavy masses of infantry against the left of the centre, on the right of the road to Brussels. This force advanced, supported by about eighty pieces of artillery, which opened upon the British line. A brigade of Dutch formed Picton's centre; Sir James Kempt, with the Seventy-ninth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-second, on their right; and Sir Dennis Pack, with the

Scotch brigade, consisting of the Ninety-second, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, and First, on their left; and again, on the left of these regiments, the Hanoverian brigade, under Brigade-colonel Vincke. As the enemy's formidable mass of infantry advanced against Picton's position, they were received with a most destructive fire from the British artillery, which was ranged along the whole front of his line: this swept down hundreds, but the columns still advanced. Some Belgian infantry were posted a short distance in front of the fifth division; Picton rather distrusted the steadiness of these troops: and about this period Captain Tyler, who was by his side when the French were coming up, observed, "I am sure, general, the Belgians will run." "Never mind," said he; "they shall have a taste of it, at all events." The truth of Captain Tyler's remark was, however, immediately evident; as the French no sooner came within musket range, than these troops fled with precipitation. And now came that contest in which Picton fell.

CHAPTER XV.

Battle of Waterloo.—Death of Sir Thomas Picton.—His concealment of a previous wound.—Announcement of his death in the House of Commons.—His body conveyed to England.—The Funeral.—National monument to the memory of Picton in St. Paul's Cathedral.—Pillar erected at Carmarthen to commemorate his services.

The French columns were marching close up to the hedge; the English advanced to meet them, and the muzzles of their muskets were almost touching. Picton ordered Sir James Kempt's brigade forward: they bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. A frightful struggle then ensued; the English rushed with fury upon their opponents, not stopping to load, but trusting solely to the bayonet to do their deadly work. The French fire had, however, fearfully thinned this first line, and they were fighting at least six to one. Picton, therefore, ordered General

Pack's brigade to advance. With the exhilarating cry of "Charge! Hurra! hurra!" he placed himself at their head, and led them forward. They returned his cheer as they followed him with a cool determination, which, in the words of the Spanish chief Alava, "appalled the enemy."

The general kept at the head of their line, stimulating them by his own example. According to the Duke of Wellington's despatch, "This was one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position." To defeat it was therefore of vital importance to the success of the day. Picton knew this, and doubtless felt that his own presence would tend greatly to inspire his men with confidence. He was looking along his gallant line, waving them on with his sword, when a ball struck him on the temple, and he fell back upon his horse—dead. Captain Tyler, seeing him fall, immediately dismounted and ran to his assistance; with the aid of a soldier he lifted him off his horse; but all assistance was vain—the noble spirit was fled.

The rush of war had passed on, the contend-

ing hosts had met, and none could be idle at such a moment. Tyler, therefore, placed the body of his lamented friend and general beneath a tree, by which he could readily find it when the fight was done; and he rode forward to report to Sir James Kempt the loss which the army had sustained. That general, as senior officer, immediately assumed the command of the division: but "Picton's intrepid example had done its work. Animated by their gallant chief, the men fought with a degree of fury which nothing could appal or resist: at one moment formed into squares, they received and repulsed the dreadful assaults of the lancers and cuirassiers; at another deploying into lines, their vigorous arm and undaunted courage drove back the enemy's masses at the point of the bayonet."*

How the British fought, and how they conquered upon this day, is already fully recorded upon the pages of many a history. As long as the name of Waterloo shall be repeated with national exultation, so long will

* Mudford.

Picton's death be remembered as one of the noblest of the sacrifices by which that victory was purchased.

When the sanguinary struggle had ceased, and the victorious English were called back to the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to pursue the enemy, Captain Tyler went in search of the body of his old general, with feelings which even the events of the day and its surrounding horrors could scarcely moderate. He found it easily. Upon examination, the ball was discovered to have entered near the left temple and passed through the brain, which must have produced instant dissolution: after this, meeting with some resistance, it glanced downwards, and was found just under the skin near the articulation of the lower jaw.

Upon looking at the dress of Sir Thomas Picton in the evening of the 18th, a few hours after his fall, it was observed that his coat was torn on one side. This led to a further examination, and then the truth became apparent:—on the 16th he had been wounded at Quatre Bras; a musket-ball had struck him and broken two of his ribs, besides producing some further bodily, and it was supposed internal, injuries:

but, expecting that a severe battle would be fought within a short time, he kept this wound secret, lest he should be solicited to absent himself upon the occasion. Regardless of every selfish consideration, he only divulged this secret to an old servant, with whose assistance he bound up the wound; and then, with a command over his 'feelings' almost incredible, he continued to perform his arduous duties. The night of the 16th and the whole of the following day he was in constant activity. By the morning of the 18th the wound had assumed a serious aspect; but the assurance that the French were about to attack the British position roused every energy of his almost exhausted frame; he subdued his bodily anguish; and when the moment came which called for his great example, the hand of death, which it is supposed was even then upon him from the wound alluded to, could not, while sufficient life yet remained, check for a moment his zeal and courage.

The following brief recapitulation of Sir Thomas Picton's death was made by General Gascoyne in the House of Commons on the night of the 29th of June :—

In the battle of Quatre Bras, previous to the great victory of the 18th, he had been dangerously wounded. From the moment he had left this country until he joined the army, he had never entered any bed—he had scarcely given himself time to take any refreshment, so eager was he in the performance of his duty. After the severe wound which he had received, he would have been justified in not engaging in the action of the 18th. His body was not only blackened by it, but even swelled to a considerable degree: those who had seen it wondered that he should have been able to take part in the duties of the field. He had afterwards fallen gloriously at the head of his division, maintaining a position which, if it had not been kept, would have altered the fate of the day, and its issue might have been different from that which now occasioned such well-founded rejoicings."

In so bad a state was the wound which Picton had received on the 16th, that it was supposed that, from its being neglected, from the great personal exertions which he had gone through, and the excitement necessarily attendant upon so great a victory, the result

would have been fatal, even had he escaped entirely on the 18th.

Of Picton's four aides-de-camp, not one remained unhurt after this sanguinary battle; Captain Barrington Price was rode over by a charge of cuirassiers, and died a few months afterwards; Captain Algernon Langton was wounded on the 16th, and on the 18th Captain C. Chambers was killed; Captain Tyler was also slightly wounded.* Picton's remains were conveyed to Brussels, where they were placed under a guard of honour until Tyler

* This officer experienced the following most singular and providential escape upon this occasion:—Early in the morning of the 18th, Sir Thomas Picton, surrounded by his staff, was observing the movements of the French from a slight eminence near the position occupied by his division. This cavalcade of officers being observed by the enemy, they despatched a couple of guns to try to compel them to retire. After firing several rounds without any effect, or meeting with much attention, they at length succeeded in getting a better range. This was evinced by a shot striking Captain Tyler's horse directly on the hind-quarters, shattering the unfortunate animal in the most distressing manner. Before, however, he had quite fallen, two musket-balls struck him, the one in the head, and the other in the shoulder. But, strange as it may appear, this was nearly all the injury which these shot did; for Captain Tyler escaped with a slight wound in the knee, and some severe bruises by the fall of his horse.

received further orders respecting their destination. This was indeed a duty which called for all the fortitude of his nature. Sir Thomas Picton had been to him more than an officer. During the last years of the Peninsular campaigns he had been constantly with him, his companion and friend: he had left England with him a few days before, full of life and energy—he now lay before him a corpse!

When it was known to the Duke of Wellington that the body of his old general was in Brussels, his grace directed that Tyler should convey it to England, where he expressed a wish that it might be received and interred with every honour due to his distinguished merit. Having received these instructions, Captain Tyler made every preparation for his melancholy journey. By slow steps he proceeded to Ostend, where the cavalcade embarked for England.

When arrived in the Downs, so soon as it was known that the ship which carried her flag half-mast high bore the body of Sir Thomas Picton, every vessel there assumed the same funereal form; and when the coffin

was lowered into the boat to be conveyed ashore at Deal, the men-of-war fired minute-guns in honour of the dead. Upon reaching the land, a procession, formed of all the naval and military in the place, was waiting to receive the body, and accompany it on the road to Canterbury; where, by a strange coincidence, the remains of Sir Thomas Picton were placed in the very same room at the Fountain Hotel in which he had that day fortnight been entertained by his friends. The funereal pall, surrounded by the war-worn veterans who had been selected for the guard of honour, seen in the faint glimmer which found its way through the closed shutters, — this was the change which had come over the scene.

On the whole line of road, wherever it was known that this mournful group was attending the body of a Waterloo hero, and that that hero was Sir Thomas Picton, every means were employed to express the high sense which the public entertained of his merits. When the body reached London, it was immediately conveyed to a house which he had long occupied, No. 21, Edward-street, Portman-

square; all the members of his family who could possibly attend being in town to receive it.

It was moved by General Gascoyne in the House of Commons, that the ashes of Sir Thomas Picton should be deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral; but the subject was allowed to drop, and it was at length determined that the body should be interred in the family vault, in the burial-ground of St. George's Hanover-square;* and so soon as this was made public, a great number of noblemen, officers, and gentlemen sent to announce their intention to follow the body to the grave.

The funeral took place on the 3rd of July, and the body was followed by a vast concourse of people. The most profound silence reigned among the assembled multitude, as the remains were lowered into the tomb.

It now merely remains to observe, that his country, grateful for his services, resolved to raise a tablet to his memory, which should hand to posterity the estimation in which he was held.

* The burial-ground of this parish is situated in the Bayswater-road, a short distance from the end of Oxford-street.

On the 29th of June 1815, Lord Castlereagh moved in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions that a national monument be erected in honour of the splendid victory of Waterloo, and to commemorate the fame of the officers and men of the British army who fell gloriously upon the 16th and 18th of the present month, and more particularly of Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton and Major-general the Honourable Sir William Ponsonby."

Mr. Wynne upon this remarked, that he "was anxious that distinct monuments should be erected to those two general officers who were mentioned in the motion; especially when it was recollected what their services were, and in how many hard-fought battles they had participated."

Lord Castlereagh warmly seconded the suggestion of the honourable member, observing, "that the House might readily accede to it, as they had only one object in view,—that of distinguishing the eminent services of those lamented officers. He would, therefore, sub-

join, as an amendment to the original motion, 'And that funeral monuments be also erected in memory of each of those two officers in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London.'"

A monument was, in consequence, erected in the north-west transept of that cathedral, having a bust of Picton on the summit of a marble column, with an emblematic group, consisting of Fame, Genius, and Courage; the base bearing the following inscription:

Erected at the public expense,
To LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, K.G.C.B.
Who, after distinguishing himself in the victories of
Busacos, Fuentes de Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,
Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse,
Terminated his long and glorious military services
In the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo,
To the splendid success of which
His GENIUS and VALOUR eminently contributed,
On the XVIIIth of June M.DCCC.XV.

But a still more costly edifice was some years afterwards erected at Carmarthen in commemoration of the brilliant services of this distinguished soldier. A subscription was, in consequence, set on foot, and in the course of a short time a sufficient sum was collected to construct a monument worthy of the name of Picton; and amongst the earliest subscribers

to this national undertaking was his Majesty King George IV. who directed the following gratifying communication to be forwarded to the treasurer:

"Whitehall, May 5th, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"Inclosed I have the pleasure of sending you a draft for one hundred guineas, being the sum which the King has been graciously pleased to contribute towards the erection of a monument at Carmarthen to the memory of Sir Thomas Picton.

"His Majesty is gratified by this opportunity of marking the estimation in which he holds the name and services of that gallant and distinguished officer.

"I am, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"J. Jones, Esq. &c."

On the 16th of August 1825, the first stone of this edifice was laid by Lady Dynevor.*

This elegant structure was not completed until August 1828, when it was opened to

* See Appendix.

the public view. A procession, consisting of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country, proceeded from the Guildhall for this purpose. In this procession were sixty Waterloo veterans, carrying silk banners, bearing in letters of gold the names of the different battles in which the gallant Picton had fought. Upon the arrival of the procession at the column, the member for Carmarthen, J. Jones, Esq. addressed a few words to the assembled crowd, in allusion to the occasion.

Ireland's national bard, Moore, must have fitly appreciated the character of Picton, since he has in the following stanzas paid that tribute to his memory which, as in ancient times, was the poet's meed for heroic acts.

Oh! give to the hero the death of the brave,
On the field where the might
Of his deeds shed a light
Through the gloom which o'ershadows the grave.

Let him not be laid on the feverish bed,
There to waste through the day,
Like a taper, away,
And live till the spirit be dead.

Oh no! let him lie on Fame's deathbed of pride,
On the hoof-beaten strand,
With his sword in his hand,
And a fresh welling wound in his side.

No—not with the stealth of disease should he die;
He should bound o'er the flood
Of his fame and his blood,
To the glory that waits him on high!

For the lifeblood whose stream to our country is given,
In the pride of its worth
Shall be hallowed on earth,
And the soul shall be honoured in heaven.

Such fate, gallant Picton! was thine, when the few
Who survived thee in fight
Won the day by the light
That thy deeds shed around Waterloo!

MOORE.

CONCLUSION.

Character of Sir Thomas Picton. — Anecdotes of him. — Character of Picton in a letter from the Duke of Wellington.

HAVING thus followed Sir Thomas Picton through his splendid career to his glorious death, it remains but to make a few remarks upon his character as a private man and as a soldier.

In private life he was kind and generous, warm in his friendships, but strong in his enmities. He had a strict sense of honour, which would not admit of the slightest misconstruction or prevarication; it was to him one straight line, from which he never swerved, even in thought. The artificial forms of society were in many instances too nearly allied to deception to meet with his approbation; and this made his manners too unstudied and natural to be polite in the modern acceptation of the term.

In him there was no sacrifice of opinion or tacit acquiescence for the sake of obtaining favour. He was generous almost to a fault, and his purse was open to all who came with a tale of distress. A gentleman who knew Sir Thomas Picton intimately, and who does not hesitate in acknowledging that he was himself an object of his munificence, observes; that "he was the most generous of men; the warmth of his heart or the extent of his liberality knew no bounds; but this only appeared to those beneath him, together with the poor and miserable—to these he was ever kind and considerate; while to rank or presumption he was unbending and uncompromising. But perhaps the extraordinary degree of feeling possessed by Sir Thomas Picton cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote which came under my own observation.

"I was one day riding with him on horseback a short distance out of town, when an Irish beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, came by the side of his horse, and commenced asking alms in the usual dolorous tone of this class of mendicants. Our horses were walking, and we were deeply engaged in conver-

sation. I happened to know this woman's face, and had always strongly suspected that she was an impostor; so, seeing the general fix his eyes upon her with some degree of attention, I imagined that he was about to relieve her, and therefore expressed to him my suspicions; upon which he desired her in rather a severe tone to be gone, and turning his head we continued our conversation. The woman, however, with national perseverance, still trudged on by the general's side, looking piteously up in his face, and pouring forth a strain of natural eloquence, depicting in strong colours a long train of miseries. I suspected my companion's attention was gradually leaving the subject of our discourse, as his replies lost much of their usual force, and he seemed absent. The woman (doubtless a better judge of the effect produced upon the object of her solicitation) opened a fresh battery, held up her babe, said she had four more at home unable to crawl from disease and starvation; that her husband was dying on the floor, without a morsel of food or a soul to give him a drink of water, while she came out half-mad to rob, or beg a few halfpence to make his last moments comfortable. God

knows, this tale might have been true; it made me relent, and forget my suspicions; but General Picton did more: the woman added something to what she had already said,—I think, that her husband had been a soldier. The general had not uttered a word for nearly two minutes; and as she continued heightening the picture of her woes, I could perceive the blood rushing to his face, until no longer able to bear the contention of his feelings, and unwilling to believe all he had heard, he cried out in a most singular tone, as if almost stifled by the fulness of his breast, *Voici!* threw her a piece of gold, and then, without any notice to me, put spurs to his horse, and it was some time before I could overtake him.

It is unnecessary to multiply the instances which might be given in proof of the kindness and benevolence of Sir Thomas Picton's heart. In passion, the most humane man may inflict an injury;—his reason for the moment is estranged, and when he returns to himself he generally suffers more real pain than he has inflicted. Sir Thomas Picton was accused of possessing a cruel disposition. It is those who knew him best, who are most thoroughly convinced that the accusation is wholly unfounded.

A great and apparent change was however produced upon the character of Picton by the incidents of his life; he was naturally candid, open, and confiding, thinking every man as honourable as himself. But his whole disposition underwent a change in consequence of the persecution he had to endure; and its long continuance caused in him a moroseness foreign to his nature, which was rather increased by the scanty reward bestowed upon his services. Had there been the least disposition to cruelty in the breast of Sir Thomas Picton, it is only reasonable to suppose that it would have been augmented by the severe mortifications and injustice to which he had been subjected; but this was not the case. Whenever a city or fortress was taken, his indefatigable exertions to save the unfortunate inhabitants from the lawless soldiery are well known by all who served under his command: upon all these occasions he appeared to make their cause his own, and he frequently risked his own life in order to save others. To his men he was always kind and considerate; and some old soldiers who are still enjoying the comforts of Chelsea Hospital, and who served under him, yet remember and

speak of him in the most gratifying terms for his general attention to their comforts.*

Perhaps the disposition was never more strongly portrayed in the expression of the countenance than in that of Sir Thomas Picton. Lavater would have pointed to him as an evidence of the truth of his system. Firmness, penetration, courage, honour, and decision, were strongly marked when his features were in a quiescent state; while energy, candour, sym-

* One of them, who was a serjeant in the Forty-fifth, thus spoke of him,

"General Picton, or 'old Picton,' as we used to call him, was always very well liked by the division: he was very strict sometimes — in particular about any little bit of plunder that the men would sometimes pick up; and he used always to be talking about how wrong it was to take from the poor people because the countries happened to be at war. He used to have the men flogged when they were found out: but when he flogged, many others took life; so our fellows always thought 'old Picton,' a very kind general. Besides this, the men always thought he had their welfare at heart; for every soldier in the division knew that if he had anything to complain of, 'old Picton' would listen to him, and, if he could, set him right. As to his fighting, I always thought that it was he who made the third division what it was. Somehow the men never used to trouble their heads about anything but fighting when they went into battle; for they all depended so entirely upon the general to know what the enemy was doing in our front and on our flanks, that they never bothered their heads about anything but what he ordered them to do; and I really think that if

pathy, and benevolence, were by turns expressed in the features as these qualities arose in the mind. But in moments of excitement, when the fiery temperament of his nature was called forth, his whole countenance betrayed the overwhelming influence of passion; and he then gave utterance to a storm of bitter reproofs, which, for awhile, subdued the most disorderly to good behaviour.

the general had placed himself in the thickest fire we were ever in, that, so long as he remained, his division would have stayed with him to a man."

Another, who served during the whole time that Picton commanded the third division, takes particular delight in repeating the following incident. He had told it over and over again in the guard-room as *his* tale, and dwells upon it now as the only instance in which he was thrown in immediate communication with his general. It is here given in his own words. His name is Jonathan Reynolds. "I was a serjeant in the Fifth foot. One day, while we were in the Pyrenees, there was a general movement in the whole army. The captain of my company, Captain Culley, commanded the light companies of the Fifth, Eighty-third, and Eighty-seventh regiments. We were lying under some heights, when our general, Sir Thomas Picton, came up. After looking about him for a moment, he desired Captain Culley to send a serjeant and six file round a corner that hid us from the enemy. I was ordered upon this duty; and Sir Thomas Picton spoke to me before I went, and told me not upon any account to let my men fire, and to keep as much under cover as possible. He then told the captain,

With a disposition so frank and generous, great natural abilities, a strong desire for information, tenacious memory, and an eloquent flow of language, it will readily be believed that he must have been an ornament to social life: in fact, he has left a most enviable impression; and all who knew him now speak of his loss with strong feelings of regret. We cannot better conclude these remarks

that as soon as the signal gun had fired, he was to advance with the three companies and carry a hill occupied by the French just round the corner where I was to be posted: and before he went away he said to Captain Culley, that he should be there himself in about half-an-hour. 'Oh, then,' said my captain, who was a droll old soldier, 'I suppose I must be there in a quarter of an hour to get things ready for you.' The general smiled and then rode off. When I and my men had got round the corner, we could see a number of French officers reconnoitring on the hill. But the signal gun soon fired, and the companies advanced, when we fell in, and soon drove the enemy from their position. There was very little to do; and we only lost one man, a corporal of the Eighty-seventh, besides a bugle-man wounded. We drove the enemy above a mile and a-half, and halted near three houses, the Caçadores having come up with us. When Sir Thomas Picton and his staff arrived, Captain Culley spoke to him just by me, and said, 'General, my three companies have done all the work: I hope you will give them comfortable quarters.'—'Well, Culley,' said the gallant old general, 'there are three houses, put a company into each—that's the best I can do for you.'

than by quoting the following corroboration of our opinion by a distinguished officer, to whom we are greatly indebted for many interesting particulars of his life.

"Sir Thomas Picton was uniformly so kind to me during frequent, and sometimes prolonged, occasions of intercourse in Spain, that I cannot fail bearing him in the most affectionate remembrance. I feel also on higher grounds than personal sentiments, the strongest reason to respect his character as that of a thorough good man and soldier. A very wrong impression was formed of him by the world in general. He had certainly but little of the courtier about him; but an abruptness of manner was added to, in effect, by a rigid countenance and appearance which amounted to roughness and to a seeming hardness of disposition; yet there never was a man more thoroughly kind-hearted and benevolent."

The abilities of General Picton as a soldier are attested by actions which need no commentary; but it is justly observed that "any officer, however high his rank or great his abilities, who served under the command of

the Duke of Wellington, must necessarily have been obscured by the lustre of his grace's fame;" and this reflection may justify a few observations upon the military character of Sir Thomas Picton.

As remarked in the early pages of this memoir, General Picton had made the art of war his principal study; but this alone would never have made him what he was,—one of the most distinguished officers under the Duke of Wellington's command; in fact, as he was sometimes styled, "*his right hand.*" A strong power of combination, great foresight, calm judgment, unshaken nerve, and undaunted courage;*—these qualities it was which fitted him so admirably for the profession which he had

* A rather singular instance of this part of Sir Thomas Picton's character is contained in the following anecdote, which has recently been going the rounds of the periodicals. It alludes to Ireland the famous gymnast.

"Sir Thomas Picton, a man of unquestionable courage, went to witness the exhibition of Ireland throwing a somerset over a dozen grenadiers, standing at "present arms," with fixed bayonets: but when he saw the men placed, he trembled like a leaf, and kept his head down whilst Ireland jumped; nor did he look up until he had first asked, "Has he done it?" when assured he had, he said, "A battle is nothing to that."—*New Monthly Magazine, January* 1835.

chosen, and which enabled him to reach that eminence which mere study and experience could never otherwise attain. "He had," observes one who knew him long, and had many opportunities of observing the bent of his disposition, "a firmness of mind, independent of animal courage, which was remarkably striking. The train of his ideas, for instance, was always turned, even in the hours of greatest difficulty, rather upon the enterprises which we could undertake against the enemy, than upon the injury which they could do to us; and his actions, if in chief command, would have been more offensive than defensive."

The remarks made by Colonel Napier upon the military abilities of Sir Thomas Picton, and which have already been alluded to, are certainly not supported by the evidence of his actions. Colonel Napier wishing to draw a comparison between Picton and Crawfurd, first proves that they were composed of such conflicting elements that they did not often meet without a quarrel, and then he implies that they were each compared to the Duke of Wellington by some ignorant people. It must be obvious to every military reader, that in no

one respect could any comparison obtain between Generals Picton and Crawfurd. The latter was impetuous and headstrong, the former calm and reflective. The commander of the forces had the most perfect reliance on Sir Thomas Picton for fulfilling his orders; but perhaps the words of a gallant and distinguished officer, who was intimately acquainted with Sir Thomas Picton, will more satisfactorily express this confidence. Extracts have already been given from this officer's correspondence; and it may here be observed, that the situation in which he was placed was one which gave him a favourable opportunity of remarking the intercourse which subsisted amongst the respective generals: he says, "It was the common opinion that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Thomas Picton did not get on smoothly together when they happened to have personal intercourse, which was seldom. I cannot vouch for the fact, but can readily believe it, from the habitual frankness with which Sir Thomas would offer his opinion, without respect to persons. I know, however, the high sense he entertained of the talents and character of the great commander, and I am

satisfied that the Duke had a most favourable opinion of Sir Thomas Picton's merits as a general and soldier; indeed, nothing could exceed the zeal with which he carried the orders that he received into execution; this was not, however, done to the *letter*, but to the *spirit*, when he was *quite sure* what that spirit was."

No person who has read Colonel Napier's admirable history can pretend that such observations could with the least shadow of justice be applied to the character of the intrepid Crawfurd. How little would they accord with the actions which are related of, and the disposition which is attributed to, that general by the author of that work! Sir Thomas Picton was remarkable for calm judgment and immovable resolution when in the field; and this it was which produced the remark from Lord Liverpool, that "the conduct of General Picton had inspired a confidence in the army, and exhibited an example of science and bravery which had been surpassed by no other officer." Without the slightest intention to depreciate the merits or abilities of General Crawfurd, it must be acknowledged that the army had not, and never could have had, a similar

confidence in him. His impetuosity and fiery temperament, together with his thoughtless daring, would have rendered him a very unfit officer to command an army; for Colonel Napier well knows that a general-in-chief must possess some other qualifications besides mere courage, and that prudence and judgment are indispensably necessary to inspire confidence in the minds of his soldiers. By Colonel Napier's own showing, General Crawfurd did not discover either of these qualifications, as will readily be seen by a reference to those pages in the Colonel's own history which record General Crawfurd's proceedings on the Coa, (chapter iv. vol. 3,) at Alemquer when falling back upon the lines (page 349, vol. iii.) and at El Bodon (page 241, vol. iv.) Colonel Napier has himself ventured to censure Picton for his spirited but ill-judged proceedings upon these occasions; whereas, in candour and justice, he must acknowledge that he could not find in the course of Sir Thomas Picton's military career any one act which did not call for eulogium; and yet Colonel Napier says, "they were both officers of mark and pretension;" and immediately afterwards he remarks that "Crawfurd was

more so than Picton, because the latter never had a separate command, and his opportunities were necessarily more circumscribed." It is perfectly true that Picton had not equal opportunities with Crawfurd; but it may be safely asserted that, had he been placed at Coa in the same situation, and with the same orders as Crawfurd possessed, he would not have acted in such a manner as to call forth the just reproof which Colonel Napier has thrown upon the conduct of that officer.

This remark is not made without proof. It has already been fully established by many instances of masterly judgment, foresight, and determination, far removed from ill-judged impetuosity, or untimely daring. It may not be superfluous to recapitulate these instances, —his foresight at Busaco—his calmness and masterly skill at El Bodon—his persevering resolution and heroism at Badajoz—his intrepid advance, now bearing the enemy back, and then checking his impetuous troops until his flanks were covered, at Vittoria—his able generalship on the Pyrenees, in checking the advance of Soult; nay, even his attack, and timely retreat at Toulouse; and, last of all, when on the

"red field of Waterloo" he fell, in the Duke of Wellington's own words, while "gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, in which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position, was defeated." These brilliant services will place the character and military abilities of Sir Thomas Picton in a far more elevated position than they could possibly have attained by the comparison which Colonel Napier has instituted with General Crawfurd.

But this is not the only instance of erroneous judgment which Colonel Napier manifests as regards the character of Sir Thomas Picton; he asserts that he was "inclined to harshness, and rigid in command."

"Where others took life for offences against military discipline, our general only flogged," was the remark of several of the old soldiers of the 'third division.' Each of these veterans had served long under Picton's command, and it is certain that better evidence could not be obtained of the feelings and opinions of this class of the army.

Picton acquired a lasting place in the hearts of his soldiers: true, he was severe in enforcing

a strict attention to the duties of the field,* at the same time that he punished any offenders who were found committing depredations upon the peaceful and unoffending inhabitants.

* The following anecdote has been reported of Sir Thomas Picton: "During the Peninsular war, when provisions were rather difficult to be obtained, a young and dandified commissary had been instructed to supply the rations for the third division at a given place by a certain time; but by some mismanagement this officer forgot to fulfil his engagement, and the division was in consequence left to its own resources, which were bad enough. A report of this neglect was brought to General Picton, and he forthwith sent for the commissary. "Well, sir," commenced Picton, as he came in, "where are the rations for my division?" This being the very question that the commissary was not prepared to answer, he hesitated for a short time, and then stammered out some well-worn excuse. Picton was not, however, to be cajoled by excuses while his men were kept with empty stomachs; so he led the alarmed commissary to the door, and pointing, said, "Do you see that tree?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well now," continued Picton, "if you don't get the rations for my division at the place mentioned by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will hang you up there at half-past." He was then released, when he proceeded forthwith to Lord Wellington, and told him, with an appearance of injured dignity, of General Picton's threat; but the commissary was dreadfully alarmed when his lordship coolly remarked, "Ah! he said he 'd hang you, did he?"—"Yes, my lord." "Well, if General Picton said so, I dare say he will keep his word. You 'd better get the rations up in time." Further advice was unnecessary—the rations were there to the moment.

Colonel Napier next asserts that Picton was "prone to disobedience, yet exacted entire submission from inferiors." The character of Sir Thomas Picton appears to have been totally misunderstood by Colonel Napier. This is perhaps as severe a charge as can be brought against the character of a soldier. But we would not attempt, solely upon our own judgment, to vindicate Sir Thomas Picton, or to deny the justice of Colonel Napier's assertion. We have the opinions of many officers, who served with him, to the contrary; and their testimony is confirmed by Picton's whole career. There can be little doubt but that this erroneous impression of his character had its foundation in the manner in which he carried his orders into execution,—"not to the *letter*, but to the *spirit*, when he was *quite sure* what that spirit was." If at any time he saw what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity for extending the letter of his instructions, he never hesitated to avail himself of it, and by this means he frequently did *more* than he was expected to do, but never *less;* but this surely cannot be designated "disobedience."

At the battle of Vittoria, it may be remem-

bered, that he acted almost entirely upon his own responsibility; still he did not *disobey* the orders of the commander of the forces, simply because he had received none; and he there only anticipated the time of his movement, because he considered the moment favourable, and the result proved the soundness of his judgment. Had Lord Wellington ordered him *not* to advance, and he had afterwards done so, then indeed that would have been an act of disobedience; but whenever General Picton received any orders either to advance or retreat, he in every instance on record strictly obeyed them; if, having no positive instructions, he thought he could obtain any important advantages, he invariably availed himself of the opportunity.

That Sir Thomas Picton exacted entire submission from inferiors, as a trait in the character of an officer, would not call for any remark; but, when coupled with the former charge of "disobedience," it implies an unjust and tyrannical disposition.

An accusation has been brought against Sir Thomas Picton with much injustice and acrimony, of having neglected the interest of his offi-

cers, by not reporting their services to the commander of the forces. When considering this accusation, the unbending disposition of Sir Thomas Picton must be borne in mind, for we know that the opinion entertained by nearly all the officers of the third division, who served under General Picton, is decidedly in opposition to this assertion. It was in fact generally believed that Sir Thomas Picton had every inclination to reward the services of his officers, and to advance their interests. It was also known that he made frequent representations to the commander of the forces in favour of his officers; but these were seldom successful: and this circumstance, it is said, produced so unfavourable an effect upon his proud spirit, that at length he ceased any longer to apply in that quarter, and in future addressed his applications solely to the commander-in-chief.

We are enabled to offer one, and that a striking proof, that General Picton did not neglect nor forget the interests of those who served under his command. Colonel Macpherson, whose name has been before mentioned in these volumes, was at the close of the war in 1814 still a lieutenant! A noble independence

prevented him from soliciting promotion, and he thought that his services ought to ensure for him some unasked reward. He was unknown to Sir Thomas Picton in any other way than as a deserving soldier: upon three separate occasions he had been thrown in the path of his general, fresh from some daring achievement, and Picton never allowed early merit to pass unnoticed, nor, if he could help it, unrewarded. He had made repeated applications for his promotion, but without success.

The last occasion upon which Macpherson had seen Sir Thomas Picton was at Bordeaux, when he was suffering severely from a wound received at the battle of Orthes. Picton invited him to dinner, when, although much debilitated, he accepted the general's invitation. He was taken ill whilst at table, and was compelled to retire; Picton would not, however, allow him to leave the house, but insisted upon his taking up his quarters in his own apartment, and sent at once for his baggage. In a few days after this, Sir Thomas Picton embarked for England, but before his departure he recommended Macpherson to the care of Lord Dalhousie, who was then commanding the British troops in the town.

Macpherson neither saw nor heard anything more of General Picton for some time. He applied to the War Office for a company, supporting his application by a memorial, which recorded a list of services that equalled those of any officer of his years, and surpassed those of many a veteran; and upon this he depended for success; but a cold official reply was the only notice taken of either his letter or memorial.

The young soldier felt acutely this neglect, and in consequence actually contemplated retiring from the army. About this period, as he was walking one day along Pall Mall, he saw Sir Thomas Picton coming towards him, with several other officers. This was some months after his departure from Bordeaux. Macpherson hesitated to address his general: he thought, to use his own words, "that now Sir Thomas Picton was in London, surrounded by so many men of equal rank, he would wish to avoid a humble lieutenant." Accordingly, as the general approached, he made no attempt to stop him. Picton had not apparently seen him, for he was deeply engaged in conversation; and Macpherson was passing him, as he thought, unnoticed. But Picton

seized his arm, and in his sharp though friendly manner, exclaimed, "D——e, sir! are you going to cut me?" The lieutenant was startled; but immediately collecting himself, bowed and observed, "No, sir; any officer who served under Sir Thomas Picton's command would be proud in the honour of being recognised by him. But I thought," added the lieutenant, "you might have forgotten me."—"Forgotten you!" repeated Picton: "No! no! sir, I have not forgotten you. But come along, sir," and he took his arm; "come home with me, I have got something I want you to copy." Macpherson accordingly walked to the Grosvenor Coffee-house with the general, who, upon entering his room, bade him be seated, when he presently put in his hands a paper for his perusal. This was a memorial of Lieutenant Macpherson's services, drawn up with much care, and dictated by a tenacious memory. In fact, every incident of the intrepid career of the young soldier was there set forth in the most forcible language.

Macpherson was greatly surprised at this marked instance of friendly consideration, and expressed his acknowledgments in the most

grateful terms. But Picton did not want thanks, neither would he have them; but, stopping him short, he desired that he would without delay transcribe that paper into a more legible text, that he might at once send it to the Horse Guards. A few days after this, Lieutenant Macpherson called upon Sir Thomas, at his desire, to know the result of his application. He found the general foaming with rage, with a letter crumpled violently in his hand. "There, sir, read that!" he said, at the same time giving Macpherson the mutilated letter to peruse; "there is an answer to my application." It did not take long to read. The lieutenant knew it by heart; it being, in fact, a secretary's circular. "No vacancy," but "shall be appointed to the first vacancy. Your obedient, humble servant," &c.

Picton thought, and justly, that he deserved something more than this; his proud spirit could not submit to repeat his applications to the commander of the forces sufficiently often to render them successful; for certain it is, that very few of those for whom he applied received any reward through his intercession. His application was now, however,

made where he had a right to expect something more than the formal reply which would be deigned to a subaltern. Dissatisfied and annoyed, he told Macpherson to accompany him to the Horse Guards, when, as it was levee-day, he was readily admitted into the Duke of York's presence: the substance of his remarks during this interview are not known, for Macpherson was not present. The result was, however, soon apparent; for within a week from that day the lieutenant was gazetted as a captain, and received instructions to repair to Chatham to raise a company, there being actually at the time no *vacancy*. The well-known sense of justice and consideration for merit which distinguished that zealous public servant the late Duke of York, doubtless upon this occasion operated powerfully in behalf of Macpherson, and rendered Sir Thomas Picton's application successful.

Having discussed the military and private character of the subject of this work, we cannot close the memoir more happily than by inserting the following letter from the Duke of Wellington.

To H. B. Robinson, Esq.

"London, August 28th, 1835.

"Dear Sir,

"I have received your letter, and I have the greatest satisfaction in giving you the assurance, that not only I was not on bad terms with the late Sir Thomas Picton, but that in the whole course of the period during which I was in relation with him, I do not recollect even a difference of opinion, much less anything of the nature of a quarrel.

"My first acquaintance with Sir Thomas Picton was when he joined the army in the Peninsula as a general officer on the staff. I had solicited his appointment, because I entertained a high opinion of his talents and qualities, from the report which I had received of both from the late General Miranda, who had known him in the West Indies. I never had any reason to regret, on the contrary, I had numberless reasons to rejoice, that I had so-

licited his appointment. It was made at a moment at which an unmerited prejudice existed against Sir Thomas Picton, the recollection of which was effaced by his services.

"I afterwards solicited his appointment to the staff of the army in Flanders; than which I cannot give a stronger proof, not only of my sense of his merits and former services, but likewise that I never was otherwise than on the best terms with him. The country was deprived of his valuable services on a glorious field of battle, in a short time after he joined the army; and there was no individual in that army or in England who lamented his loss more sincerely than I did.

"I have the honour to be, dear sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Port of Spain, 25th May 1798.

SIR,

Previous to your excellency's departure for England, I feel myself called upon to furnish you with such details and information respecting this island and the neighbouring continent, as may enable his Majesty's ministers to judge of the means necessary to be employed for the attainment of the objects they may have in view.

This island, possessing the most extensive, and perhaps one of the best and finest harbours in all America, wholly free from hurricanes, (the effects of which are so dreadful in all the other West India ports,) is so situated as to command the commerce of an immense continent, extending from the banks of the Rio de los Amazones to those of La Madalina, including the rich provinces of Guiana, Barinas, Santa Fé, Venexuclar, Caraccas, and Cumana, with which there are navigable communications by means of the different rivers, which, traversing those extensive countries, at length lose themselves in the great river Oronoque, which discharges itself into the Gulf of Paria, by a number of small canals, navigable by vessels drawing from ten to twelve feet water, and by one large channel (capable of receiving frigates) opposite the north-east point of Trinidad.

The island has also a communication with the interior of the province of Cumana, by the navigable river of Guarapiche, which also falls into the Gulf of Paria.

These provinces are inhabited by Spaniards from Europe, who generally hold all offices and employments under government; Creoles, or such as are descendants of Spanish settlers; Indians, who are collected in missions, and kept in the profoundest ignorance by their Capuchin governors; Negroes, and a mixed race, resulting from the communication of all the others: the latter class and the Indians are by far the most numerous.

Throughout these fine provinces the oppressions and exactions of the persons entrusted with the government have totally annihilated all enterprise and industry; and the inhabitants of all orders are reduced to the most pitiable state of misery. They are entirely without manufactures of any kind, and now wholly depend upon the stranger for everything they wear. The usual intercourse between the mother-country and the colonies being almost entirely cut off by the war, the inhabitants of these countries are literally in want of everything. I know a gentleman of the province of Cumana who has 30,000 head of horned cattle, and is in absolute want of a coat.

The government, possessing no public force to compel obedience, and having entirely lost the confidence of the people, keeps up its authority by arming every individual against his neighbour, ordering every subject to seize another carrying on a prohibited trade, and to kill him in case of resistance; and authorising him to apply whatever he may so seize to his own use, as a

reward. Corrupted by these means, every person is suspicious of his neighbour, and regards him as a spy and informer; so that they appear more a set of insulated individuals than a nation. They however agree, oppressors and oppressed, that nothing can be more vexatious and corrupt than the government they live under, or more deplorable than their own situation; and every individual, with the exception only of those who, placed in the highest offices of administration, have the means of oppressing and plundering the inferior ones, looks forward to a deliverance from some foreign hand with a degree of confident hope.

They have not yet been able to recover from the habitual dread of a sanguinary government, and are of themselves incapable of an independent, unassisted struggle to subvert it. Conscious of a want of union and energy, weak and defenceless as they know their government to be, they acknowledge themselves incapable of any enterprise against it, unless favoured by the countenance of some foreign power.

What I have the honour to propose is not in the nature of a conquest, difficult and expensive to be maintained. I have to submit to your excellency, for the consideration of his Majesty's ministers, a plan which has for its object the opening an immense commerce to the industry of his Majesty's subjects, and securing them advantages of an incalculable value, to be obtained by no other means.

The town of Cumana is centrically situated, so as easily to communicate with the province of Guiana on the one hand, and that of Caraccas on the other, with the intermediate towns of Barcelona and Cariacco. The town itself is capable of no defence, being open on all

sides, and will probably be evacuated on the first appearance of a force; at least, such was the determination some months ago.

If about three thousand troops could be collected, with a sixty-four gun ship, a frigate, and some forty-four, or India transports, to make an appearance or impression—for a squadron would be no otherwise useful—I would propose immediately taking possession of Cumana. The public mind has long since been prepared, and the people in general look forward to it as the most favourable event which can befall them. The prejudices against the English nation, which the government had sedulously cultivated by every species of misrepresentation and artifice, have happily been dissipated by the extensive communication and intercourse they have had with this island since the conquest. The governor has no regular force, and the militia have repeatedly signified that they would not expose their families and property by an unavailing resistance. I have also had an opportunity latterly of learning the spirit of the Capuchins, who are determined to keep their Indians entirely out of the business, and capitulate for their missions. I have seen a letter from one of the principals of that order, giving such advice to the missioners governing the dependant missions. The government has latterly betrayed considerable jealousy of the authority which this order has acquired amongst the Indians; and the Fathers, recollecting the fate of the Jesuits in Paraguay, appear a little suspicious of their intentions; and this has in a considerable degree loosened their attachment. A declaration that the intentions of his Majesty are to give the inhabitants of South America an opportunity of asserting their claim

to an independent government and free trade, will, I am convinced, decide them at once to forsake a government which has energy only to oppress them; and the situation of the neighbouring provinces, long in a state of revolt, affords reasonable grounds to think that it will become the centre of a general movement, which might there be left to itself, and would only require occasional supplies of arms and ammunition. The expense of the expedition I propose would, comparatively, be very inconsiderable. It will not be necessary to employ horses or pioneers, and the ordnance necessary would be a few light field-pieces only. The principal objects to be attended to will be arms for cavalry and infantry, for the purpose of arming the inhabitants, and a liberal supply of ammunition.

There is a native of Caraccas, I understand, now in London, (Meranda,) who might be useful on this occasion: not that he possesses a great local knowledge, or has any considerable connexions, being the son of a shopkeeper of Caraccas who left the country at a very early period; but as a native of the country, who has made himself a good deal talked of, he might fix the attention of those people, and thereby make himself serviceable. For reasons very obvious, I would advise his not being consulted on the business, or acquainted with it, until the moment of execution. The beginning of November will be the best time for an expedition to that part of the Main: the dry weather sets in much sooner there than in the islands. The situation is remarkably dry and healthy.

The expedition should go down immediately to its object, without stopping at Trinidad, which would in a certain degree indicate the point menaced: but it

will be necessary to apprise me early of the intention, as the success will in a great measure depend upon the previous steps I may take to secure it.

I have a person perfectly master of the Spanish language, who can prepare all the necessary declarations and papers.

A subordinate expedition might be undertaken from Trinidad, with five or six hundred men, up the river Guarapiche, which would essentially contribute to the complete success of the undertaking: and this might be performed without any additional expense, as I should be able to provide the vessels necessary for their transport on the spot.

Having now sufficiently enlarged on this subject, and furnished your excellency with materials to form your own opinion from, I shall take my leave, with an assurance that a doubt does not exist in my mind respecting the success of the expedition I have the honour of recommending; and which, if entrusted to the command of an officer of prudence and conduct, cannot fail to produce the most extensive and important advantages.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) THOMAS PICTON.

To his Excellency
Lieutenant-general Cuyler,
Commander-in-chief, West Indies.

APPENDIX, No. II.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMISSIONERS AND COUNCIL IN CONSEQUENCE OF MR. BLACK'S DECLARATION.

First—Upon motion made and seconded, Resolved, That the first commissioner, Colonel William Fullarton, in taking possession of the criminal records deposited in the office of Francisco de Castro, (a public scrivener, and regidor of Cabildo, one of the public archives of this colony,) without the knowledge and consent of Brigadier-general Picton and Commodore Hood, (as declared by them at this board,) both being present in the government, and without giving a receipt or specific acknowledgment for the same, *has acted contrary to his duty to his Majesty*, who appointed him joint governor, and not sole governor, of Trinidad.

Resolved, That the said Colonel William Fullarton has, in the opinion of this board, for the above reason, acted in breach of duty to his colleagues in the government of this colony.

Resolved, That the said Colonel William Fullarton has, in the opinion of this board, for the above reasons, also treated the council with contempt and insult, because, at its meeting of the 17th day of March, the following motion was made and carried, Colonel William Fullarton presiding, and of which he could not plead ignorance; to wit: "As the first commissioner's paper, No. 4, contains insinuations of a most in-

sidious nature, calculated to impress his Majesty's ministers with opinions injurious to the government, at the head of which the brigadier presided during dangerous and perilous times; he thinks it his duty to move, that the alcaldes in ordinary be called upon *to produce copies* of all the criminal proceedings that have been carried on in their respective offices since the 1st day of March 1797; and that they be remitted by the clerk of the council to the office of his Majesty's Secretary of State, the Right Hon. Lord Hobart:" and these aggravations this board conceives to be the greater, as Colonel William Fullarton put himself in the situation of public informer and denouncer against the whole military and civil authority of the late government of this colony; *and it is the first time this board ever learnt that an accuser was to wrest the strongest means of defence out of the hands of the accused, (which these public records must be supposed to do,) and to vest them exclusively in his own.*

Resolved, That the first commissioner, Colonel William Fullarton, in his conduct at the house of the Honourable John Black, alcalde of the first election, in the evening of Monday last, in the manner just read and stated before this board, was guilty, in their opinion, of an insult to the board of council, who had recommended proceedings against the said Francisco de Castro for breach of public duty, *and an outrage of the most violent kind against the laws; as the persons and houses of all magistrates are, or ought to be, deemed sacred; and prisoners once in legal custody, never attempted to be rescued, but suffered to remain until discharged by due course of law.*

Resolved, That Colonel William Fullarton, by nomi-

nating Francis de Castro (when a prisoner in legal custody for a breach of public duty on the evening of Monday last) to the honourable and confidential post of commissary of population, in the room of Major Williamson, as proved by the declaration of Mr. Black, *lost all respect for his colleagues, for this board, and for this colony.*

Resolved, That Brigadier-general Picton and Commodore Hood be requested to give out in public orders, that the military attend to the calls of the magistrates, commandants of quarters, and alcaldes, whose houses may be entered against their consent, their persons insulted, and their authorities attempted to be weakened or brought into contempt.

Resolved, That the first commissioner's application to the board, soon after his arrival, for the establishment of a schooner to serve in the surveyor-general's department, (although two brigs were sent out by government and offered by Commodore Hood for that service,) was, on the ground of the excessive expense it would incur, and little utility to accrue from it, rejected: That the same application having been afterwards made, for the same reasons was again rejected; and the schooner Start, in both instances proposed, being now hired, affords just reason to this board to suspect, *that the first commissioner's design, in making such applications, was to impose fictions on this board, to effect his present purpose of deserting his post in the said schooner Start, and concealing the public records.*

Resolved, That his Majesty's first commissioner, by connecting himself with the disaffected characters and classes of inhabitants inimical to the former govern-

ment, hath produced the effects such conduct was calculated to promote: for this board views with sorrow and indignation, that a spirit of party and faction is kindling among the white inhabitants of all nations and languages; that the legal authority of the master over the slave is weakened; that mutinous ideas are excited in the minds of the numerous bands of free coloured people, who, by steady government and vigilance, particularly immediately before his administration, were tranquil, loyal, and happy; that the authority of the commandants of quarters is brought into contempt and insult, and the whole civil and criminal administration committed to their charge, with the wise system of police established, and found efficacious for six years, and even in time of war, to keep good government, in the most imminent danger of being overset and extirpated.

The board having taking into its serious consideration a *retrospect of the whole conduct of the first commissioner*, Colonel William Fullarton, since he has been in the exercise of this government, and compared it with the present desertion of his post, withdrawing from the commission and the council, *enlevement of the public records*, and the contempt with which official requests to produce these records, or to inform where they are deposited, have been treated;

Resolved, *That he, the first commissioner, has lost the confidence of this board; and that these resolutions, with all respect and humility, be laid before his Majesty, together with all the minutes of council; instead of the proposed address, and that his Majesty's ministers be humbly prayed to advise his Majesty to remove him for ever from the government of this colony.*

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNCIL OF THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, THOMAS HISLOP, ESQ.

We, his Majesty's council of the said Island of Trinidad, beg leave to assure your excellency, that we have seen with just concern an attempt made to interrupt the peace and tranquillity of the colony, by *assertions* advanced in a pamphlet written by Colonel Fullarton, and by him forwarded to your excellency. We have, in a committee of the whole board, *resolved them to be libels on your excellency*, and meant to throw reflections upon the present government and the members of his Majesty's council, and to *sow discord, disunion, and mistrust among them*, &c. &c.

(Signed) Hon. J. RUTHERFORD.
Hon. JOHN SMITH.
Hon. J. RIGBY.
Hon. JOHN NIHELL.
Hon. ST. HILAIRE BEGORRAT.
Hon. ARCHIBALD GLOSTER.

EXTRACT FROM THE ANSWER OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TO THE FOREGOING PART OF THE COUNCIL'S ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg leave to offer you my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments for the very flattering and kind address with which you have been pleased to honour me; and you may be assured, that it is with no less concern that I have seen an attempt made to interrupt the peace and tranquillity of the colony, *by assertions*

advanced by Colonel Fullarton, one of which was trans mitted to me by his directions.

The resolutions which your board have thought proper unanimously to adopt on the occasion cannot fail to stand recorded on a basis the most impartial, and must be to the world convincing of the pure and honourable motives that have actuated you in the steps you have deemed necessary to adopt, *to refute unmerited calumnies, and most effectually to adopt the possibility of introducing the seeds of discord, disunion, and distrust in the colony*; which, through the never-ceasing determination which you, individually as well as collectively, have manifested for the maintenance of union, of action, and sentiment in the discharge of your public duties, as well as in your private capacities, has hitherto maintained its rightful authority with requisite energy, and is thereby capable of resisting *every species of attempt which can in future be invented to shake it*, &c. &c.

THOMAS HISLOP,
Lieutenant-Governor.

APPENDIX, No. III.

Inconstant, Spithead, 4th December 1804.

My dear Sir,

I have received your letter, enclosing Colonel Fullarton's extract, and should have answered it immediately, but waited to see the letter you mentioned having sent by Captain Maxwell, who has not yet come this way.

With respect to the extract in question, it is notoriously false. I never went on any predatory enterprises whatever: those undertaken by your orders, and executed by me, were for the sole purpose of destroying French privateers and bodies of brigands who had taken post on the Spanish Main, and threatened the destruction of the Island of Trinidad; and I trust my public letter to Admiral Harvey, of the 6th of December 1798, stating the account of the expeditions to Rio, Caribe, and Carussano, which you will see in the "Naval Chronicle" for that month, printed for J. Gold, Shoe Lane, London, will refute most fully his assertion. I have enclosed you a copy of the proclamation I sent to the commandants of Rio, Caribe, and Carussano, which is another strong proof that our mission was not to plunder or bring off cattle, either for ourselves or your estates; and I am persuaded that Colonel Mosheim, Major Laureal, and Captain Champain will feel equally indignant with ourselves at so gross a misrepresentation of the motives which guided us on those expeditions. And be assured,

my good sir, it affords me great satisfaction to have it in my power to enable you thus publicly to contradict insinuations suggested solely to poison the public mind. With respect to the sentiments of the inhabitants of the Spanish Main towards you, I can say with great truth, wherever I had an opportunity of communicating with them, they expressed the highest veneration for your character, and placed the greatest confidence in your government.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
E. S. Dickson, Captain R.N.

Colonel Picton, &c. &c.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

MY DEAR SIR,

In perusing Colonel Fullarton's publication relating to certain transactions in the Island of Trinidad during your government, I cannot, as an officer who then held a considerable time the command of one of his Majesty's sloops on that station, help expressing that indignation I must naturally feel at the very malicious aspersions with which that gentleman has thought proper to stigmatize the conduct of the naval officers during that period.

The reasons for which he has introduced in his work this calumny, of predatory excursions being undertaken for private purposes, and particularly to obtain negroes for the governor of Trinidad's estates, is foreign to the purpose; but so serious an imputation cannot be passed over in silence; indeed, it behoves every one against whom this accusation is brought to vindicate himself; and as that is the sole object of this address, you will make that use of it you may deem most advisable to that end.

Mr. Fullarton must know that every atom of what he has above asserted respecting the navy is, *as I now declare it to be, perfectly false.* Though the ships and vessels of war were under the command of Captain E. S. Dickson, we were both on service on the Spanish Main, but not for the purpose of committing depredations. We had a more laudable object, in searching for

and destroying a cowardly foe, still numerous in the West Indies;—brigands who were harbouring in the Spanish Main, and taking every opportunity of committing depredations on the island of Trinidad; and but for the excellent look-out upon their plans, much mischief might have ensued to the colony: and on no other account have I received any other orders respecting this service, nor were any slaves or cattle taken by me as asserted; if they were, my present declaration would fall to the ground, as a reference to the ship's journals would establish the point as well as living testimony. I believe, my dear sir, you had at that time no landed property in the island; and if you had, I am convinced, from our long acquaintance, and your well-established honest integrity, you are one of the last, I should conceive, who could have admitted a thought of stocking your lands by such means. Captain Dickson, Major Mosheim, and myself must spurn at these base insinuations. With long and faithful regard to your eminent services and faithful friendship,

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most assured friend,
WILLIAM CHAMPAIN, Captain R.N.

Jason, Woolwich, December 28th, 1804.

To Colonel Picton, &c. &c.

APPENDIX No. V.

London, October 1st, 1805.

SIR,

Having had the honour of serving under your command in the Islands of Trinidad in the year 1798 and 1799,—periods the most critical, during which your vigilance, activity, and wise measures preserved that valuable colony, — I could not help reading with the utmost astonishment and surprise, "A Statement of Letters and Documents respecting the Affairs of Trinidad, &c. &c." I must declare the same in one particular instance to be "a statement of the most base and malicious falsehood;" and firmly persuade myself that, after a just and candid investigation, the whole will appear in its true merits, as having been brought forward purposely to create amongst an ignorant public an unfavourable impression concerning your acts of government, which unquestionably will stand the most rigid ordeal.

I allude to number 83, — Colonel Fullarton's answer to Colonel Picton's address, page 172,—where it is said, "The various expeditions against Guiria, Point-à-Pierre, and Carussano, on the river Guarapuchy, were merely predatory enterprises to procure mules and cattle, and to punish individuals who had incurred Colonel Picton's resentment." Also page 11, in a note: "The chief object of these expeditions was to plun-

der cattle from the unoffending inhabitants for his own emolument."

I have been the officer whom you ordered to embark with a detachment of an hundred men, "to disperse several armed bodies collected and assembling on the opposite coasts of the Gulf, at Guiria, the River Guarapuchy, &c. &c."

I sailed on board of his Majesty's ship Invincible, Captain Cayley, in company with his Majesty's sloop Zephyr, Captain Champain; my instructions ordering me to disperse all armed bodies along the coast assembled for the purpose of invasion, and of preventing Spanish launches to proceed to Port of Spain; enjoined the strictest attention to order and discipline, and to cultivate the good will of the inhabitants along the coast. And I do hereby most solemnly declare, that not the least act of depredation or irregularity has been committed by this expedition, which effected several landings along the coast. The first disembarkation, which took place at Guiria, was made with all necessary precautions, not knowing what resistance we should meet with: Captain Cayley was even so obliging as to order a party of marines to proceed with me on shore. Finding, however, the enemy dispersed, and the inhabitants coming in crowds to receive us as friends, the troops were reembarked the very same evening, and in our subsequent visits on shore we were only attended by small parties of about fifteen or twenty men.

This, therefore, sir, was no predatory enterprise; on the contrary, it was undertaken, *as all others*, for the protection of a very valuable trade with the Spanish Main, and for the security of the Island of Trinidad.

I forbear saying more, regretting much the worthy

captain then commanding his Majesty's ship Invincible being dead, and therefore not to be referred to on the occasion. I am convinced that the respectable naval officers under whose protection, assistance, and direction these expeditions did sail,—Captain Champain, Captain Dickson, &c.; Major Laureal, of the 12th West India regiment; Captain Frauchessin, of Sir Charles Green's light infantry volunteers,—will all concur with me in declaring it "a base and malicious falsehood," when it is asserted that their chief object was plunder and depredation.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,
Sir,
Your very faithful and obedient servant,
Ls. Mosheim, Lieut.-Col.

Colonel Thomas Picton, &c. &c.
21, Edward Street.

APPENDIX, No. VI.

Lewes, 27th October, 1812.

SIR,

I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you, in the hope that you will at least forgive the intrusion, and allow me to detail a few introductory particulars before I presume to express my wishes.

Anticipating that my regiment (in General Hill's division) was not likely to be actively employed, I obtained leave to serve at the siege of Badajoz as an acting engineer; and on the night of the storming that city, I had the honour of conducting the third division of the army, under your auspicious command, to the point of escalade at the castle. I naturally felt considerable anxiety at the weight of the charge, when in the open space where none had before trod; although I was particularly acquainted with everything from the trenches to and about the castle,—and no delay occurred. You will, sir, I presume, recollect, that on your arrival at the mill-dam, (where streams of fire opened on you,) the forlorn-hope and others stopped the way, and some men had fallen in the water: I rushed through the crowd, and found the ladders left on the railing in the ditch, and this barrier unbroken. In this extremity, I cried out, "Down with the paling!" and with my own hands, aided by a few men, I made the opening at which you entered. At the wall, you

know, sir, the fire was terrific,—the men were amazed; but I succeeded in getting the ladders erected, although three broke, and I fear a brigade-major, who laboured hard, was hurt by their fall. In applying myself, for example, to a ladder the men had abandoned, a ball lodged in the upper part of my thigh, and caused a compound fracture, and I fell on a man who had just dropped at my side. I remained till the afternoon of the next day amidst expiring brother sufferers, and being confined one hundred and thirty days to my bed, my sufferings were very severe: but I was greatly consoled by the approbation of Majors Squires and Burgoyne of the Engineers, and particularly by their assurance of your commendation.

I returned last month on sick leave; and am, thank God! much recovered.

His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief some time since promised me promotion for my length of service and former wounds at Corunna; I therefore trust my exertions at Badajoz will add to my claims; and as I intend to lay my case before his Royal Highness, I beg leave most earnestly to solicit you to honour me with your approbation, which will ensure my promotion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
E. Mac Carthy, Lieut. 50th Reg.

To Lieutenant-general Picton, &c.

APPENDIX, No. VII.

ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MONUMENT IN HONOUR OF SIR THOMAS PICTON AT CARMARTHEN.

This long-expected and interesting ceremony took place before a great concourse of spectators, estimated at ten thousand persons. Early in the morning and the preceding evening a vast concourse of company kept pouring into the town to witness the proceedings of the day; and we can with confidence and truth assert, that a more numerous and respectable procession, or a more imposing ceremony, was never witnessed in this town by the oldest inhabitant. As the hour appointed for organising the procession approached, vast numbers of elegantly-dressed females were to be observed bending their steps towards the spot intended for the erection of the monument, who, as they arrived, were ushered by the steward, Mr. G. Goode, into the seats raised for their accommodation. The cavalry moved on to the ground under the command of the Honourable George Rice Trevor, M.P. and took their station, lining the road near the depôt. A little before twelve o'clock, the mayor and corporation of Carmarthen, the committee of the Carmarthen Cymreigyddion Society, visiters, &c. moved in procession from the Town-hall, preceded by a band of music, to the Ivy-bush Hotel, where they were joined

by the Provincial Grand Lodge for South Wales, and the other lodges and members of the honourable fraternity in masonic order; and the whole proceeded to the site of the stone, entering the ground on the right hand, passing round in front of the seats, in order to afford those who had previously taken their places an opportunity of seeing the whole procession, and retiring through the other entrance on the left hand. When the head of the procession reached the principal entrance the second time, the lines were opened, the original order of the procession was reversed, and entered the ground in the following order:—

Provincial Grand Tyler, with a drawn sword.
Band of Music.
Two P. G. Stewards, with wands.
P. G. Sword-bearer.
P. G. Steward, with a wand. — Standard of the P. G. Lodge. — P. G. Steward, with a wand.
Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master for South Wales.
Deputy P. G. Master, with a square.
P. G. Steward, with a wand. — Volume of the Sacred Law, with the square and compasses, on a velvet cushion. — P. G. Steward, with a wand.
Senior P. G. Warden, with the level.
Junior P. G. Warden, with the plummet.
Sir W. C. De Crespigny, P. G. Master for Hampshire.
P. G. Chaplain.
P. G. Treasurer, with the coins and inscriptions.
P. G. Registrar.
P. G. Secretary, with the book of Constitutions.
P. G. Director of Ceremonies.
P. G. Superintendent of Works, with the silver trowel and plan of elevation.

P. G. Organist.
A Master Mason, with the mallet.

After which the following lodges, arranged in masonic order and preceded by their respective banners.

The Glamorgan of Cardiff, No. 50.
The Union of Carmarthen, No. 192.
The Indefatigable and Beaufort of Swansea, No. 427.
The Cambrian of Neath, No. 726.
The St. David's, or Loyal George the Fourth's, of Mitford, No. 728.
Brethren, not members of any lodge present.
Peace Officers.
Union Flag.
Drums and Fifes.
Staff of the Carmarthenshire Militia.
Lords Lieutenants for the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen, and Cardigan.
Visiters of distinction.
The Standard of the Corporation.
The Mayor and Corporation of Carmarthen in their robes, preceded by the Mace and Sword-bearers.
Clergymen in their Canonicals.
Banner of the Cymreigyddion Society.
Committee of the Cymreigyddion Society.
Union Flag.
Subscribers and Gentlemen connected with the undertaking.
Peace Officers.

The several parties comprising the procession having been conducted by the steward to the stations respectively assigned them, and the regalia of the Grand Lodge being placed on a table provided for the purpose, the grand master and his officers took their station on a platform erected for their reception on the

east side of the stone; the Right Honourable Lady Dynevor being on the west, and the several lodges with their officers and banners in front, forming a square, the band playing a masonic air. By command of the deputy grand master, the stone was raised about four feet, and the mortar spread on the base by Mr. Mainwaring, the architect. The Right Honourable Lady Dynevor, supported by Sir Christopher Cole, grand master for South Wales, and Sir W. C. De Crespigny, grand master for Hampshire, then descended to the stone, when the grand treasurer, by command of the grand master, deposited the coins, &c. which were enclosed in a glass hermetically sealed, and consisted of all the gold, silver, and copper British coins of the present reign, together with the Waterloo medal of the late Sir Thomas Picton, and covered them with a plate bearing the following inscripton:

This,
The first stone of the Column
Erected to the memory of our gallant countryman
Lieutenant-general Sir THOMAS PICTON,
(Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and of several foreign orders,)
Who, after serving his king and country
In several campaigns,
Died gloriously at the battle of Waterloo,
Was laid
By the Right Honourable Frances, Baroness Dynevor,
Assisted by
Sir Christopher Cole, (Knight Commander
Of the Bath, Captain in the Royal Navy of Britain, Member
Of Parliament for the County of Glamorgan,
And Provincial Grand Master of
Masons for South Wales,)
On the 16th day of August 1825.

The upper part of the stone was then lowered slowly to its destined position, the band playing solemn music.

After which the Rev. John Davies of Llandovery, provincial grand chaplain for South Wales, invoked the blessing of the Great Architect of the Universe in the following words:—" O Almighty and Eternal God, by whom the foundations of the earth were laid, and the curtains of the heavens were spread, and upon whom dependeth the success of everything we take in hand; we, thy humble creatures, implore Thee to bless and countenance this our present undertaking, that, as it is begun in order, it may be carried on in harmony, and finally be crowned with success, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The grand master then proved that the stone was properly adjusted, by the application of the plumb, rule, level, and square, which were successively delivered to him by the junior and senior grand wardens and deputy grand master. The mallet was then delivered to the grand master, who handed it to Lady Dynevor, with which her ladyship struck the stone three times, the band playing ' God save the King,' amidst the enthusiastic applause of the assembled spectators, and a salute of twenty-one guns from the depôt.

The scene at this moment was peculiarly imposing. Every person present uncovered as it were instinctively, one common sentiment seeming to pervade the assembled thousands; every face was lighted up with enthusiasm, and every voice exerted to cheer the commencement of an undertaking which will transmit to posterity the heroic achievements of one of the ablest

and bravest generals that ever graced the military annals of this or any other country.

The plan and elevation of the column were then presented by the grand superintendent of works to the grand master for his inspection, with which he expressed his approbation, and delivered them to the architect for his guidance, and also the implements of operative masonry, desiring him to erect the structure conformably to the same. Lady Dynevor was reconducted to the platform prepared for her at the west end of the area; and the grand master resumed his station with the Grand Lodge at the eastern end of the stone, the band playing a national air.

The grand master then addressed the mayor and corporation, noblemen, clergy, and gentry present, as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I beg leave to congratulate you on the ceremony which has just taken place, preparatory to the erecting a monument to the memory of that gallant and distinguished officer the late Sir Thomas Picton; and you will allow me now to assure you, that I have had the sincerest gratification, as provincial grand master of masonry for South Wales, in finding myself in a situation to lend my humble aid to the business of this day. I am perfectly aware that on this subject I have a wide field for observation; but I must throw myself upon the indulgence and kind-heartedness of those who hear me, and at once confess my total inability to render even common justice to the eminent merits of this gallant officer, whose loss we have so long deplored: and it might perhaps be justly considered presumption in so humble an individual as myself, to attempt to utter anything like a detailed

panegyric or eulogium on the character of that great officer whose memory we have met this day to do honour to. But, gentlemen, it has happened to me in the performance of my professional duties, many years ago, whilst serving in a distant quarter of the globe, to be called under the notice of that distinguished character, when he held a situation of high trust and responsibility as governor of one of the West India Islands; and I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the activity, ability, and rigid principle, which marked his conduct in this high situation: and I left the Island of Trinidad with impressions of respect and admiration which time can never efface.

" Gentlemen,—if these were my feelings, it was with a degree of disgust that I will not attempt to describe, that I found by the public prints not long afterwards, when serving on a still more distant station, that a most violent persecution existed against the conduct and character of this honest and upright public servant, which ended in a criminal prosecution. But this disgust was soon followed by a corresponding feeling of exultation, when, supported alone by the firmness of his own mind, by the integrity of his own principles, he was enabled to throw back tenfold upon his accusers that odium which they had vainly endeavoured to affix to his character.

" It is impossible for me to quit this part of the life of Sir Thomas Picton without mentioning a circumstance which may not have come to the knowledge of many that hear me, and which, I am sure, will be considered as redounding as much to his honour as any of those more brilliant events which accompanied the latter part of his glorious life. At the time he was under

the circumstances I have mentioned, the respectable and well-disposed inhabitants of the Island of Trinidad entered into and realized a subscription which amounted to a large sum of money, and which they transmitted to their late governor, as a proof of their respect and devoted attachment, to enable him the more easily to meet the expenses of the prosecution, which, unhappily in this country, often press as heavily upon the innocent as the guilty. A dreadful fire had, about this time, consumed nearly the whole of the town at the principal sea-port on the island, and the inhabitants, by this visitation of Providence, were reduced to a state of the greatest misery and distress. With a feeling of generosity and magnanimity which can never be too much admired, the whole of this sum was remitted back to the island for the relief of their necessities. And be it remembered, that there must have been many in the number of sufferers who had been unfriendly to him under his difficulties; but, with true Christian charity, on this occasion he drew no distinction between friend and foe.

"Gentlemen,—after the most honourable public acquittal, a short time placed him on a wider scene of action, for which he had been prepared by the best military education in his youth; and in that very quarter, the West India Islands, he soon gave an earnest of that harvest of glory which he afterwards reaped on so many fields of battle on the continent of Europe. I now approach a period of this great officer's life with a feeling of diffidence and incapacity, which entirely prevents my making an attempt to give any detailed account of his distinguished services during the war in Spain and Portugal. And, gentlemen, his

actions are too deeply engraved on the hearts of those to whom I address myself, to make it necessary for me to refer more particularly to that period of his career: it is sufficient for me to say, that there is not a volume—scarcely a page of history of the Peninsular war, that does not teem with the heroic exploits of Sir Thomas Picton; and it is known that he returned from that war with the admiration of his fellow-soldiers, together with the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen.

"If I feel difficulties in touching upon the exploits of Sir Thomas Picton in the Peninsular war, how much must these difficulties be increased when I look upon the circumstances of his glorious death on the field of Waterloo! Perhaps the finest compliment ever paid to a military talent was paid by the greatest captain of the age, when he offered a prominent command to this distinguished soldier in that army which their great captain was about to lead to the Continent, to give confidence to Europe, and to give the final blow to the arrogant ambition and inordinate lust of dominion of the greatest conqueror, but the greatest despot, that this world ever produced. It is known that the fall of this hero was accompanied by a desperate and new example in military tactics; and that, at the head of a body of infantry, he attacked at the point of the bayonet, and defeated, what had been until that day considered the finest cavalry in Europe; and no British heart can do otherwise than give the meed to his memory, of having devoted himself to death for the glory and safety of his country.

"Long may that stone continue as a memorial of the eminent abilities, the undaunted courage, the bril-

liant heroism, of this lamented general! Long may it remain as a proof that, in possessing these qualities, he found the best reward that a Briton can receive in this world,—the ardent admiration and generous gratitude of his fellow-countrymen!"

Immense cheering followed the close of this speech, which was also repeatedly applauded during its delivery.

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